



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

The  
Popular  
Elocutionist.

GIFT OF  
A. F. Morrison



130  
12





Digitized by Google



*J. Carpenter*

LONDON FREDERICK WARNE & CO

THE  
POPULAR ELOCUTIONIST  
AND RECITER:

CLASSIFIED, ARRANGED, AND EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER, M.A., PH.D.

A NEW EDITION

*THOROUGHLY REVISED WITH ADDITIONS*

BY

LEOPOLD WAGNER.



THE  
LIBRARY OF  
THE  
MUSEUM OF  
ART AND  
ARCHAEOLOGY  
OF THE  
CITY OF  
NEW YORK

LONDON:  
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.  
AND NEW YORK.  
1894.

895  
C295

70  
1894

GIFT OF  
A. F. MORRISON

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,  
LONDON AND BECCLES.

70 VIND  
AIRBORNE

cl

## PREFACE BY THE ORIGINAL EDITOR.

---

A FEW words to account for the publication of "The Popular Elocutionist and Reciter."

Some years since the Editor commenced his publication, "Penny Readings in Prose and Verse," which extended to twelve volumes of 256 pages each. A Library Edition in five volumes was subsequently issued, and of these two works about a quarter of a million copies have been disposed of.

Though intended in the first instance for the use of platform readers only, they were adopted as an Elocution Class book in many public and private schools. For this purpose they ultimately became too bulky. The inconvenience of a school book extending over a series of volumes is so patent that it need scarcely be pointed out. It was to obviate this, and acting on the suggestion of several heads of schools, and esteemed professors of Elocution, that the present work was undertaken. The "Popular Readings," they asserted, contained so many more modern pieces than any of the "Speakers" now in use, that a selection of the best of them, excluding such as were adapted to the platform only, and classifying the rest, would supply a real want.

The sale of numerous editions, revised and added to as opportunity offered, has justified this opinion.

A few concise rules on the art of Elocution, and a few only, have been prefixed, in which all that is necessary to be known is

briefly stated, it being the opinion of the Editor, and those who have favoured him with their advice, that not only has the veil of pedantry which has been thrown over so many treatises, rendered them obscure, and retarded the progress of the art, but that wherever this branch of education may be taught, but little good will be accomplished unless under the guidance of a judicious and skilful teacher.

For the rules which are embodied in chapters 2 to 6 of the introductory matter the Editor is mainly indebted to his friend, the late Henry Marston, Esq., of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

J. E. C.

---

## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE TO THIS REVISED EDITION.

---

IN consequence of the recent decease of the original compiler, this volume is now entrusted to the care of a new Editor, who has completely revised the work to the present date, expunged time-worn matter, and inserted selections from modern authors. This, we hope, will keep the work in the high reputation and prominent position it has held for so long a period.

# CONTENTS.



## PART I.—ELOCUTION.

|                                              | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------------|------|
| I. Introductory . . . . .                    | 1    |
| II. Elocution considered as an Art . . . . . | 4    |
| III. On Pause . . . . .                      | 8    |
| IV. On Inflection . . . . .                  | 11   |
| V. On Pitch . . . . .                        | 14   |
| VI. On Gesture . . . . .                     | 18   |
| VII. On Reading Verse . . . . .              | 24   |
| VIII. Useful Hints . . . . .                 | 30   |



## PART II.—SELECTIONS.

### MISCELLANEOUS READINGS IN PROSE.

|                                              |                                        |    |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|----|
| Labour . . . . .                             | <i>Thomas Carlyle</i> . . . . .        | 38 |
| The Clouds . . . . .                         | <i>John Ruskin</i> . . . . .           | 39 |
| Autumn . . . . .                             | <i>Rev. Archibald Alison</i> . . . . . | 41 |
| The Death of Paul Dombey . . . . .           | <i>Charles Dickens</i> . . . . .       | 42 |
| One Niche the Highest . . . . .              | <i>Elihu Burritt</i> . . . . .         | 46 |
| Love's Infatuation . . . . .                 | <i>E. T. W. Hoffman</i> . . . . .      | 48 |
| The Early Struggles of a Physician . . . . . | <i>Samuel Warren</i> . . . . .         | 54 |
| Fame v. Useful Toil . . . . .                | <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> . . . . .   | 57 |
| Modern Gallantry . . . . .                   | <i>Charles Lamb</i> . . . . .          | 58 |
| Lessons of Creation . . . . .                | <i>John Ruskin</i> . . . . .           | 61 |
| My Holiday at Wretchedville . . . . .        | <i>George Augustus Sala</i> . . . . .  | 63 |
| The Death of Little Nell . . . . .           | <i>Charles Dickens</i> . . . . .       | 69 |
| The Flower of the Forest . . . . .           | <i>Professor Wilson</i> . . . . .      | 73 |





Digitized by Google

|                                                 | PAGE                                       |
|-------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| The First Grey Hair . . . . .                   | <i>Thomas H. Bailey</i> . . . . . 236      |
| Phantoms . . . . .                              | <i>H. W. Longfellow</i> . . . . . 237      |
| The Poet and the Rose . . . . .                 | <i>John Gay</i> . . . . . 238              |
| The Mourning Mother of the Dead Blind . . . . . | <i>Mrs. E. B. Browning</i> . . . . . 240   |
| The Burial of Moses . . . . .                   | <i>Mrs. C. F. Alexander</i> . . . . . 242  |
| A Dream . . . . .                               | <i>William Allingham</i> . . . . . 244     |
| To-day and To-morrow . . . . .                  | <i>Gerald Massey</i> . . . . . 245         |
| The Sands of Dee . . . . .                      | <i>Rev. Charles Kingsley</i> . . . . . 246 |

## ORATORY—FORENSIC AND SENATORIAL.

|                                                                           |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Benjamin Disraeli on the Character of the Prince Consort . . . . .        | 247 |
| Victor Hugo on the Liberty of the Press . . . . .                         | 249 |
| Henry Irving on the Art of Acting . . . . .                               | 252 |
| Lord Macaulay's Speech at the University of Glasgow . . . . .             | 258 |
| Lord Palmerston on Competitive Examinations . . . . .                     | 260 |
| Mr. O'Connell in Defence of Mr. Magee . . . . .                           | 262 |
| Robert Hall's Peroration on War . . . . .                                 | 265 |
| George Canning on the Latent Power of England . . . . .                   | 267 |
| Kossuth's Farewell to his Country . . . . .                               | 268 |
| The Rev. Newman Hall on the Dignity of Labour . . . . .                   | 270 |
| Benjamin Disraeli on the Death of Wellington . . . . .                    | 273 |
| Lord Brougham's Speech on the Reform Bill . . . . .                       | 276 |
| Sir Robert Peel on the Constitution . . . . .                             | 278 |
| The March to Magdala . . . . .                                            | 284 |
| Patrick Henry's Address to the American Congress . . . . .                | 286 |
| Lord Chatham's Protest against the American War . . . . .                 | 288 |
| Edmund Burke's Peroration on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings . . . . . | 292 |
| Lord Brougham on Negro Emancipation . . . . .                             | 294 |
| Mr. Sheridan's Panegyric on Justice . . . . .                             | 296 |
| Daniel Webster at the Centenary Celebration of Washington . . . . .       | 297 |
| Mazzini to the Memory of the Martyrs of Cosenza . . . . .                 | 300 |
| Richard B. Sheridan on Taxation . . . . .                                 | 304 |
| The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone on the Franchise . . . . .                 | 308 |

## DRAMATIC SCENES AND DIALOGUES.

|                                             |                                 |
|---------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Scene from the Merchant of Venice . . . . . | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 312 |
| Wolsey and Cromwell . . . . .               | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 316 |
| Proteus and Valentine . . . . .             | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 319 |

|                                                              | PAGE                                       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Scene from Every Man in his Humour . . . . .                 | <i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . . 320            |
| Cato and Decius . . . . .                                    | <i>Joseph Addison</i> . . . . . 323        |
| Scene from Venice Preserved . . . . .                        | <i>Thomas Otway</i> . . . . . 325          |
| Scene from the School of Reform . . . . .                    | <i>Thomas Morton</i> . . . . . 331         |
| Scene from the Earl of Warwick . . . . .                     | <i>Dr. Franklin</i> . . . . . 337          |
| Norval and Glenalvon . . . . .                               | <i>Rev. John Home</i> . . . . . 341        |
| Scene from the Iron Chest . . . . .                          | <i>G. Colman the Younger</i> . . . . . 344 |
| Scene from the School for Scandal . . . . .                  | <i>R. B. Sheridan</i> . . . . . 347        |
| Scene from the Man of the World . . . . .                    | <i>Charles Macklin</i> . . . . . 350       |
| Scene from the Road to Ruin . . . . .                        | <i>Thomas Holcroft</i> . . . . . 354       |
| Scene from Money . . . . .                                   | <i>Lord Bulwer Lytton</i> . . . . . 360    |
| Scene from John Bull . . . . .                               | <i>G. Colman the Younger</i> . . . . . 363 |
| Scene from the Lady of Lyons . . . . .                       | <i>Lord Bulwer Lytton</i> . . . . . 369    |
| The First Act of London Assurance . . . . .                  | <i>Dion Boucicault</i> . . . . . 371       |
| Scene from Broken Hearts . . . . .                           | <i>W. S. Gilbert</i> . . . . . 380         |
| Scene from It's Never Too Late to Mend . . . . .             | <i>Charles Reade</i> . . . . . 383         |
| Scene from Charles the First . . . . .                       | <i>W. G. Wills</i> . . . . . 386           |
| The Reproach of Charles the First to his Betrayers . . . . . | <i>W. G. Wills</i> . . . . . 398           |

## DRAMATIC SPEECHES AND SOLILOQUIES.

|                                                        |                                             |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| Hamlet's Advice to the Players . . . . .               | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 394             |
| Othello's Address to the Senate . . . . .              | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 395             |
| Hotspur's Account of the Fop . . . . .                 | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 396             |
| Brutus to the Romans . . . . .                         | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 397             |
| The Progress of Life . . . . .                         | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 398             |
| Mark Antony's Oration over Cæsar's Body . . . . .      | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 399             |
| Cassius Instigating Brutus to Oppose Cæsar . . . . .   | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 401             |
| Hamlet's Soliloquy on the Soul's Immortality . . . . . | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 403             |
| Clarence's Dream . . . . .                             | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 404             |
| Cato's Soliloquy . . . . .                             | <i>Joseph Addison</i> . . . . . 406         |
| Douglas's Account of Himself . . . . .                 | <i>Rev. John Home</i> . . . . . 406         |
| Mordaunt to Lady Mabel . . . . .                       | <i>J. Westland Marston</i> . . . . . 407    |
| Claude Melnotte on Pride . . . . .                     | <i>Lord Bulwer Lytton</i> . . . . . 408     |
| Richelieu's Soliloquy . . . . .                        | <i>Lord Bulwer Lytton</i> . . . . . 410     |
| Gloster's Soliloquy . . . . .                          | <i>Shakspeare</i> . . . . . 411             |
| Charles the First's Farewell . . . . .                 | <i>W. G. Wills</i> . . . . . 412            |
| Speech of Lucius Junius Brutus . . . . .               | <i>John Howard Payne</i> . . . . . 412      |
| Wilfrid Denver's Dream . . . . .                       | <i>From "the Silver King"</i> . . . . . 414 |

## RECITATIONS.

|                                           | PAGE                                     |
|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| The Lifeboat . . . . .                    | <i>George R. Sims</i> . . . 415          |
| A Tale of the Dover Express . . . . .     | <i>Clement W. Scott</i> . . . 418        |
| The Death of Absalom . . . . .            | <i>N. P. Willis</i> . . . 421            |
| The Inchcape Rock . . . . .               | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . 423          |
| Beth Gelerl . . . . .                     | <i>Hon. W. R. Spencer</i> . . . 425      |
| The Glove and the Lions . . . . .         | <i>Leigh Hunt</i> . . . 427              |
| The Raven . . . . .                       | <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> . . . 428         |
| The Bridge of Sighs . . . . .             | <i>Thomas Hood</i> . . . 431             |
| Hohenlinden . . . . .                     | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . 433         |
| The Women of Mumbles Head . . . . .       | <i>Clement W. Scott</i> . . . 434        |
| The Fireman's Wedding . . . . .           | <i>W. A. Eaton</i> . . . 436             |
| Over the Hill to the Poor-house . . . . . | <i>Will Carleton</i> . . . 439           |
| Mary, the Maid of the Inn . . . . .       | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . 441          |
| The Pauper's Drive . . . . .              | <i>Thomas Noel</i> . . . 444             |
| The Sack of Baltimore . . . . .           | <i>Thomas Davis</i> . . . 445            |
| Gone with a Handsomer Man . . . . .       | <i>Will Carleton</i> . . . 447           |
| A Bunch of Primroses . . . . .            | <i>George R. Sims</i> . . . 449          |
| Lord Ullin's Daughter . . . . .           | <i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . 451         |
| Elegy in a Country Churchyard . . . . .   | <i>Thomas Gray</i> . . . 453             |
| The Dying Gladiator . . . . .             | <i>Lord Byron</i> . . . 456              |
| Lady Clare . . . . .                      | <i>Lord Tennyson</i> . . . 457           |
| The Wreck of the Hesperus . . . . .       | <i>H. W. Longfellow</i> . . . 459        |
| Horatius Keeps the Bridge . . . . .       | <i>Lord Macaulay</i> . . . 461           |
| Hymn before Sunrise . . . . .             | <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> . . . 467 |
| Barbara Frietchie . . . . .               | <i>J. G. Whittier</i> . . . 469          |
| Mahmoud . . . . .                         | <i>Leigh Hunt</i> . . . 471              |
| The Deluge . . . . .                      | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . 472               |
| The Ocean . . . . .                       | <i>Lord Byron</i> . . . 474              |
| The Song of the Shirt . . . . .           | <i>Thomas Hood</i> . . . 476             |
| The Boat-Race . . . . .                   | <i>W. C. Bennett</i> . . . 478           |
| The War of the League . . . . .           | <i>Lord Macaulay</i> . . . 481           |
| The Old Grenadier's Story . . . . .       | <i>G. Walter Thornbury</i> . . . 483     |
| The Dream of Eugene Aram . . . . .        | <i>Thomas Hood</i> . . . 485             |
| Where ? . . . . .                         | <i>F. Hope Meriscord</i> . . . 490       |
| Our Folks . . . . .                       | <i>Ethel Lynn</i> . . . 491              |
| The Bridge-Keeper's Story . . . . .       | <i>W. A. Eaton</i> . . . 493             |
| The Strollers . . . . .                   | <i>Robert Reece</i> . . . 496            |

## WIT AND HUMOUR.

|                             |                                    |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Look at the Clock . . . . . | <i>Rev. R. H. Barham</i> . . . 498 |
| The Red Fisherman . . . . . | <i>W. M. Praed</i> . . . 505       |

|                                                 | PAGE                             |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Serjeant Buzfuz's Address . . . . .             | <i>Charles Dickens</i> . . . 510 |
| Monsieur Tonson . . . . .                       | <i>John Taylor</i> . . . 514     |
| The Showman's Song . . . . .                    | <i>Henry J. Byron</i> . . . 518  |
| Vat you Please . . . . .                        | <i>J. R. Planché</i> . . . 520   |
| Modern Logic . . . . .                          | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . 522       |
| Lodgings for Single Gentlemen . . . . .         | <i>G. Colman the Younger</i> 524 |
| My Swallow-tail . . . . .                       | <i>Leopold Wagner</i> . . . 525  |
| Chateaux d'Espagne . . . . .                    | <i>Henry S. Leigh</i> . . . 526  |
| The Jabberwocky . . . . .                       | <i>Lewis Carroll</i> . . . 528   |
| The Humorous Quack . . . . .                    | <i>Leopold Wagner</i> . . . 529  |
| Nelly Gray . . . . .                            | <i>Thomas Hood</i> . . . 530     |
| The September Gale . . . . .                    | <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 532 |
| King John and the Abbot of Canterbury . . . . . | <i>Bishop Percy</i> . . . 533    |
| Wit at a Pinch . . . . .                        | <i>Anonymous</i> . . . 536       |
| Parson Turell's Legacy . . . . .                | <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 537 |
| I Remember, I Remember . . . . .                | <i>Rev. R. H. Barham</i> . . 541 |
| The Bachelor's Lament . . . . .                 | <i>H. G. Bell</i> . . . 542      |
| Nothing to Wear . . . . .                       | <i>W. A. Butler</i> . . . 543    |
| The Vision of the Alderman . . . . .            | <i>Henry S. Leigh</i> . . . 547  |
| Father William . . . . .                        | <i>Lewis Carroll</i> . . . 549   |
| The Well of St. Keyne . . . . .                 | <i>Robert Southey</i> . . . 550  |
| Only Seven . . . . .                            | <i>Henry S. Leigh</i> . . . 551  |
| Wanted—a Landlady . . . . .                     | <i>Leopold Wagner</i> . . . 552  |
| The Owl Critic . . . . .                        | <i>James T. Fields</i> . . . 553 |
| The Cockney . . . . .                           | <i>J. Godfrey Saxe</i> . . . 555 |
| Laugh and Get Fat . . . . .                     | <i>W. M. Praed</i> . . . 556     |
| The Legends of the Rhine . . . . .              | <i>Bret Harte</i> . . . 558      |
| Wanted—a Governess . . . . .                    | <i>George Dubourg</i> . . . 559  |
| The Tinker and the Miller's Daughter . . . . .  | <i>Dr. John Wolcot</i> . . . 560 |
| The Song of the Season . . . . .                | <i>H. Sutherland Edwards</i> 562 |
| A Practical Lesson in Ancient History . . . . . | <i>Max Adeler</i> . . . 563      |



# THE POPULAR ELOCUTIONIST AND RECITER.

---

## PART I.—ELOCUTION.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

IF English Grammar be truly defined as “the art of *speaking* and writing the English Language with propriety,” then, assuredly, the practice of elocution should form a component part of the curriculum of every school and college.

That such has not been the case until a very recent period, and is even now only partially so, is evidenced by the fact that among all classes of society there is no complaint more general than that of the rarity of good readers.

“And how,” asks a writer in a recent number of the *English Churchman*, “can it be otherwise? The laity complain, and most justly, of the bad reading inflicted on them Sunday after Sunday. Candidates for the ministry have no proper instruction, either in public schools or universities. They enter on their professional duties with provincialisms and cockneyisms uncorrected, and positively read worse than many members of their congregation. These evils are the necessary consequence of the inadequate estimate of the end in view, and the means to be employed for its attainment.”

“Some take half a dozen lessons, perhaps, from a strolling player, or trust to one lecture on church reading, given by the examining chaplain at the close of the examination for holy orders! The only true mode is a regular course of instruction.” As far as regards the requirements of the clergy, the evil *may* be cured in after life, but



it is to be feared that in many cases it is too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated. The fault lies in the general neglect in childhood or early manhood of the habit of reading aloud, and the almost total absence of any attention to teaching it in a scientific yet natural manner.

Professor Charles John Plumptre, in "A Plea for the Art of Reading Aloud," thus grapples with the subject :—

"What is the cause of this admitted neglect of the art of reading in so many schools and families? Why is it that elocution has been of late years so much disregarded as a part of education, and yet music, singing, drawing, and other accomplishments, have all received their due share of attention? One reason is, I believe, to be found in the fact that this very word, *elocution*, has been made a bugbear of, and has frightened away many from its study, through a completely erroneous interpretation of its meaning and character. Do not many persons imagine that the study of elocution must lead to a pompous, bombastic, stilted, or pedantic style—a style in which the artificial reigns predominant over everything that is simple and natural? I can only say, if elocution meant anything of the kind I should be the last man to advocate its adoption in schools or anywhere else. If I am asked to define what I then mean by elocution, I think I should answer—'That which is the most effective pronunciation that can be given to words when they are arranged into sentences and form discourse.' In this of course I include the appropriate inflections and modulations of the voice, the purity of its intonation, the clearness of articulation, and, *when suitable to the occasion*, the accompaniments of expression of countenance and action. This art of elocution, then, I may further define as that system of instruction which enables us to pronounce written or extemporaneous composition with proper energy, correctness, variety, and personal ease; or, in other words, it is that style of delivery which not only expresses fully the sense and the words so as to be thoroughly understood by the hearer, but at the same time gives the sentence all the power, grace, melody, and beauty of which it is susceptible.

"Is it not strange, let me ask, when we reflect on the marvellous power which spoken language has to excite the deepest feelings of

our common nature, that the cultivation of the art of speaking which once received so much attention, should afterwards and for so long a time have been almost completely neglected? We know what importance the ancient orators of Greece and Rome attached to the study of rhetoric. The prince of them all, Demosthenes, asserted that 'Delivery' (under which term is included everything that relates to the effective management of voice, look, and gesture) is the first, the second, and the last element of success in a speaker. And surely this is as true in our own day as it was in his. For even assuming that a youth has no apparent prospect of debating in Parliament, of addressing judges or juries at the Bar, or appealing on the most solemn and important topics of all from the pulpit, does it therefore follow that he need bestow no trouble in learning to speak his native language elegantly and effectively? Will he never have occasion to read aloud in his family circle, or to a company of friends, some leader from the *Times* or other newspaper, some chapter from a book, or some verses from a poem? And what a difference will there be in the effect produced upon the reader and upon his audience accordingly as this is done well or ill! We are most of us in the present day accustomed to have our sons and daughters taught dancing, drilling, or calisthenic exercises, that give strength, flexibility, and elegance to the limbs—and very excellent are all such accomplishments in their way. But after all, the limbs are portions of our frames far less noble than the tongue; and yet, while no gentleman who can afford it hesitates about expending time and money in sending his son to the fencing, drilling, or dancing master, how few, comparatively, send as systematically their children to the elocution master, to be taught the full development of that which is the crowning glory of man—the divine gift of speech."

That during the last few years the custom of reading before a public audience has become very general, the platform of the so-called "Penny Readings" bears ample testimony, and many and deep must have been the lamentations of a majority of the readers that they had not in their youth been taught this essential branch of a thorough English education. It is to be feared that this slipshod reading to audiences for the most part incapable of appreciat-

ing the style, however much they may have relished the matter, has done but little as yet towards the cultivation of a correct taste. At the same time it is to be hoped that some results may spring from the fashion we have indicated, and that it will not pass away as a mere whim of the moment, or be superseded by a style of entertainment more objectionable. If it has awakened in the parents and guardians of youth a sense of the importance of their being taught at school to read well, it has done something, and we must wait for the boys who are now being educated for it to bear fruit.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### ELOCUTION CONSIDERED AS AN ART.

ORATORY, like poetry, is a gift, and cannot be acquired; the conception of original ideas and the ability to put them rapidly into form is common to both—but as versification is to poetry what elocution is to oratory, both may be improved by study; the versifier become in some sense a poet, and the elocutionist an orator. There must, however, always remain a wide gulf between the two, which no mere theoretical knowledge can bridge over.

To be able to speak and read well—that is, with a graceful and elegant enunciation of our native tongue—must certainly rank amongst the foremost accomplishments; and the truth of this proposition appears to be very generally admitted, and attested by the pleasure that is so universally derived from a just, appropriate, and harmonious delivery; for as language is the medium through which we communicate our thoughts, feelings, and impressions, so the force and power it exerts over us must naturally be considerably modified by the manner in which it is conveyed to us.

To the cultivation of this power the *Art of Elocution* addresses itself, and is defined to be, the just and graceful management of the *Voice, Countenance, and Gesture*.

The importance of this art has been felt and acknowledged in all countries wherein civilization and learning have attained their highest state of perfection. Even from the earliest times it has ever been esteemed an indispensable branch of education; nor can

its too common neglect with us be justified when we reflect upon its nature, and its almost paramount necessity, not alone as regards those who aspire to distinguish themselves in *Parliament*, at the *Bar*, or in the *Pulpit*, but even as to its influence in the transactions of commercial life and the management of large public societies. Nor is it possible to deny the grace and charm with which it invests the conversation of the scholar and the gentleman; for, as Cicero has justly observed, "*A cultivated address and a knowledge of its principles are highly ornamental and useful even in private life.*"\* And surely the truth of this observation must, at some time or other, have been apparent to most of us when we have witnessed the efforts of some unfortunate youth who has unexpectedly been called upon to entertain a family circle, by reading a selection from the works of a favourite author; or, on the contrary, have been charmed by the correct and pure enunciation—the just and natural harmony—with which, it may be, some other friend has, on a similar occasion, entranced the attention and elicited the applause and delight of all around him.

Nor are the disadvantages from the neglect of this very essential branch of a perfect and polite education in oratory—that is, the extemporaneous expression of our own thoughts and sentiments—less apparent. How many instances may be cited where awkwardness of address, and a stammering and confused style of delivery, have imperilled a good cause, whose advocate, defective only in this respect, has been compelled to succumb before mere fluency of speech and confident volubility. And yet, strange as it may appear, there are those who either deny the possibility of teaching this art or ignore the benefits derived from its cultivation, affirming it to be altogether inutile, and that nature, unassisted, is alone sufficient as a guide, whether in speaking or reading—many men, as they assert, being able to do both the one and the other, not only correctly but gracefully, who are totally unacquainted with the rules and principles of elocution. But if we accept thoroughly the deductions they would have us derive from arguments like these, we must assume that there are no bad readers or speakers

---

\* *Cic. de Orat.* lib. i.

at all, though our observation and constant experience unfortunately prove to the contrary; and does it therefore follow that because isolated instances exist, where from a happy combination of circumstances the gifts of nature may be displayed in their perfection by unassisted genius, that there is no utility in art or culture as regards those who are less fortunate?

In fact, it is from such native powers and instinctive efforts that the whole principles of elocution are deduced.

As an art, it is, like others, entirely imitative: Nature in her most graceful and harmonious expressions of the intentions, sentiments, and emotions of the mind, being the model; and the rules of that art teach us to reproduce in our utterance of the thoughts of others, the same tones, inflections, and pauses with which Nature has invested our own.

It is not indeed pretended that by the study and application of those rules excellence can be *insured*, or an equal proficiency attained by all; that of course must depend on natural powers and capacity; but few who have deeply considered the subject will be disposed to deny the great advantages that might accrue from a systematic instruction in this art in early life, when the vocal organs are pliable and ductile, the observation keen, and the ear quick and sensible of modulation, for it is precisely at this period much of the evil from its neglect arises. It is by the neglect of all study that either a drawling kind of monotony, a uniform rehearsing tone, by which a dull, unvarying sound, unbroken by inflection or pause, is acquired, producing a wearying effect on the ear, or that a no less disagreeable sensation is inflicted from a diametrically opposite cause, viz., a constant rising and falling of the voice totally regardless of the nature or feeling of the subject delivered, and this careless unanimated whining manner, uncorrected, becomes a habit not easily eradicated.

Now, we have to consider what are the principles and rules for a just and appropriate delivery in reading as laid down by the art of elocution as opposed to this, and they consist, first, in a distinct *articulation* modified by tone to the emotions of the mind, next in the judicious observance of *pause*, *inflection*, and *emphasis*, as governed by the sense, and lastly, the *key* or *pitch*,

being the proper management of the voice; and to these are added gesture or action when referring to *oratory* or *recitation*.

Of the material consequence that attaches to the first of these, viz., articulation, there can hardly be any dispute. The most essential quality in a speaker being distinctness, not only as regards the pleasure with which he is heard, but also the comfort and convenience of himself, a moderate power of voice being audible at a much greater distance, provided the articulation is pure and correct, than would be the case with a much stronger organ if confused or indistinct in its utterance. Defects in this particular are chiefly attributable to a too great precipitancy of speech, and are not unfrequently the result of school repetitions, in which readiness and quickness of utterance are considered, often, rather a clever achievement on the part of the pupil, and a satisfactory evidence of being perfect by the master. Be this as it may, the result is a bad habit, and the most effectual method of counteracting and removing it that perhaps can be suggested, is the daily practice of reading aloud either a vocabulary of words or some literary composition, neglecting altogether its construction or sense, and paying attention only to the pronunciation of every syllable, particularly regarding the vowel sounds in all their tonic variety, and in this manner going through the entire task slowly and distinctly, much slower indeed than would be necessary if read in the proper manner. The indistinctness acquired by sacrificing sense to rapidity may, by the opposite process, be removed.

This will be found also a very efficient way of strengthening the voice in all its pitches: of which hereafter.

For a correct accentuation, which should be invariably associated with *articulation*, that is easily attainable by reference to the pronouncing dictionary, and for that purpose the most modern will always be the best, as fashion in many instances is the authority.

Above all things, mind your *itches*—an sitch dropped or wrongly aspirated, is to an educated ear what a note played out of tune is to a musician's. Remember, too, that we have many words spelt alike and pronounced differently, accordingly as they are used as nouns or verbs—look these out in the piece you are about to read, if you have any doubt, and consult your dictionary.

## CHAPTER III.

## ON PAUSE.

THOUGH it would be wrong to affirm, of any particular branch of the "art of elocution," that it is the first in importance, since they all act, as it were, in combination, and each contributes its share essentially in imparting force, elegance, feeling, or harmony to the delivery of the perfect reader or speaker, according to the variety of character with which Infinite Goodness has endowed that supreme and distinctive gift, the articulate voice of man; yet, as the ease and propriety with which we are enabled to pronounce written language, or our own extemporaneous effusions, is mainly dependent on the theory of pausing, its skilful adaptation may at least be considered the foundation on which the art of reading and speaking is in some measure based. To appreciate it properly, it is necessary we should understand the difference that exists between language as it addresses itself to us through two different mediums—those of the eye and the ear—to the first by written characters, and to the latter by oral expression.

Now, the system of punctuation or stops, by which the former of these is distinguished, can only be considered serviceable as it instructs the silent reader in the grammatical construction of the subject before him, and he is thus guided in the sense of his author; that is, if they are correctly placed, which, however, may not always be the case.

These, then, for distinction sake, we will call "Grammatical Pauses." But these are by no means sufficient for the purpose of reading aloud, and it is the ignorance, or disregard of this fact, that is the foundation of many false rules of instruction in this particular branch of education. Hence the common direction, "*mind your stops*," by which is meant, those alone that appear on the printed page, with no reference at all to any others that may be deemed necessary, and indeed are absolutely essential to correct oral delivery.

Hence, too, the second injunction, which is "that the breath is never to be drawn but at a full stop." Now, concerning these stops,

we are told, that a "comma" is a rest while you can count one, a "semicolon" two, a "colon" three, and a "period" four, and by this precise division of time, it is evident that they are generally accepted as sufficient for all the purposes, not only of sense, but expression also. But herein lies the error; for, as Mr. Walker truly observes, "Not half the pauses are found in printing which are heard in the pronunciation of a good reader or speaker;" and these, which we distinguish as "Rhetorical Pauses," are necessary to him, to enable him to take breath, relieve the organs of speech, and to enable the attention of his auditors, unwearied by the continuity of sound, to follow with a perfect appreciation of the meaning of that which he utters.

The difficulty of laying down absolute rules for the exact application of these pauses, is manifest in the many elocutionary works extant in which it has been essayed; and however excellent in themselves and useful to the teacher those works may have been, it is to be feared that much confusion and perplexity must have been occasioned to the uninitiated, from their very extent and technicality; and this, perhaps, has caused one writer on the subject to say that no such rules can be laid down; but the fact appears to be, that when the *Rhetorical Pauses* are added to the "grammatical," assisting them by divisions of thought and feeling, they are dependent to a certain degree on the judgment of the speaker, and thus, perhaps, appear to be arbitrary; yet it is possible to give something like a general direction, which may serve, by the observation of the student, as a partial guide at all events.

The Rhetorical Pauses, then, consist of three rests of different durations of time—viz., the *smaller*, or *short pause*, answering in this respect to the *comma*; the *greater*, or *middle pause*, to the *semicolon*; and the *greatest*, or *rest*, to the *period*, or *full stop*. To the first of these, on account of the frequency of its recurrence, and consequent assistance rendered to the speaker, the most importance is attached.

This pause is generally used after several words occurring in one phrase, serving as the nominative to some verb:

The objective phrase in an inverted sentence—that is, sentences the number of which, when inverted as to order, preserve the same sense:



The emphatic word of force, and the subject of a sentence: Each number of a "series," whether *single*; that is, composed of single words, or *compound*, being composed of sentences.

It should be used also *before* the infinitive mood:

Prepositions (except when part of one phrase), relative pronouns, and conjunctions, adverbs of time, similitude, and some others:

In some cases, for the sake of emphasis, it is used after disjunctions.

Whatever number intervenes between the nominative case and the verb, must be considered to be of the nature of a parenthesis, and is therefore separated from both of them by the short pause.

The *greater*, or *middle pause*, is properly to be used when a sentence is composed of two principal parts, in the first of which, the sense being *incomplete* or suspended, is perfected by the latter; the pause taking place at that point where the sense begins to be complete, thus dividing it into distinctive portions, each of which, it is to be observed, has also a distinctive tone, or inflection.

The "*great rest*," or "*full pause*," completes the entire sense, and being identical with the "*period*," can therefore be well understood.

To these various rests a fourth is sometimes added by writers on this subject, which they term the "*long pause*." It is mentioned here as being chiefly of use to the orator, as, by marking certain divisions in his subject—a change of ideas, or a return from a digression—it affords him, in the heat of argument, or the effects of exhaustion, time to collect himself, and it may be, an opportunity for correcting the tone or pitch of voice, which from excitement may have become raised too high to be sustained with comfort or effect.

To return, however, to the erroneous direction noticed, viz., "That the breath is never to be drawn but at a full stop or period." It has been before observed that the use of these pauses is for the greater ease and facility of the speaker. The absurdity of this injunction must be therefore most apparent, since the fact is really that at every one of these rhetorical pauses or rests, the breath receives, or should receive, a gentle, insensible, but at the same time inaudible, inspiration; and thus the lungs, like the bellows of an organ, being constantly supplied and inflated with fresh breath, the power of the speaker is considerably increased by the very control he is enabled

to exercise in the increase or diminishment of its power at will, after the manner of the "crescendo" and "diminuendo" in music.

If the student would practically test this, let him take up the Exordium to Milton's First Book of "Paradise Lost." Now there are four periods in that fine opening; the first consisting of nine and a half lines, the next six and a half, the third five and a half, and the last four and a half. Let him try to accomplish the delivery of the first period without taking breath. If he succeeds he may rest satisfied that he possesses lungs of the consistency of leather with the capacity of the cave of *Æolus*; but as this experiment will infallibly prove the contrary, let him again essay, using not only the punctuated or grammatical, but the rhetorical pauses in aid, according to the general rules already recited, and he will find himself able to master not the first period alone, but also to reach the end of the subject through the three succeeding ones with the greatest ease and facility, and in addition he will learn also this, that in attempting to pronounce more in a breath than he could conveniently effect, and neglecting those pauses where the breath ought to be taken, he has been obliged to pause where the sense, not being separable, forbade it, and thus has rendered the whole of his subject an unintelligible jumble.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### ON INFLECTION.

LET us now proceed to consider that portion of the art on which the form, variety, and harmony of speaking mainly depends, and that will be found to consist in the proper use of the two inflections of the voice.

Most if not all the defects which are discernible in the generality of readers, with regard to "inflection," arise from an artificial habit acquired in early youth of reading with different tones and cadences from those which they are accustomed to use in speaking. Now, whatever may be the cause from whence it originates, a more fatal error, one more subversive of propriety of delivery, does not exist; for in reading, the utterance should be so regulated as to fall on the ears of the auditors as though we were conveying to them

the sentiments of the author—as if they were the emanations of our own mind.

Mr. Sheridan, in his “Lectures,” observes, “There are few persons who in private company do not deliver their sentiments with propriety and force in their manner whenever they speak in earnest; consequently, here is a sure standard for propriety and force in public speaking.” And this observation must apply therefore equally to reading; but to reduce this to practice it is essentially necessary that we should first be perfect masters of the nature and subject-matter to be delivered, and the intention of the author; and to this end, therefore, it is always advisable that the student should accustom himself in his private practice, first, to peruse carefully the composition he intends to read aloud, so as entirely to comprehend the full meaning and import of the words, and the general construction of the language, the character of which sometimes bears the distinctive impress of its particular writer, and then let him endeavour to deliver it as if the ideas and sentiments were his own, and in that natural and forcible manner as in that case he would; and this can only be effected by observing those various inflections of voice which Nature herself has prescribed, and adapting them according to the form and sense of the various sentences.

These consist of the “Rising,” the “Falling,” and the “Circumflex,” or “Compound Inflections.” The first of these is so called from the voice rising or ascending upwards, the second when it falls or slides downwards, and the last when both the rising and falling inflection is combined in the same word, or even in more than one, as is sometimes the case; but when the voice continues on the same note, it is then said to be “monotone.”

The “Circumflex Inflection” is capable of being again subdivided for distinction’s sake into the *rising* and falling circumflex, according as it commences with either the rising or falling slide of the voice.

Now, in speaking, the voice is regulated either by the implied or expressed sense or feeling of the subject, or nature of the sentence; that is, it indicates either that the sense is complete or suspended—is “*Affirmative*,” “*Negative*,” “*Interrogative*,” or “*Imperative*.” Thus, suspended sense is accompanied and marked by the “rising

inflection," coupled with the "*middle pause*" we have before spoken of in a previous part of our subject. "Complete or finished sense" is distinguished by the falling, and to it also belongs the "full pause," answering to the period or full stop, as before mentioned. But here it is necessary to notice a very common error—one calculated to generate a bad habit, and one therefore that ought to be exploded for ever; it is the very common direction to drop the voice at the end of a sentence. Now, the last part of a sentence—and more especially the last word, as it completes the sense—must of necessity be the most essential to the perfect understanding of that sentence. To let it, therefore, fall listlessly or feebly on the ear, so as to strain the attention of the auditor, or reduce him to the bewilderment of guessing at its import, is a manifest absurdity. The fact is, it should ever be considered of equal importance to the first; and, though receiving the downward inflection of the voice, as such maintain its full tone, pitch, and enunciation.

To proceed, however. The Affirmative sense is indicated by the falling, and the Negative, as a general rule, receives the rising inflection. The same applies to the Interrogative sentences, while the Imperative is distinguished by the falling: of course, it must be understood that all these are subject to certain exceptions, which exceptions are caused by the influence of what is termed the emphasis\* of force or feeling, and depend, therefore, on the judgment and intelligence of the speaker.

The compound or circumflex inflection, as we have before stated, both descends and ascends in what may be described as a curve of the voice, and is generally used in strong or vehement interrogation, its extent being determined by the force or extent of the passion by which it is governed; it is expressive of "*Wonder*," "*Contempt*," "*Scorn*," "*Ridicule*," "*Irony*," &c., &c.

The speech of "*Brutus*," in the quarrel scene between himself and "*Cassius*," will afford an apt illustration of the nature of this particular inflection of the voice, beginning "*All this, and more*," &c., &c.

---

\* This emphasis being distinguished from the emphasis of sense in its inflection by the domination of the feeling with which it is used.

The same inflection must be given to all words or phrases whose meaning and construction are in *apposition*, but when antithetical or opposed to each other, they demand opposite inflections, and by this agreement of tone in the first and opposition in the latter case, the sound, as it were, is to the ear in accordance with the sense. When many antithetical members, however, follow in succession, for the sake of variety and harmony, the inflections should be alternated. Let the student refer for an example of this to 1 Cor. xv. 39, 40 :—

39. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds.

40. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

We have instanced these two verses only; but the whole chapter, indeed, from the 20th verse, not only in respect to this, but every other rule, is an admirable exercise in “inflection;” and its perfect delivery must at all times declare the accomplished elocutionist.

---

## CHAPTER V.

### ON PITCH.

THE management and modulation of the voice is another branch of the art of elocution to which the student who is ambitious of becoming a good and effective reader or speaker should devote the most sedulous attention, and for this purpose it is necessary for him to be thoroughly acquainted with the theory and nature of the various pitches of that organ, for by them not only does he derive the variety that is so pleasing to the ear, and secure for himself relief from that inconvenience which his ignorance or neglect in this respect must inevitably entail on him, but he is enabled to exhibit by their just and appropriate use the various emotions and sentiments of his subject, whether they belong to himself or others, with the greater force and power of expression.

The human voice has been observed to possess three distinct tones, and these are distinguished as "high, low, and middle pitch." Of these, the one most used is the middle, for the reason that it is the tone which we naturally are accustomed to in common discourse, and is therefore, from its frequent exercise, generally stronger. It must also be apparent that being easier to rise or fall from it to a higher or lower key, it ought, with few exceptions, to be the one we should adopt when not excited by any particular passion—as, for instance, in calm narration, descriptive statement, or moral reflection.

Now, it cannot have escaped the notice of even the most casual observer that the instant the mind, even in ordinary conversation, receives the impression of any particular emotion, the voice becomes inflected, either upward or downward, to the higher or lower portion of its register, its range being determined by the force or intensity of that emotion. There is a higher, sharper, and shriller tone attained by *rage*, and a deeper one by *sorrow*. It is therefore expedient that a just appreciation and a skilful adaptation of these tones should be attended to.

Having already noticed the first of these, its quality and character, on proceeding to the *high pitch*, we shall find that it is the proper key of all the more impulsive passions or elevated feelings. To it belong *rage*, threatening, denunciation, invective, joy, and exultation, and, indeed, all eager and animated speech in general; while, on the contrary, grief, melancholy, veneration, deep thought, serious reflection, hate, and suppressed passion, belong to the *low pitch*.

It is necessary, however, to observe, that there is a great distinction between the terms *high* and *low*, and *loud* and *soft*, for these are often confounded. This latter, it should be clearly understood, merely signifies the degree of force or volume of sound it may be deemed necessary to use in the same key, and answers precisely to the *forte* and *piano* in music, whilst the former intimates a change of key altogether. *Pitch*, therefore, is independent of *force*, though *force* may add frequently to the effect of *pitch*.

From the want of a proper knowledge of this it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for both orators and readers to commence

at once on the highest key of their voice, under the mistaken idea that they will be heard with greater ease; but this, indeed, is a fatal mistake. In the first place the voice loses its natural power and pliability, producing a monotony of tone that rapidly wears the auditory, and, in the next, from the unnatural strain to which it is subjected, the organ becomes distressed and weakened, and languor and hoarseness are the inevitable results. Besides, it must be self-evident that if a speaker begins in the middle pitch—that is, as a general rule—that being, as we have before observed, most probably the strongest, he is also able to rise or fall from it according to the range of his voice, and must therefore with greater facility produce those effects which belong to the varying expression of the different emotions his subject may afford him.

With regard to the proper rule for proportioning the quantity or loudness of the voice to the size of the arena in which the speaker may be called upon to exercise his powers, two very great authorities appear to differ. Mr. Sheridan, for instance, says—

“Let the speaker, after having looked round the assembly, fix his eyes on that part of the auditory which is farthest from him, and he will mechanically endeavour to pitch his voice so as that it may reach them; for his business is to consider himself as addressing his discourse to some one amongst them, in such a manner as that he may be heard by him, and if the person be not beyond the reach of his voice he will not fail to effect it. But,” he observes—and this is the point most carefully to be preserved in the student’s memory—“still he is to take care not to change his usual pitch in order to do this, but only to add force or degree of loudness in proportion to the distance.”

Now, Mr. Walker on this point recommends the reader or speaker to pursue a diametrically opposite plan. Commenting on the passage here quoted from Mr. Sheridan, he goes on to say—

“This, I fear, would be attended by very ill consequences if the assembly were very large; as a speaker would be strongly tempted to raise his voice, as well as to increase its force; and by this means begin in a key much too high for the generality of his audience, or for his own power to continue it. The safest rule, therefore, is certainly to begin as it were with those of the assembly that are

nearest to us." The reason assigned for this by Mr. Walker is, that it is so much easier to raise the pitch than to bring it down, that the speaker will insensibly do this as he proceeds, and that however low the key may be in which he begins, he will be audible, provided he is articulate.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" But as we see here that Mr. Sheridan expressly states that *the key is not to be changed, and only increased in force or loudness*, according to the theory at first laid down, it is to be feared that if the assembly be large, as Mr. Walker premises, that gentleman's speaker would not be heard by the remote part of the audience at all; while it must follow as a matter of course, that if the extreme portion of it be reached by the force, not pitch of the speaker, all within that range, as a natural consequence, must participate in the delivery of his discourse.

Few voices, however, are so perfect as not to require some sort of education in order to enable them to compass with facility an extensive range into either the higher or lower keys, and on extraordinary occasions it may even be necessary to touch on the extremes of either. This can only be effected by practice. Therefore, as in the directions concerning articulation we stated that by reading slowly and pronouncing every syllable clearly and distinctly in the middle tone, that particular pitch would be greatly strengthened, we venture to recommend that the self-same process be diligently and perseveringly applied in the same manner to the other two—viz., without reference to the sense of the passages to be read, but to the sound, and the compass and power of the voice in the higher and lower portions of its register will be much extended. The student should, in addition to this exercise, carefully select and read aloud such scenes or passages as require these particular pitches, and adapt them accordingly; and more especially those in which the particular passion they indicate appears to intensify or culminate, so as to go through all the gradations of either, without abruptly leaping, as it were, from one pitch to another.



## CHAPTER VI.

## ON GESTURE.

UNDER this head is included the whole deportment of the body, in order that it may be justly adapted to the nature and emotions of the subject pronounced. The disposition of the limbs, the movements of the hands, the carriage of the head, and even the movements of the eyes and direction and expression of the countenance altogether. For every passion, emotion, or sentiment, has some attitude, look, or movement peculiar to itself; any incongruity, therefore, either by vague, awkward, or unsuitable and inconsistent gesture, not only frustrates the intention of the speaker, but in many instances becomes ridiculous and absurd; for the object of public speaking is either to instruct, to please, or to persuade: and how can either of these objects be attained if the orator be devoid of propriety, force, or grace?

Cicero calls action "the language of the body," and further observes, "It is action alone that governs in speaking, without which the best orator is of no value, and is often defeated by one in other respects much his inferior." And, indeed, the orators of Greece and Rome appear to have attached the utmost importance to this particular department of elocution; for not only were they accustomed to employ persons whom they called "*phonasci*," whose office was to teach the modulations of the voice, but also others for special instruction as to voice and gesture combined; the latter being generally eminent and experienced actors selected from their theatres; and in fact, by this practical method it was that they attained that high degree of excellence of which we have so many records. Nor indeed can the higher graces of ornamental delivery be communicated by the unassisted medium of written precept and mere theoretic rules.

This has been the attempt of many works on this subject, but it is to be feared with little or no success, amongst the best of which, perhaps, may be reckoned Austin's "*Chironomia*," the author in that work, endeavouring, by means of plates and diagrams of various kinds, to illustrate the theory of action; but undoubtedly clever

and ingenious as the idea is of establishing a certain fixed system of gesticulation, it can hardly do more than impart to the practically uninstructed a mechanical stiffness and a studied, constrained, and artificial manner, instead of an easy, graceful, yet powerful action and expression. Mr. Sheridan, no mean authority, appears to be of this opinion also, for he says, regarding those who advocate instruction of this nature, "They who judge in this manner have not sufficiently considered the nature of the subject, and therefore attribute more power to precept alone than it is possessed of." The fact is, that practical rules differ much from those that are merely speculative; nor will informing the understanding in some cases produce by any means a perfect execution, without other assistance. Can any one be taught to sing or to dance without the aid of masters, and patterns for imitation?

The most, therefore, that can be done without this aid is to afford such plain directions, and general information with regard to the art, as, being easily comprehended, may be useful to the student, and come within the range of his own application to private practice.

The first thing to be considered, and one of infinite importance, both to the orator or reciter, since much value must ever be attached to first impressions, is the manner in which he presents himself before the assembly it is his purpose to address. This, of course, depends in some manner on the nature of his subject, and in this the aspect or countenance of the speaker bears no inconsiderable part. Thus, for instance, a sedate expression at once implies a mature consideration of the argument about to be advanced, and communicates insensibly an idea of its importance. And on the contrary, a cheerful air raises the expectation of being entertained with a pleasant and agreeable discourse. But above all, a wandering look, an air of levity, or a haughty, supercilious manner, which either fails to excite respect or else begets distaste, must be carefully avoided. Nor at the same time is a dejected appearance pleasing, unless the subject to be delivered is of a melancholy nature.

In the case of addressing a large assembly, if the speaker desires to be heard perfectly from the opening of his oration, he should by

no means begin at once, but having settled himself quietly and composedly in his position, with a steady and respectful look, suffer himself to take a survey of his auditory. This begets silence, and prepares them to become attentive. With regard to the extemporaneous speaker, it has the advantage of allowing him to collect his thoughts, to frame his first sentence, and sometimes to subdue that flurry of spirits which few who speak in public are entirely free from in the opening of an address. It should not be preserved too long, nor, on the contrary, be continually shifting, so as to beget a feeling of uneasiness, such as often arises from the fidgety shifting from one foot to the other (a fault very common with some speakers). But, fronting the audience, avoiding altogether a sidelong attitude, let the feet be firmly planted, yet not close together, but with one advanced, the body resting on the other, erect, not too stiff, but easily and flexibly adapting itself to the motion of the head and hands; avoiding, however, anything approaching to a wavering motion, such as we are told by Cicero a Roman orator called Curio was addicted to, and for which he became the subject of a friend's joke, who once asked, "*Who is that talking out of a boat?*"

A judicious management of the eyes, in awakening and insuring a continued attention, also deserves notice. They should be neither wandering nor altogether fixed or staring, but generally gentle and moderate in their motions, and directed in turn to different portions of the audience, as if engaging each in common discourse.

In considering the movements of the arms and hands it should be well understood that, to insure a graceful action, all *angularity* must be strictly avoided; and, therefore, this rule cannot be too carefully impressed upon the mind, viz.: That all motion must proceed from the *shoulder*, and not from the extremity of the *fingers*, and that the *elbow* should never be suffered to *incline to the body*; nor should the *hands* assume a *rigid* and *constrained* appearance in the disposition of the *fingers*, by being held *open and flat*, as if about to administer a sound "*box on the ear*," or spread abroad like a *bunch of radishes*, or crookedly contracted like the *claws of a crab*: but moderately opened, let the *index*, or first

finger, lightly press the *middle one*, the *other two* inclining gently inward towards the *palm*. This must, of course, be understood as referring to the hands in a *state of repose*; and when used in a temperate and unimpassioned address they contribute to that simplicity and grace—and, at the same time, dignity—that should at all times characterize the movements and bearing of the orator. Under the influence of the passions, indeed, they assume other forms; and most infinite is their use and variety: "*Greater, indeed*," as Quintilian justly observes, "*than can well be expressed, for they are almost equal to our words. Do not we desire with them, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, beseech, detest, fear, inquire, deny? Do not they express joy, sorrow, doubt, confusion, penitence, measure, plenty, number, and time? Do not they excite, restrain, prove, admire, and shame? That in so great a variety of speech among all nations and countries, this seems to me the common language of mankind.*" The ancients, however, differed greatly from us with respect to the use of both hands, confining their action—or, at least, their principal action—to the right; and it is not difficult to understand how this might be, when we consider the peculiar nature of their dress. A glance at a Greek or Roman statue, attired in the chlamys or toga, at once illustrates this. The left arm being occupied in sustaining the folds of the drapery, could not well be used conveniently, or without derangement of its disposition, though it is certainly difficult to conceive how, thus limited to the use of one hand for their chief expression, the forcible passages and animated sentiments in those orations of theirs which have been preserved to us, could have been delivered. Be this as it may, the modern orator is under no such restriction; and it is not only proper but needful that *either hand* occasionally should be used indiscriminately, as the principal gesture, or the position of the person addressed, may require; and sometimes *distinctively* the *left hand* alternates its office with the *right*. With us the corresponding *hand* and *foot* are advanced; and here again we differ from the ancients, Quintilian affirming as a *rule* that it should be the *reverse*, while we only make such a position *exceptional*. As a general direction to be borne in mind—and the exceptions to it are few indeed—all straight lines in the movements

of both *hands* and *arms* are to be avoided. Hogarth<sup>h</sup> has laid it down as an axiom that the "Line of Beauty" is a flowing curve; and though this cannot be adapted to the *whole* system of *action*, the principle may be safely made the general basis for its theory to rest upon.

Rarely—very rarely indeed—should the *hands* be raised above the *eyes* or extended beyond the range of vision, the action of the *right* generally commencing on the *left side* and terminating on the *right side*; and, *vice versâ*, the same rule applies to the movement of the *left hand*. The stroke which marks the emphatic word must descend on that word alone at the instant of its utterance. The movement of the *arm* and *hand* also should be sustained and suspended through the duration of a passage, and terminate precisely with it: and we may very well conceive this *timing* of the gesture to be the probable if not the *actual* meaning of Shakspeare when, in his direction to the players, he says, "*Suit the action to the word—the word to the action*;" for it can hardly be believed that he alluded to *descriptive* or *appropriate* action simply, such as raising the hand when appealing to heaven, or sinking it when speaking of the earth. And, in mentioning Shakspeare, it will scarcely be necessary to remind the student of his remarks concerning sawing the air, which is nothing more than the incessant repetition of the obnoxious straight-lined description of action before noticed.

Having spoken of the indiscriminate use of both hands, it is proper to add that neither should be used invariably alone.

Nothing can appear more ungraceful, not to say ridiculous, than to see one hand (either the right or left) constantly in motion, while the other hangs uselessly by the side, as if it had no sympathy in the discourse, or that the one-handed orator was afflicted with a partial paralysis. The fact is, that either hand should accommodate itself to and support the action of the other. The principal, which is called the *Dominant*, from the position of the orator as respects the side to which he directs his attention, having the greatest extension and elevation, being always supported or seconded by the *Subjective* hand, which is held somewhat below it, and approximately nearer to the body. For the separate or com-

bined action of the hands, thus positioned as the nature of the subject may demand, it is utterly impossible to lay down any specific rules; and here it is that plates and diagrams must fail in describing the transitions that are constantly occurring, creating to the uninitiated "confusion worse confounded,"—resulting in a pedantic, affected, and unnatural gesture, without meaning, force, or grace. In demonstrating, appealing, and on some other special occasions, the hands may be moved forward almost on a level; but when no active movement is required, they should be raised, in general as high as the breast, or sometimes a little below it, easily curved, but on no account are they to be suffered to fall down lifelessly by the side.

It should be perfectly understood, that no art depends so much on constant and almost unremitting practice as elocution, and the appropriate gesture that should attend it. Neither grace nor facility can possibly be otherwise attained; theory alone is worse than useless, and even the best instructions must, without it, entirely and invariably fail. The best mentor that a young orator or reciter can appeal to, in this indispensable private practice, is the *looking-glass*. Much, however, has been said in way of dissent from this opinion, but certainly without mature consideration of the subject.

It has been objected, for instance, that an earnest speaker must, from the impulse of nature, use appropriate action; but if we grant this, it by no means follows that it will be *graceful*, and it is the combination of the *natural* with the *graceful* that alone makes the *perfect orator*.

Besides, are there no *Bad Habits* to be corrected? We daily see that such have been contracted by men who enjoy a reputation as speakers, yet doubtless they are influenced by the impulses of nature; among which habits we may mention a few, and then judge whether they are appropriate: such, for instance, as *nodding with the head, pocketing the hands, trifling with the dress, placing the arms a-kimbo, tucking them behind, ducking the body or jerking it, leaning on table, crossing the legs, standing sideways or with the feet together, fixing the eyes on the ceiling or opposite wall, exaggeration of action or constant repetition of it*. Many more might be instanced, but these will serve for the present purpose, as they cannot have escaped the

notice of any acute observer interested in the subject of public oratory.

Now as good habits are full as easy to be acquired as those of an opposite description, though the latter, in the process of being got rid of, present a somewhat greater difficulty, yet the means of their acquisition is very similar, viz., constant repetition. If, therefore, the rules laid down for appropriate and graceful action are studied assiduously and frequently in the faithful reflections of the mirror, those principles will become so impressed on the mind of the student, as ever after to influence his bearing and general style of gesture, and that too without stiffness or artificiality; for it is not for a moment pretended that the action which he may then consider appropriate must of necessity be precisely the same he is called upon to use when speaking or reciting in public. This exercise aims alone at the acquisition of grace and ease by the appeal to his own judgment, which this practice will habitually confirm, and ever after influence the involuntary gestures that arise from the emotions of his mind. It is probable that the action may differ—may take a wider sweep, a more extended character—may be more elevated or depressed, slower or more abrupt: it matters not; it will bear the impress of his general study, and manifest itself in force, expression, and grace.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### ON READING VERSE.

ALTHOUGH the rules laid down in the preceding chapters apply alike to poetry and prose, a few observations on the reading of rhymed verse may not be out of place.

There are many excellent readers of prose who entirely fail to distinguish the equable and harmonious flow of sound which distinguishes poetry from ordinary unmeasured composition. These are devoid of what a musician would call "ear," and hence their delivery of rhymed couplets becomes tame and insipid, familiar and commonplace, and too frequently degenerates into mere "sing-song," utterly beneath the dignity of inspired verse. To such persons Mr. Walker recommends (and other writers on elocution have repeated his

advice—some having gone so far as to *run on* the examples they have given in the prose form) that they should “read verse exactly as if it were prose.” Surely this would be an injustice to any living poet and a desecration of the writings of the dead, who if they had intended to convey their thoughts in plain prose, to ignore the measure and the flow, the music and the metaphor, and all the elegances and fancies which distinguish one from the other, would have adopted that form. Many of the transpositions of words or phrases allowable in poetry for the sake of the rhythm (sometimes for the sake of a rhyme) would not be admissible in prose composition; it is obvious, therefore, that to read poetry as prose is to read it as the authors would not have written had they been unfettered by the exigencies of verse.

If, as Walker admits, “poetry without song (*i.e.*, musical flow) is a body without soul,” it would be far better that those who are devoid of the power of appreciating should abstain altogether from reading it, rather than they should deliver it in a style that must always be obnoxious to correct taste and sound judgment.

Perhaps one of the greatest difficulties felt by every professor of elocution in teaching youth to recite poetry, is the almost universal inability of the pupil to understand and grasp the meaning of the poem. Unless the author be thoroughly appreciated and his intention, not only expressed but implied, mastered, the natural emotions (and consequently the proper inflexions and varieties of voice) cannot possibly arise, and, if not, how can they be expressed save by a studied, stilted, and artificial style? It is, perhaps, not saying too much to aver that only a poet can read poetry properly: at any rate only those who are perfectly imbued with the poetic feeling can do so. Given all these qualifications, and action, voice, and gesture will follow naturally and spontaneously; the electric fire will flash from the speaker to his audience, enthusiasm will be kindled, and a result that only true genius can achieve will be accomplished.

The great secret in reading poetry is to exercise the art that conceals art, or rather the art that seems to heighten and improve nature and to subdue it, so that it is never apparent that the speaker is delivering the words of others. To the hearers it should



be as though the speaker were giving the utterances of his own heart, and his own brain, an impulsive and involuntary outpouring excited by existing and surrounding circumstances. It was thus Shakspeare wrote, assisted by no rule, his guiding power being only his exquisite sense of the fitness of all things. It was thus that Edmund Kean produced his finest effects,—not from calculation, but from knowledge, impulse, and appreciation, lit by the light that was within him.

But in our schools and colleges teaching must begin before experience has ripened. All that can be done is to apply certain rules, and these, if diligently attended to, will have so far forwarded the work of perfection at which all may arrive when the mind comes to maturity. We would premise that it is essential in all cases that the master should fully explain to the pupil the subject, the meaning, and all the surroundings of the poem or extract he is about to teach.

The rules for the delivery of poetry may be thus briefly stated.

1. In all cases it is better to commence a poem in a simple, natural, and easy style, warming with the subject as the poet becomes passionate or emotional.

2. If the poetry be written correctly, every word should have the same accent as in prose, but as many of our best poets have accented words that change their accent when used as verbs or nouns alike, it is better to sacrifice the sense to the sound rather than the rhythm of the poem should be destroyed.

3. The article *the* must never be strongly accented in reading or reciting verse.

4. Elisions, so frequently found in our earlier poets, must seldom or never be attended to in reading verse—thus in “gen’rous” the dropped “e” must be sounded as in “generous.”

5. The end of every line in poetry must be delicately marked, care being taken not to interfere with the intimate or remote connexion subsisting between the subsequent lines.

6. The rhetorical pauses should be taken at the commencement, and never in the middle of a poetic foot, or the power of what Sheridan calls “making the ear sensible of the versification” will be lost.

7. A simile ought to be read in a lower tone of voice than the portion of the poem which precedes it.

Thus far the rules we have laid down apply to poetry generally, but as the simulations of the passions enter largely into the recital of heroic verse, it will be necessary to enter briefly into this branch of the subject.

Mr. Walker, in his elaborate work "The Elements of Elocution," asks, "How are we to acquire that peculiar quality of sound that indicates the passion we wish to express?" and he proceeds, "The answer is easy: by feeling the passion which expresses itself by that peculiar quality of sound. But then the question will return, how are we to acquire a feeling of that passion?" Without following this author through an essay which extends over many pages, it will be sufficient to observe, that he contends that the simulation of the passions may be obtained by imitation—that is, by observing and noting in the memory the various tones and gestures which accompany them when they arise or are indulged in by others, so that we may dispose ourselves to feel them mechanically, and improve our expression of them when we are called on to read or recite the particular pieces in which they occur; for by the imitation of the passions, we meet them, as it were, halfway.

A condensed *résumé* of Walker's classification of the passions and his rules (re-modelled) for simulating them, will indicate generally the method that may be employed.

1. **TRANQUILLITY.**—This may be expressed by the composure of the countenance and a general repose of the whole body, without the exertion of any one muscle. The countenance open, the forehead smooth, the eyebrows arched, the mouth nearly closed, and the eyes passing with an easy motion from object to object, but not dwelling too long on one. Care must be taken to distinguish it from insensibility.

2. **CHEERFULNESS** adds a smile to tranquillity, and opens the mouth a little more.

3. **MIRTH** requires a laughing, joyous style of delivery; but buffoonery and grimace must be avoided, or the audience will laugh at and not with the speaker, who should let his subject-matter set his audience laughing before copying their example.

4. **RAILLERY** puts on the aspect of cheerfulness; the tone of voice should be sprightly.

5. **IRONY** is expressed by the sneer, which is ironical approbation. A satirical tone of voice, look, and gesture, should accompany it.

6. **JOY** radiates the countenance with smiles, and lights up, as it were, the whole frame. Walker recommends "clapping the hands," "raising the eyes to heaven," and "giving such a spring to the body as to make it attempt to mount up as if it could fly"—but all such extravagances must be avoided.

7. **DELIGHT**.—The tones, gestures, and looks are the same as joy, but less forcible and more permanent.

8. **LOVE** must be approached with the utmost delicacy; it is best expressed by a deep, impassioned, fervent tone; the right hand may be pressed over the heart, but the "languishing eyes" recommended by some authors borders too closely on burlesque. A steady, respectful gaze on the assumed object of affection may be permitted.

9. **PITY** may be denoted by an expression of pain on the countenance, and a compassionate tenderness of voice. The mouth open, and a gentle raising and falling of the hands and eyes, as if mourning over the unhappy object.

10. **HOPE** erects and brightens the countenance, spreads the arms with the hands open, as to receive the object of its wishes. The voice is plaintive and inclining to eagerness.

11. **HATRED** draws back the body as to avoid the hated object; the hands at the same time spread out, as if to keep it off. The pitch of the voice is low, but harsh, chiding, and vehement.

12. **ANGER** expresses itself with rapidity and harshness—and sometimes with interruption and hesitation, as if unable to utter with sufficient force. **RAGE** and **FURY** are exaggerations of this passion.

13. **REPROACH** requires the contracted brow and the curled lip; the voice is low and the whole body expressive of aversion.

14. **FEAR** is one of the most difficult and elaborate passions to simulate. The breath must appear quick and short; the voice trembling and weak; the body as if shrinking from danger. When attended with terror and consternation, one foot is drawn back as if putting itself into a posture for flight.

15. **SORROW.**—Countenance dejected, eyes cast down, arms hanging loose, the voice plaintive and interrupted by sighs.

16. **REMORSE.**—Head hangs down, the voice low and harsh.

17. **DESPAIR** can only be touched by an accomplished actor. The amateur should attempt nothing beyond reading or reciting the passage, depicting it in a deep and solemn tone.

18. **SURPRISE** may be expressed by the mouth and eyes being wide open; the voice in the upper pitch. **WONDER, AMAZEMENT, and ADMIRATION,** come under this head.

19. **PRIDE** assumes a lofty look; the eyes well open, the words uttered in slow, stiff, affected style.

20. **CONFIDENCE—COURAGE.**—In both the head is erect, the breast projected, the countenance clear and open, the voice loud, round, and not too rapid. **BOASTING** exaggerates these by noise and blustering.

21. **PERPLEXITY**, with which may be classed **IRRESOLUTION** and **ANXIETY**, requires an expression of thoughtful consideration; the motions of the body are restless, the pauses long, the tone of the voice uneven.

22. **VEXATION** expresses itself with looks of perplexity; the tones are sharp and broken; the hands restless.

23. **ENVY.**—Envy arises from a mixture of joy, sorrow, and hatred; it sometimes assumes a mocking tone.

24. **MALICE** sends flashes from the eyes and closes the teeth. The voice is expressed as in anger.

25. **JEALOUSY** displays itself in such a variety of forms that it may embrace any of the foregoing; the text of the author will discover which

26. **MODESTY** bends the body forward, and has a placid, downcast countenance; the tone of voice is low.

27. **SHAME** turns away the face from the beholders, casts down the eyes; the voice is confused and faltering.

28. **GRAVITY.**—The posture of the body and limbs is composed and without much motion; the speech slow and solemn, the tone without much variety.

29. **ADMONITION** assumes a grave air, bordering on severity; the voice assumes the low tone, bordering on the monotone.

30. **REPROOF** puts on a stern aspect and roughens the voice; it is sometimes accompanied by threatening gestures.

A number of other examples might be given, but the pupil who has mastered the above will scarcely need further instruction.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### USEFUL HINTS.

1. **WHERE** the opportunity is afforded you, try the acoustic properties of the room in which you are to recite beforehand. You will thus ascertain the proper pitch on which to commence.

2. If the room be large and resonant, be careful to speak slowly, allowing time for the voice to travel; otherwise the words will become jumbled, run one within another, and indistinctness will result. The attention with which you are listened to will soon convince you if you are heard or not.

3. Never read in public a piece with which you are previously unacquainted: you must, in order to give the proper emphasis to the lines before you, be acquainted with what is to follow. At least one perusal of the piece you may be called on to read should be insisted on.

4. To preserve the voice, bathe and gargle the throat morning and evening, using cold water. As a rule, muffling up the throat is relaxing and injurious, but it is advisable to do so when going from a warm room into the cold air. Keep the mouth closed until you have walked some time or reached home, and you may then speak at pleasure.

5. If you have to read or recite for some time you may just moisten the lips with cold water, but avoid drinking it in any quantity. Good bottled stout, which has been drawn sufficiently long for the froth to subside, is the best thing to sing or speak on. Especially avoid sherry and spirits neat or diluted. A glass or two of old, dry port wine may be taken with advantage before commencing, or in the interval, where one is afforded.

6. Never speak through a confirmed hoarseness, if it can be avoided. If your voice is out of order a new-laid egg beaten up with a tea-

spoonful of the compound tincture of cinnamon may be taken with advantage, but avoid all nostrums for the voice; many of them contain opium, and will ultimately and permanently injure it. For nervousness a couple of teaspoonfuls of sal volatile in a wineglass of water will be found useful. Spirits or spirits-and-water cause a dryness of the tongue, and will only increase your misfortune.

7. It is a too common fault with many speakers and readers to imitate the voice and manner of some particular actor; your own natural and ordinary voice should alone be used, except in a reading embracing a personation, such as of an Irish, Scotch, or Yorkshireman, &c., and these should be studied from actual observation, and not from hearing others imitate them. This, however, may be styled mimicry,—it cannot be called elocution.

8. The H is silent in heir, honest, honour, hospital, hour, humble, humour, and the words derived from them.

9. The careless or ignorant speaker will often trip in the following words, which are vulgarisms to be specially avoided; viz., feller for fellow—winder for window—lor for law—sor for saw—voilet for violet—voilent for violent—moi for my—as well as using an aspirate in an improper place, as *hair* for air—*hoil* for oil, &c.

10. For hoarseness chew a small piece of horse-radish frequently, or take a cayenne lozenge. Braham is said to have bitten a piece out of the back of a red-herring to effect a speedy cure, but the relief could only have been temporary. For hoarseness arising from over-exertion of the voice a small piece of gum catechu dissolved in the mouth has been recommended.

11. Loud speaking, long continued, with the lungs but partially distended, is very injurious to those organs; it is apt to occasion a spitting of blood, which is not unfrequently a precursor of pulmonary consumption. But loud speaking, with proper management of breath, is a healthful exercise; besides strengthening the muscles which it calls into action, it promotes the decarbonization of the blood, and consequently exerts a salutary influence on the system generally.—COMSTOCK.

12. "A public speaker, possessed of only a moderate voice, if he

articulates correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates without judgment. The voice of the latter may, indeed, extend to a considerable distance, but the sound is dissipated in confusion. Of the former voice not the smallest vibration is wasted; every stroke is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches; and hence it has often the appearance of penetrating even farther than one which is loud, but badly articulated.

"In just articulation the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion: they should not be trailed, or drawled, nor permitted to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They should be delivered from the lips as beautiful coins just issued from the Mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight."—AUSTIN'S *Chironomia*.

13. All sound is audible in a greater or less degree, according to the density or resistance of the aerial fluid. If that fluid is rendered considerably thinner, the voice is diminished; but if it is altogether removed, as in an empty receiver, no sound can be excited. Hence the philosophical cause why the voice is more easily heard in a room when it is cold than when it is warm, when it is empty than when it is full.—HERRIES.

14. Writers on elocution have frequently attempted to describe the formation of the various articulate sounds, for the benefit of those whose articulation is imperfect; but it is almost impossible to clearly describe the formation by words, and engravings show but a part of the process. The best method of correcting defective speech, when not arising from organic defect, is to exercise the pupil before a mirror, that he may observe the contrast between the movements of his own mouth, and those of the master. This practice will also be found highly beneficial to persons learning to sing, or the pronunciation of foreign languages. Defective articulation frequently arises from endeavouring to speak too fast. Time is not given for the organs to form the correct sounds, and habit confirms the false. Children ought not to be allowed to repeat their lessons in a hurried manner, either while committing them to memory, or

repeating them to the teacher. Mrs. Siddons' first direction to her pupils was "Take time."

"Consonants should not be preceded by any confused sound of their own. The not attending to this in pronouncing the letter *s*, has been the chief cause of our language being called by foreigners the hissing language, though, in reality, it does not abound so much in that letter as either the Greek or the Roman; the final *s* with us having, for the most part, the sound of *z*. But if care be not taken early in forming the pronunciation, people are apt to contract a habit of hissing before they utter the sound of *s*, at the beginning of syllables, as well as of continuing it at the end. Expression does not reside in the mere letters which comprise the words; it depends on the due force given to them in utterance. No letter so harsh which may not be softened; so strong, which may not be weakened; and *vice-versâ*. The long may be shortened, and the short lengthened. And all this depends upon the management of the voice. Whenever the power of the consonants is particularly suited to the expression, their sound should be enforced; when otherwise, softened."—SHERIDAN'S *Art of Reading*.

15. A proof of the importance of delivery may be drawn from the additional force which the actors give to what is written by the best poets, so that what we hear pronounced by them gives infinitely more pleasure than when we only read it. I think I may affirm, that a very indifferent speech, well delivered, will have a greater effect than the best, if destitute of that advantage.—QUINTILIAN.

16. If the student has any provincialism or peculiarity, he should exercise himself upon the pure sounds of letters, but when this is necessary it would be better to apply to a master, as his own ear will be but little guide. Every one studying elocution should desire his hearers to tell him if they observe any imperfection in his articulation or error in his pronunciation, as it should be kept in mind that purity and correctness are the basis of all excellence in the art.—TYRRELL.

17. The student would do well to wile away an hour sometimes in a sculpture gallery, and afterwards endeavour to realize the attitudes he has there observed. But all action must be suggested by



the sense of the production which he is delivering, and any movement that does not naturally arise out of it is inconsistent and erroneous. If you feel a poem and deliver it with energy, you will be sure to give action which is not very inappropriate, and redundancies and awkward peculiarities are best got rid of by practising before a judicious friend. True purity and dignity of action is a collection of

“Nameless graces which no methods teach,  
And which a master’s hand alone can reach,”

and which nothing but a long experience and correct taste can impart.—TYRRELL.

18. Conversational dialogues are among the most effective means of breaking up monotonous and mechanical tones, and are of great service in facilitating the acquisition of an appropriate style of reading.—RUSSELL.

19. Modulation should never be resorted to for the sake of *variety*, it should always be subservient to the sense; for it is the province of modulation to mark changes of sentiment, changes in the train of strength, and parenthetical clauses.—COMSTOCK.

20. The management of passion in accordance with the character that is represented to labour under it, its natural sentiments, its fluctuations, and its combinations, must be intuitively present to the mind of the dramatic author. The person who acts a character has, in some respects, a minuter and more delicate task to perform, as he must watch over every tone, look, and gesture, and keep them in consistency with the situation of the person represented. There is a smile of benignity, of love, of contempt; there is a smile of innocence and of guilt; of dignity and of silliness; there is the smile of the peasant and that of the king. To vary the expression of passion, so as to preserve it in keeping with the character, to exhibit inferior and incidental passions, as modified by a dominant one, are the attainments of a great actor, who, in his delineations, is not always assisted by the composition of the dramatist. For, although in representations of passion, in agreement with the character represented, yet the actor has the difficult task of preserving the consistency of the functions of voice, look, and gesture, in those parts where there is little excitement, and where the familiar

parts of the dialogue are apt to make one forget the idiosyncrasy of the character. This preservation of the consistency of character, in minute and incidental matter, is much more difficult to accomplish than a forcible representation in some highly-wrought scene. Besides, written language is frequently so inexpressive, that different meanings are often attached to the same passages ; for this reason, it is highly important to know the nature of passion, its natural sentiments, its combinations and endurance, that we may be enabled to give that *reading*, as it is called, which a cultivated taste prefers.

—GRAHAM.

21. There is a certain mechanical dexterity to be acquired before the beautiful conceptions we possess can be communicated to others. This mechanism is an essential part of all the fine arts. Nothing but habitual practice will give the musician his neatness of execution, the painter his force of colouring, and even the poet the happiest choice and arrangement of his words and thoughts. How, then, can we expect that a luminous and elegant expression in reading and speaking can be acquired without a similar attention to habitual practice ? This is the golden key to excellence, but can be purchased only by labour, unremitting labour, and perseverance.

—WALKER.

22. MEMORY.—As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and retain, for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary ; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition ; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition ; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible ; secondly, to be retentive ; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready ; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive ; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the two first qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business

of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of selected ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflexions. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own earlier writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impression which it leaves will soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame.—DUGALD STEWART.

23. Pompous spouting, and many other descriptions of unnatural tone and measured cadence, are frequently admired by many as excellent reading, which admiration is itself a proof that it is not deserved; for when the delivery is *really* good, the hearers (except any one who may deliberately set himself to observe and criticise) *never think about it*; but are exclusively occupied with the sense it conveys, and the feelings it excites.—ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

24. FORCE AND EXPRESSION.—Loudness, with its degrees of softness, is signified in elocution, as in music, by the term force. A proper adaptation of its varying degrees to corresponding shades of expression will give that variety which is so pleasing to the ear. These several degrees have been denoted by words borrowed from the language of the Italians. They are generally written abbreviated, as in the following table.

| Degrees of Force. |              |                                          | Corresponding States of Mind, and other conditions which direct the application of the degrees of Force.                               |
|-------------------|--------------|------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Piano.            | <i>p</i>     | soft.                                    | Secrecy, caution, doubt; pity, love, grief, awe; tenderness and plaintive sentiment; humility, shame; repose; fatigue and prostration. |
| Pianissimo.       | <i>pp</i>    | very soft.                               |                                                                                                                                        |
| Mezzo forte.      | <i>m. f.</i> | rather loud, (literally, middling loud). | Common conversation; plain narrative and description; unimpassioned speech.                                                            |
| Forte.            | <i>f</i>     | loud                                     | Certainty; anger, rage, hate, ferocity, revenge; mirth, exultation, joy; and excited states of mind generally.                         |
| Fortissimo.       | <i>ff</i>    | very loud.                               |                                                                                                                                        |

We may add to this Table, as coming under the head of Force, a few marks of expression, also borrowed from the art of music.

A gradual increase of loudness is expressed by the word *crescendo*, or by the sign  $\text{<=<}$

A gradual decrease of loudness is expressed by the word *diminuendo*, or by the sign  $\text{>=>}$

An explosive or abrupt utterance is denoted by the word *staccato* when the expression is spread over a whole clause, or, when limited to a few words, by points or dots ( ' ' ' . . . ) placed over the intended syllables.—JOHN MILLARD.

## PART II.

### MISCELLANEOUS READINGS IN PROSE.

---

#### LABOUR.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, in 1795. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, of which college he was installed lord-rector, April 2, 1866. Carlyle was intended for the church. On leaving college he adopted, not without hesitation, the scholastic profession; but he gradually drifted into literature, utilizing the results of his studies through the medium of the press. He became a great admirer of the German language and an ardent explorer of its literary treasures. One of his earliest works was a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." His works now comprise his "History of the French Revolution," "Past and Present," "Sartor Resartus," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," "Life of Frederick the Great," "Life and Correspondence of Cromwell," "Miscellaneous Essays," &c. &c. He married about 1827, and resided in Scotland (near Dumfries) until 1830, when he took up his residence in London. He was ever an honest worker at his craft, and an inveterate exposé of "shams." His style of composition has been the subject of some difference of opinion, many accusing him of an affected ruggedness. It is clearly not the style approved of by those who hold to the polished diction of Addison and his contemporaries as models for the study of elegant English prose. Still his force and power are undeniable, though his cutting satire has often caused him to be (and very undeservedly so) regarded as a cynic. Died 1881.]

Two men I honour. and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hand, hard and coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face all weather-tanned, besoiled, with his rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet, toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; *thou* toilest for the altogether indispensable daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly, him who is seen

toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavouring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavours are one: when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return that he may have light, guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable, except to faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.

---

## THE CLOUDS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

[Mr. Ruskin, the eminent art-critic, was born in 1819, and is still living. He was educated at Oxford, and studied the pictorial art under Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding. His principal works are his "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "The Stones of Venice."]

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are

not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization ; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well-watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few ; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them : he injures them by his presence ; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all ; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food ;" it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart ; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful ; never the same for two moments together ; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential. And yet we never attend to it ; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations ; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of ? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday ? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain ? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves ? All has passed unregretted or unseen ; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary ; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the

fire, out in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lamplblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of anobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

(From the "*Stones of Venice*." By permission of Messrs. Smith and Elder.)

---

## AUTUMN.

REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

[The Rev. Archibald Alison, who was senior minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh, was born in 1757, and, after a careful preparation at Glasgow University, he proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B.C.L. in 1784. In 1790 he published an "Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste," and in 1814 two volumes of sermons. A selection from the latter, comprising those on the Four Seasons, was afterwards published in a handy volume.—Died 1838.]

LET the young go out, in these hours, under the descending sun of the year, into the fields of nature. Their hearts are now ardent with hope,—with the hopes of fame, of honour, or of happiness; and, in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all may be enjoyed. Let the scenes which they now may witness moderate, but not extinguish their ambition;—while they see the yearly desolation of nature, let them see it as the emblem of mortal hope;—while they feel the disproportion between the powers they possess, and the time they are to be employed, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world;—and while, in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to a being incapable of decay.

Let the busy and the active go out, and pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of mortality; and fame, and interest, and pleasure, are displaying to them their shadowy promises, and, in the vulgar race of life, many weak and many worthless passions are too naturally engendered. Let them withdraw themselves, for a time, from the agitations of the world; let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, which begin to murmur above their heads. It is a scene which, with all its powers, has yet no reproach;—it tells them, that such is also the fate to which they must come; that the pulse of passion must one day beat low; that the illusions of time must pass; and that "the spirit must return



to him who gave it." It reminds them, with gentle voice, of that innocence in which life was begun, and for which no prosperity of vice can make any compensation; and that angel who is one day to stand upon the earth, and "to swear that time shall be no more," seems now to whisper to them, amid the hollow winds of the year, what manner of men they ought to be, who must meet that decisive hour.

There is "an even-tide" in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays; and when the winter of age begins to shed, upon the human head, its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone; and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being; and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude, which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

If thus you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen, every day, the shades of the evening fall, and, every year, the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness; and, in every succeeding year, the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of heaven; it mingles its voice with that of revelation; it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation: and while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

---

## THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[Mr. Dickens was a native of Portsmouth, born in the year 1812. His father being chief of the reporting staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, his son obtained an engagement on that paper as reporter. His sketches of life and character published in that journal induced Messrs. Chapman and Hall to engage him to supply the letterpress to a series of sketches by the late Mr. Seymour. From these sprung "The Pickwick Papers," Mr. Dickens became famous, and at once took, and still retains, the position of the foremost novelist of the age. Died 1870.]

PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how

the time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him with observing eyes. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the streets became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on resistless, he cried out. But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured?—he saw the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!" By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think."

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest. "You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him. Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble downstairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centered in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid. The people round him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Dr. Blimber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin, dozing on an easy-chair, often changed to Miss Fox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there with fear.

"Floy," he said, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there, except papa!" The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said—"My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face, and thought, was this his father! But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa; indeed I am quite happy!" His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me; indeed I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days, or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms

when she felt that she was dying ; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother ; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling ; why?" "Did I never see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh yes, dear!" "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's ; often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps ; but it seemed no more—then all was still again ; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please?" "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."—"Thank you, Floy!"

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind good face," said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said ; "and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on ; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it ; but they saw him fold them so behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy ; I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for

that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

(*By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.*)

## ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

ELIHU BURRITT.

[Born in America (U.S.), 1811. Originally a blacksmith, but having acquired the mastery of many languages, he adopted literature as a profession, and became a popular lecturer and journalist. Died 1879.]—

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them; and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and

strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair,—*"William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!"* The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before

the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At a height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity. Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting! and such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

---

## LOVE'S INFATUATION.

E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

[The works of Ernest Theodor Wilhelm Hoffman have been chiefly brought under the notice of our countrymen through the pen of the late Thomas Carlyle. On the Continent, Hoffmann's weird tales are becoming day by day more and more popular. Jacques Offenbach has composed an elaborate fantastic opera founded upon the "Sand Man," from which the following is an extract. Born at Königsberg, in Prussia, January 24th, 1776. Died June 25, 1822.]

THE company was both numerous and brilliant; Olympia was richly and tastefully dressed. One could not but admire her figure and the regular beauty of her features. The striking inward curve of her back, as well as the wasp-like smallness of her waist, appeared to be the result of too tight lacing. There was something stiff and measured in her gait and bearing that made an unfavourable impression upon many; it was ascribed to the constraint imposed upon her by the company. The concert began. Olympia played on the piano with great skill, and sang as skilfully an *aria*

*di bravura*, in a voice which was, if anything, almost too sharp, but clear as glass bells. Nathanael was transported with delight; he stood in the background farthest from her, and owing to the blinding lights could not distinguish her features. So, without being observed, he took Coppola's glass out of his pocket and directed it upon the beautiful Olimpia. Oh! then he perceived how her yearning eyes sought him, how every note only reached its full purity in the loving glance which penetrated to and inflamed his heart. Her artificial *roulades* seemed to him to be the exultant cry towards heaven of the soul refined by love; and when at last, after the *cadenza*, the long trill rang shrilly and loudly through the hall, he felt as if he were suddenly grasped by burning arms, and could no longer control himself—he could not help shouting aloud in his mingled pain and delight, "Olimpia!" All eyes were turned upon him; many people laughed. The face of the cathedral organist wore a still more gloomy look than it had done before, but all he said was, "Very well!"

The concert came to an end, and the ball began. Oh! to dance with her—with her—that now was the aim of all Nathanael's wishes, of all his desires. But how should he have courage to request her, the queen of the ball, to grant him the honour of a dance? And yet he couldn't tell how it came about, just as the dance began he found himself standing close beside her, nobody having as yet asked her to be his partner; so, with some difficulty stammering out a few words, he grasped her hand. It was cold as ice; he shook with an awful frosty shiver. But, fixing his eyes upon her face, he saw that her glance was beaming upon him with love and longing, and at the same moment he thought that the pulse began to beat in her cold hand, and the warm life-blood to course through her veins. And passion burned more intensely in his own heart also: he threw his arm around her beautiful waist and whirled her round the hall. He had always thought that he kept good and accurate time in dancing, but from the perfectly rythmical evenness with which Olimpia danced, and which frequently put him quite out, he perceived how very faulty his own time really was. Notwithstanding, he would not dance with any other lady; and everybody else who approached Olimpia to call upon her for a dance he would have liked to kill on the spot. This, however, only happened twice; to his astonishment, Olimpia remained after this without a partner, and he failed not on each occasion to take her out again. If Nathanael had been able to see anything else except the beautiful Olimpia there would inevitably have been a good deal of unpleasant quarrelling and strife; for it was evident that Olimpia was the object of the smothered laughter, only with difficulty suppressed, which was heard in various corners amongst the young people; and they followed her with very curious looks, but nobody knew for what reason. Nathanael, excited by dancing and the plentiful supply of wine he had consumed, had laid aside the shyness which at other times characterised him. He sat beside Olimpia, her hand in his own, and declared his



love enthusiastically and passionately in words which neither of them understood, neither he nor Olympia. And yet she perhaps did, for she sat with her eyes fixed unchangeably upon his, sighing repeatedly, "Ach! Ach! Ach!" Upon this Nathanael would answer, "Oh you glorious heavenly lady! You ray from the promised paradise of love! Oh! what a profound soul you have! my whole being is mirrored in it!" and a good deal more in the same strain. But Olympia only continued to sigh, "Ach! Ach!" again and again.

Professor Spalanzani passed by the two happy lovers once or twice, and smiled with a look of peculiar satisfaction. All at once it seemed to Nathanael—albeit he was far away in a different world—as if it were growing perceptibly darker down below at Professor Spalanzani's. He looked about him; and to his very great alarm became aware that there were only two lights left burning in the hall, and they were on the point of going out. The music and dancing had long ago ceased. "We must part—part!" he cried, wildly and despairingly; he kissed Olimpia's hand; he bent down to her mouth, but ice-cold lips met his burning ones. As he touched her cold hand he felt his heart thrilled with awe: the legend of "The Dead Bride" shot suddenly through his mind. But Olympia had drawn him closer to her, and the kiss appeared to warm her lips into vitality. Professor Spalanzani strode slowly through the empty apartment, his footsteps giving a hollow echo, and his figure had, as the flickering shadows played about him, a ghostly awful appearance. "Do you love me? Do you love me, Olimpia? Only one little word—do you love me?" whispered Nathanael; but she only sighed, "Ach! Ach!" as she rose to her feet. "Yes, you are my lovely, glorious star of love," said Nathanael, "and will shine for ever, purifying and ennobling my heart." "Ach! Ach!" replied Olimpia, as she moved along. Nathanael followed her; they stood before the Professor.

"You have had an extraordinarily animated conversation with my daughter," said he, smiling; "well, well, my dear Mr. Nathanael, if you find pleasure in talking to the stupid girl, I am sure I shall be glad for you to come and do so." Nathanael took his leave, his heart singing and leaping in a perfect delirium of happiness.

During the next few days Spalanzani's ball was the general topic of conversation. Although the professor had done everything to make the thing a splendid success, yet certain gay spirits related more than one thing that had occurred which was quite irregular and out of order. They were especially keen in pulling Olimpia to pieces for her taciturnity and rigid stiffness; in spite of her beautiful form they alleged that she was hopelessly stupid, and in this fact they discerned the reason why Spalanzani had so long kept her concealed from publicity. Nathanael heard all this with inward wrath, but nevertheless he held his tongue; for, thought he, would it indeed be worth while to prove to these fellows that it is their own stupidity which prevents them from appreciating Olimpia's profound and brilliant parts? One day Siegmund said

to him, "Pray, brother, have the kindness to tell me how you—a sensible fellow, came to lose your head over that Miss Wax-face—that wooden doll across there?" Nathanael was about to fly into a rage, but he recollected himself and replied, "Tell me, Siegmund, how came it Olympia's divine charms could escape your eye, so keenly alive as it always is to beauty, and your acute perception as well? But Heaven be thanked for it, otherwise I should have had you for a rival, and then the blood of one of us would have had to be spilled." Siegmund, perceiving how matters stood with his friend, skilfully interposed and said, after remarking that all argument with one in love about the object of his affections was out of place, "Yet it's very strange that several of us have formed pretty much the same opinion about Olympia. We think she is—you won't take it ill, brother?—that she is singularly statuesque and soulless. Her figure is regular, and so are her features, that can't be gainsaid; and if her eyes were not so utterly devoid of life, I may say, of the power of vision, she might pass for a beauty. She is strangely measured in her movements; they all seem as if they were dependent upon some wound-up clock-work. Her playing and singing has the disagreeably perfect but insensitive time of a singing machine, and her dancing is the same. We felt quite afraid of this Olympia, and did not like to have anything to do with her; she seemed to us to be only acting *like* a living creature, and as if there was some secret at the bottom of it all." Nathanael did not give way to the bitter feelings which threatened to master him at these words of Siegmund's, he fought down and got the better of his displeasure, and merely said, very earnestly, "You cold prosaic fellows may very well be afraid of her. It is only to its like that the poetically organised spirit unfolds itself. Upon me alone did her loving glances fall, and through my mind and thoughts alone did they radiate; and only in her love can I find my own self again. Perhaps, however, she doesn't do quite right not to jabber a lot of nonsense and stupid talk like other shallow people. It is true, she speaks but few words; but the few words she does speak are genuine hieroglyphs of the inner world of Love and of the higher cognition of the intellectual life revealed in the intuition of the Eternal beyond the grave. But you have no understanding for all these things, and I am only wasting words." "God be with you, brother," said Siegmund, very gently, almost sadly, "but it seems to me that you are in a very bad way. You may rely upon me, if all—No, I can't say any more." It all at once dawned upon Nathanael that his cold prosaic friend Siegmund really and sincerely wished him well, and so he warmly shook his proffered hand.

Nathanael had completely forgotten that there was a Clara in the world, whom he had once loved—and his mother and Lothair. They had all vanished from his mind; he lived for Olympia alone. He sat beside her every day for hours together, rhapsodising about his love and sympathy enkindled into life, and about psychic electric affinity—all of which Olympia listened to with great rever-

ence. He probed up from the very bottom of his desk all the things that he had ever written—poems, fancy sketches, visions, romances, tales, and the heap was increased daily with all kinds of aimless sonnets, stanzas, canzonets. All these he read to Olimpia hour after hour without growing tired; but then he had never had such an exemplary listener. She neither embroidered nor knitted; she did not look out of the window, or feed a bird, or play with a little pet dog or a favourite cat, neither did she twist a piece of paper or anything of that kind round her finger; she did not forcibly convert a yawn into a low affected cough—in short, she sat hour after hour with her eyes bent unchangeably upon her lover's face, without moving or altering her position, and her gaze grew more ardent and more ardent still. And it was only when at last Nathanael rose and kissed her lips or her hand that she said, "Ach! ach!" and then "Good night, dear!" Arrived at his own room, Nathanael would break out with "Oh! what a brilliant—what a profound mind! Only you—you alone understand me." And his heart trembled with rapture when he reflected upon the wondrous harmony which daily revealed itself between his own and his Olimpia's character; for he fancied that she had expressed in respect to his works and his poetic genius the identical sentiments which he himself cherished deep down in his own heart in respect to the same, and even as if it was his own heart's voice speaking to him. And it must indeed have been so; for Olimpia never uttered any other words than those already mentioned. And when Nathanael himself in his clear and sober moments, as, for instance, directly after waking in a morning, thought about her utter passivity and taciturnity, he only said, "What are words—but words? The glance of her heavenly eyes says more than any tongue on earth. And how can, anyway, a child of heaven accustom herself to the narrow circle which the exigencies of a wretched mundane life demand?"

Professor Spalanzani appeared to be greatly pleased at the intimacy that had sprung up between his daughter Olimpia and Nathanael, and showed the young man many unmistakable proofs of his good feeling towards him; and when Nathanael ventured at length to hint very delicately at an alliance with Olimpia, the Professor smiled all over his face at once, and said he should allow his daughter to make a perfectly free choice. Encouraged by these words, and with the fire of desire burning in his heart, Nathanael resolved the very next day to implore Olimpia to tell him frankly, in plain words, what he had long read in her sweet, loving glances,—that she would be his for ever. He looked for the ring which his mother had given him at parting; he would present it to Olimpia as a symbol of his devotion, and of the happy life he was to lead with her from that time onwards. Whilst looking for it, he came across his letters from Clara and Lothair; he threw them carelessly aside, found the ring, put it in his pocket, and ran across to Olimpia. Whilst still on the stairs, in the entrance-passage, he heard an extraordinary hubbub; the noise seemed to

proceed from Spalanzani's study. There was a stamping—a rattling—pushing—knocking against the door, with curses and oaths intermingled. “Leave hold—leave hold—you monster—you rascal—staked your life and honour upon it? Ha! ha! ha! ha! That was not our wager. I, I made the eyes—I the clockwork. Go to the devil with your clockwork—you damned dog of a watch-maker—be off—Satan—stop—you paltry turner—you infernal beast—stop—begone—let me go.” The voices which were thus making all this racket and rumpus were those of Spalanzani and the fearsome Coppelius. Nathanael rushed in, impelled by some nameless dread. The Professor was grasping a female figure by the shoulders, the Italian Coppola held her by the feet; and they were pulling and dragging each other backwards and forwards, fighting furiously to get possession of her. Nathanael recoiled with horror on recognising that the figure was Olimpia. Boiling with rage, he was about to tear his beloved from the grasp of the madmen, when Coppola, by an extraordinary exertion of strength, twisted the figure out of the Professor's hands, and gave him such a terrible blow with her, that he reeled backwards and fell over the table, all amongst the vials and retorts, the bottles and glass-cylinders which covered it; all these things were smashed into a thousand pieces. But Coppola threw the figure across his shoulder, and, laughing shrilly and horribly, ran hastily down the stairs, the figure's ugly feet hanging down, and banging and rattling like wood against the steps. Nathanael was stupefied; he had seen only too distinctly that in Olimpia's pallid, waxen face there were no eyes, merely black holes in their stead; she was an inanimate puppet. Spalanzani was rolling on the floor; the pieces of glass had cut his head, and breast, and arm; the blood was escaping from him in streams. But he gathered his strength together by an effort. “After him—after him! What do you stand staring there for? Coppelius—Coppelius—he's stolen my best automaton—at which I've worked for twenty years—staked my life upon it—the clockwork—speech—movement—mine—your eyes—stolen your eyes—damn him—curse him—after him—fetch me back Olimpia—there are the eyes!” And now Nathanael saw a pair of bloodless eyes lying on the floor, staring at him; Spalanzani seized them with his uninjured hand, and threw them at him, so that they hit his breast. Then madness dug her burning talons into him, and swept down into his heart, rending his mind and thoughts into shreds. “Aha! Aha! Aha! Fire-wheel—fire-wheel! Spin round, fire-wheel! merrily, merrily! Aha! wooden doll! spin round, pretty wooden doll!” and he threw himself upon the Professor, clutching him fast by the throat. He would certainly have strangled him, had not several people, attracted by the noise, rushed in and torn away the madman; and so they saved the Professor, whose wounds were immediately dressed. Siegmund, with all his strength, was not able to subdue the frantic lunatic, who continued to scream in a dreadful way, “Spin round, wooden doll!” and to strike out right and left with his doubled fists. At

length the united strength of several succeeded in overpowering him, by throwing him on the floor and binding him. His cries passed into a brutish bellow that was awful to hear; and thus raging with the harrowing violence of madness, he was taken away to the madhouse.

(From "*Weird Stories*," by permission of Mr. J. C. Nimmo.)

## THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF A PHYSICIAN.

SAMUEL WARREN.

[Mr. Warren was originally intended for the medical profession, and for some years carried on a tolerable practice. Circumstances, however, caused him to relinquish it for the Bar; and at the time of his death he was a Master in Chancery and Recorder for Hull. Those works by which his name will ever be associated with the standard literature of our century would probably never have seen the light had it not been for the encouragement afforded to him by the late Mr. Blackwood, who discerned the intrinsic merits of his essay on the early struggles of a physician's career, when three other editors had rejected it. Subsequent chapters added to this essay culminated in their collection under the title of "*The Diary of a Late Physician*." His other best known works are "*Ten Thousand a Year*," and "*Now and Then*." Born 1807. Died 1877.]

FROM what cause, or combination of causes, I know not, but I seemed marked out for failure in my profession. Though my name shone on my door, and the respectable neighbourhood could not but have noticed the regularity and decorum of my habits and manners, yet none ever thought of calling me in! Had I been able to exhibit a line of carriages at my door, or open my house for the reception of company, or dash about town in an elegant equipage, or be seen at the opera and theatres—had I been able to do this, the case might have been different. In candour I must acknowledge that another probable cause of my ill success was a somewhat insignificant person and unprepossessing countenance. I could not wear such an eternal smirk of conceited complacency, or keep my head perpetually bowing, mandarin-like, as many of my professional brothers. Still there were thousands to whom these deficiencies proved no serious obstacles. The great misfortune in my case was, undoubtedly, the want of introductions. There was a man of considerable rank and great wealth, who was a sort of fiftieth cousin of mine, resided in one of the fashionable squares not far from me, and on whom I had called to claim kindred and solicit his patronage; but after having sent up my name and address, I was suffered to wait so long in an ante-room, that, what with this and the noise of servants bustling past with insolent familiarity, I quite forgot the relationship, and left the house, wondering what had brought me there. I never felt inclined to go near it again; so there was an end of all prospects of introduction from that quarter. I was left, therefore, to rely exclusively on my own efforts, and trust to chance for patients. It is true that, in the time I have mentioned, I was twice called in at

an instant's warning; but, in both cases, the objects of my visits had expired before my arrival, probably before a messenger could be despatched for me; and the manner in which my fees were proffered convinced me that I should be cursed for a mercenary wretch if I accepted them. I was therefore induced, in each case, to decline the guinea, though it would have purchased me a week's happiness! I was also, on several occasions, called in to visit the inferior members of families in the neighbourhood—servants, housekeepers, porters, &c.; and of all the trying, the mortifying occurrences in the life of a young physician, such occasions as these are the most irritating. You go to the house—a large one probably—and are instructed not to knock at the front door, but to go down by the area to your patient!

\* \* \* \* \*

As was generally the case, I found Emily busily engaged in painting little fire-screens, and other ornamental toys, which, when completed, I was in the habit of carrying to a kind of private bazaar in Oxford Street, where I was not known, and where, with an aching heart, I disposed of the delicate and beautiful productions of my poor wife, for a trifle hardly worth taking home. Could any man, pretending to the slightest feeling, contemplate his young wife, far advanced in a critical state, and requiring air, exercise, and cheerful company, toiling, in the manner I have related, from morning to night, and for a miserably inadequate remuneration? She submitted, however, to our misfortunes with infinitely more firmness and equanimity than I could pretend to; and her uniform cheerfulness of demeanour, together with the passionate fervour of her fondness for me, contributed to fling a few rays of trembling and evanescent lustre over the gloomy prospects of the future. Still, however, the dreadful question incessantly presented itself—What, in heaven's name, is to become of us? I cannot say that we were at this time in absolute, literal want; though our parsimonious fare hardly deserved the name of food, especially such as my wife's delicate situation required. It was the hopelessness of all *prospective* resources that kept us in perpetual thralldom. With infinite effort we might contrive to hold on to a given period—say, till the next half-yearly demand of old L——; and then we must sink altogether, unless a miracle intervened to save us. Had I been alone in the world I might have braved the worst, have turned my hand to a thousand things, have accommodated myself to almost any circumstances, and borne the extremest privations with fortitude. But my darling—my meek, smiling, gentle Emily!—my heart bled for her.

Not to leave any stone unturned, seeing an advertisement addressed, "To medical men," I applied for the situation of assistant to a general practitioner, though I had but little skill in the practical part of compounding medicines. I applied personally to the advertiser, a fat, red-faced, vulgar fellow, who had contrived to gain a very large practice, by what means God only knows. His terms were—and these named in the most offensive contemptu-

ousness of manner—£80 a-year, board and lodge out, and give *all* my time in the day to my employer! Absurd as was the idea of acceding to terms like these, I thought I might still consider them. I pressed hard for £100 a-year, and told him I was married—

“Married!” said he, with a loud laugh. “No, no, sir, you are not the man for my money; so I wish you good morning.”

Thus was I baffled in every attempt to obtain a permanent source of support from my profession. It brought me about £40 per annum. I gained, by occasional contributions to magazines, an average sum annually of about £25. My wife earned about that sum by her pencil. And these were all the funds I had to meet the enormous interest due half-yearly to old L——, to discharge my rent, and the various other expenses of housekeeping, &c. Might I not well despair? I did; and God’s goodness only preserved me from the frightful calamity which has suddenly terminated the earthly miseries of thousands in similar circumstances.

And is it possible, I often thought, with all the tormenting credulousness of a man half stupefied with his misfortunes—is it possible, that, in the very heart of this metropolis of splendour, wealth, and extravagance, a gentleman and a scholar, who has laboured long in the honourable toil of acquiring professional knowledge, cannot contrive to scrape together even a competent subsistence? and that, too, while ignorance and infamy are wallowing in wealth—while charlatanry and quackery of all kinds are bloated with success! Full of such thoughts as these, how often have I slunk stealthily along the streets of London, on cold and dreary winter evenings, almost fainting with long abstinence, yet reluctant to return home and incur the expense of an ordinary family dinner, while my wife’s situation required the most rigorous economy to enable us to meet, even in a poor and small way, the exigencies of her approaching accouchement! How often—by hundreds of times—have I envied the coarse and filthy fare of the minor eating-houses, and been content to interrupt a twelve hours’ fast with a bun or biscuit and a draught of water or turbid table-beer, under the wretched pretence of being in too great a hurry to go home to dinner! I have often gazed with envy—once, I recollect, in particular—on dogs eating their huge daily slice of boiled horse’s flesh, and envied their contented and satiated looks! With what anguish of heart have I seen carriages setting down company at the door of a house, illuminated by the glare of a hundred tapers, where were ladies dressed in the extreme of fashion, whose cast-off clothes would have enabled me to acquire a tolerably respectable livelihood! O, ye sons and daughters of luxury and extravagance! how many thousands of needy and deserving families would rejoice to eat of the crumbs which fall from your tables, and they may not!

I have stood many a time at my parlour window, and envied the kitchen fare of the servants of my wealthy opposite neighbour; while I protest I have been ashamed to look our own servant in the face, as she, day after day, served up for two what was little more

than sufficient for one: and yet, bitter mockery! I was to support abroad the farce of a cheerful and respectable professional exterior.

---

FAME *v.* USEFUL TOIL.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[The most popular romancist of the New World. His works comprise "The House with the Seven Gables," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Blithedale Romance," "Our Old Home," "Twice-told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse," Born 1804. Died 1864. His son, Julian Hawthorne, is well known as a novelist, and a contributor of social sketches to the London periodicals.]

It contributes greatly towards a man's moral and intellectual health, to be brought into habits of companionship with individuals unlike himself, who care little for his pursuits, and whose sphere and abilities he must go out of himself to appreciate. The accidents of my life have often afforded me this advantage, but never with more fulness and variety than during my continuance in office. It is a good lesson—though it may often be a hard one—for a man who has dreamed of literary fame, and of making for himself a rank among the world's dignitaries by such means, to step aside out of the narrow circle in which his claims are recognised, and to find how utterly devoid of significance, beyond that circle, is all that he achieves, and all he aims at. I know not that I especially needed the lesson, either in the way of warning or rebuke; but, at any rate, I learned it thoroughly: nor, it gives me pleasure to reflect, did the truth, as it came home to my perception, ever cost me a pang, or require to be thrown off in a sigh. In the way of literary talk, it is true, the Naval Officer—an excellent fellow, who came into office with me and went out only a little later—would often engage me in a discussion about one or the other of his favourite topics, Napoleon or Shakspeare. The Collector's junior clerk, too,—a young gentleman who, it was whispered, occasionally covered a sheet of Uncle Sam's letter-paper with what (at the distance of a few yards) looked very much like poetry,—used now and then to speak to me of books, as matters with which I might possibly be conversant. This was my all of lettered intercourse; and it was quite sufficient for my necessities.

No longer seeking nor caring that my name should be blazoned abroad on title-pages, I smiled to think that it had now another kind of vogue. The Custom-House marker imprinted it, with a stencil and black paint, on pepper-bags, and baskets of anatto, and cigar-boxes, and bales of all kinds of dutiable merchandise, in testimony that these commodities had paid the impost, and gone regularly through the office. Borne on such queer vehicle of fame, a knowledge of my existence, so far as a name conveys it, was carried where it had never been before, and, I hope, will never go again.



## MODERN GALLANTRY.

CHARLES LAMB

[The "gentle Elia," as this delightful essayist has been fondly called, was born in London, 1775, and educated at Christ's Hospital. He held for many years an appointment in the East India Company's offices in Leadenhall-street, retiring on a handsome pension in 1825. He wrote occasionally for periodicals, published a small volume of "Album Verses," a tragedy, not very successful, called "John Woodvil," and a volume of Tales founded on the plays of Shakspeare. It is by his "Essays by Elia," originally published in the "London Magazine," that his posthumous reputation is sustained. He died 1834, and is buried in the churchyard at Edmonton, near London.]

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct when I can forget that, in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fishwife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up

between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexities as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting and intending to excite a sneer;—when the phrases “antiquated virginity,” and such a one has “overstood her market,” pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile, if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley’s daughter of Clapton—who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallan-

tries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sorts of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, “As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me—but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (*naming the milliner*)—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman’s pride came to my assistance, and I thought that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them.”

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolator of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid or dependent—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual

preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex.*

## LESSONS OF CREATION.

JOHN RUSKIN.

[See page 39.]

It has always appeared to me that there was, even in healthy mountain districts, a certain degree of inevitable melancholy; nor could I ever escape from the feeling that here, where chiefly the beauty of God's working was manifested to men, warning was also given, and that to the full, of the enduring of His indignation against sin.

It seems one of the most cunning and frequent of self-deceptions to turn the heart away from this warning, and refuse to acknowledge anything in the fair scenes of the natural creation but beneficence. Men in general lean towards the light, so far as they contemplate such things at all, most of them passing "by on the other side," either in mere plodding pursuit of their own work, irrespective of what good or evil is around them, or else in selfish gloom, or selfish delight, resulting from their own circumstances at the moment. Of those who give themselves to any true contemplation, the plurality, being humble, gentle, and kindly-hearted, look only in nature for what is lovely and kind; partly, also, God gives the disposition to every healthy human mind in some degree to pass over or even harden itself against evil things, else the suffering would be too great to be borne; and humble people, with a quiet trust that everything is for the best, do not fairly represent the facts to themselves, thinking them none of their business. So, what between hard-hearted people, thoughtless people, busy people, humble people, and cheerfully-minded people—giddiness of youth, and preoccupations of age—philosophies of faith, and cruelties of folly—priest and Levite, masquer and merchantman, all agreeing to keep their own side of the way—the evil that God sends to warn us gets to be forgotten, and the evil that he sends to be mended by us gets left unmended. And then, because people shut their eyes to the dark indisputableness of the facts in front of them, their faith, such as it is, is shaken or uprooted by every darkness in what is revealed to them. In the present day it is not easy to find a well-meaning man among our more earnest thinkers, who will not take upon himself to dispute the whole system of redemption, because he cannot unravel the mystery of the punishment of sin. But can he unravel the mystery of the punishment of no sin? Can he entirely account for all that happens to a cab-horse? Has he ever looked fairly at the fate of one of those beasts as it is dying—measured the work it has done, and the reward it has got, put his hand upon the bloody wounds through which its bones are piercing, and so looked up to Heaven with an entire understanding of Heaven's ways about the horse? Yet the horse is a fact—no dream—no revelation among the myrtle-trees by night; and the dust it dies

upon, and the dogs that eat it, are facts—and yonder happy person, whose the horse was, till its knees were broken over the hurdles; who had an immortal soul to begin with, and wealth and peace to help forward his immortality; who has also devoted the powers of his soul, and body, and wealth, and peace, to the spoiling of houses, the corruption of the innocent, and the oppression of the poor; and has, at this actual moment of his prosperous life, as many curses waiting round about him in calm shadow, with their death-eyes fixed upon him, biding their time, as ever the poor cab-horse had launched at him in meaningless blasphemies, when his failing feet stumbled at the stones—this happy person shall have no stripes—shall have only the horse's fate of annihilation; or, if other things are indeed reserved for him, Heaven's kindness or omnipotence is to be doubted therefore.

We cannot reason of these things. But this I know—and this may by all men be known—that no good or lovely thing exists in this world without its corresponding darkness; and that the universe presents itself continually to mankind under the stern aspect of warning, or of choice, the good and the evil set on the right hand and the left, and in this mountain gloom, which weighs so strongly upon the human heart that in all time hitherto, as we have seen, the hill defiles have been either avoided in terror or inhabited in penance, there is but the fulfilment of the universal law, that where the beauty and wisdom of the Divine working are most manifested, there also are manifested most clearly the terror of God's wrath, and inevitableness of His power. Nor is this gloom less wonderful so far as it bears witness to the error of human choice, even when the nature of good and evil is most definitely set before it. The trees of Paradise were fair; but our first parents hid themselves from God "*in medio ligni Paradisi*," in the midst of the trees of the garden. The hills were ordained for the help of man: but, instead of raising his eyes to the hills, from whence cometh his help, he does his idol sacrifice "upon every high hill and under every green tree." The mountain of the Lord's house is established above the hills; but Nadab and Abihu shall see under His feet the body of heaven in his clearness, yet go down to kindle the censer against their own souls. And so to the end of time it will be; to the end, that cry will still be heard along the Alpine winds, "Hear, O ye mountains, the Lord's controversy!" Still their gulfs of thawless ice, and unretarded roar of tormented waves, and deathful falls of fruitless waste, and unredeemed decay, must be the image of the souls of those who have chosen the darkness, and whose cry shall be to the mountains to fall on them, and to the hills to cover them; and still, to the end of time, the clear waters of the unfailing springs, and the white pasture-lilies in their clothed multitude, and the abiding of the burning peaks in their nearness to the opened heaven, shall be the types, and the blessings, of those who have chosen light, and of whom it is written, "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness."

## MY HOLIDAY AT WRETCHEDVILLE.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

[Mr. Sala is universally recognised as the King of Journalists. He was originally an engraver, but, under the encouragement of the late Charles Dickens, adopted a journalistic career. He has worked in all the various departments of literature; and has been connected with the "Daily Telegraph" from its earliest days. As a special correspondent he has penetrated to nearly every quarter of the globe. He was the first editor of "Temple Bar," and the author of the characteristic "Hogarth Papers" in the early numbers of the "The Cornhill Magazine." His essays have been collected under the titles of "Breakfast in Bed," "After Breakfast," and "Under the Sun." In fiction he is represented by "The Two Prima Donnas," "Captain Dangerous," and "The Seven Sons of Mammon." Two exhaustive books, "Daylight and Gaslight," and "Twice Round the Clock," reflect his observations upon London life and labour. Other important works comprise, "Rome and Venice," "America Revisited," "Paris Herself Again," "Dutch Pictures," "A Journey due North," "A Journey due South," "From Waterloo to the Peninsula," "A Trip to Barbary," and, most recently, "The Land of the Golden Fleece," the result of his travels in Australia and New Zealand in 1886. Born 1826.]

How I came to be acquainted with Wretchedville was in this wise. I was in quest last autumn of a nice quiet place within a convenient distance of town where I could finish an epic poem—or stay, was it a five-act drama?—on which I had been long engaged, and where I could be secure from the annoyance of organ-grinders and of reverend gentlemen leaving little subscription-books one day and calling for them the next. I pined for a place where one could be very snug, and where one's friends didn't drop in "just to look you up, old fellow;" and where the post didn't come in too often. So I picked up a bag of needments, and availing myself of a mid-day train on the Great Domdaniel Railway, alighted haphazard at a station.

It turned out to be Sobbington. I saw at a glance that Sobbington was too fashionable, not to say stuck-up, for me. The Waltz from "Faust" was pianofortetically audible from at least half-a-dozen semi-detached windows; and this, combined with some painful variations on "Take, then, the Sabre," and a cursory glance into a stationer's shop and fancy warehouse where two stern mammas of low-church aspect were purchasing the back numbers of "The New Pugwell Square Pulpit," and three young ladies were telegraphically inquiring, behind their parents' backs, of the young person at the counter whether any letters had been left for them, sufficed to accelerate my departure from Sobbington. The next station on the road, I was told, was Doleful Hill, and then came Deadwood Junction. I thought I would take a little walk, and see what the open and what the covert yielded.

I left my bag with a moody porter at the Sobbington station, and trudged along the road which had been indicated to me as leading to Doleful Hill. It happened to be a very splendid afternoon. There were patches of golden and of purple gorse skirting those parts of the road in which the semi-detached villa eruption had

not yet broken out; the distant hills were delicately blue, and the mellow sun was distilling his rays into diamonds and rubies on the roof of a wondrous Palace of Glass, which does duty in these parts, as Vesuvius does duty in Naples, as a pervading presence. At Portici and at Torre del Greco, at Sobbington or at Doleful Hill, turn whithersoever you will, the mountains seem close upon you always.

It is true that I was a little dashed when I encountered an organ-grinder lugubriously winding "Slap, bang, here we are again!" off his brazen reel, and looking anything but a jolly dog. Organ-grinding was contrary to the code I had laid down to govern my retirement. But the autumnal sun shone very genially on this child of the sunny South—who had possibly come from the bleakest part of Piedmont; his smile was of the sunniest likewise, and there was a roguish twinkle in his black eyes; and though his cheeks were brown, his teeth were of the whitest. So, as I gave him pence, I determined inwardly that I would tolerate at least one organ-grinder if he came near where I lived. It is true that I had not the remotest idea of where I was going to live.

I walked onwards and onwards, admiring the pied cows in the far-off pastures—cows the white specks on whose hides occurred so artistically that one might have thought that the scenic arrangement of the landscape had been intrusted to Mr. Birket Foster.

Anon I saw coming towards me a butcher-boy in his cart, drawn by a fast-trotting pony. It was a light high spring-cart, very natty and shiny, with the names and addresses of the proprietors, Messrs. Hock, Butchers to the Royal Family, West Deadwood—which of the princes or princesses resided at West Deadwood, I wonder?—emblazoned on the panels. The butcher-boy shone, too, with a suety sheen. The joints which formed his cargo were of the hue of which an English girl's cheeks should be—pure red and white. And the good sun shone upon all. The equipage came rattling along at a high trot, the butcher squaring his arms and whistling—I could *see* him whistle from afar off. I asked him, when he neared me, how far it might be to Doleful Hill.

"Good two mile," quoth the butcher-boy, pulling up. "Steady, you warmint!" This was to the trotting pony. "But," he continued, "you'll have to pass Wretchedville first. Lays in a 'ole a little to the left, arf a mile on."

"Wretchedville," thought I; what an odd name! "What sort of a place is it?" I inquired.

"Well," replied the butcher-boy; "it's a lively place, a werry lively place. I should say it was lively enough to make a cricket burst himself for spite: it's so uncommon lively." And with this enigmatical deliverance the butcher-boy relapsed into a whistle of the utmost shrillness, and rattled away towards Sobbington.

I wish that it had not been quite so golden an afternoon. A little dulness, a few clouds in the sky, might have acted as a caveat against Wretchedville. But I plodded on and on, finding all things looking beautiful in that autumn glow. I came positively on a

gipsy encampment; blanket tent; donkey tethered to a cart-wheel; brown man in a wide-awake hammering at a tin pot; brown woman with a yellow kerchief, sitting cross-legged, mending brown man's pantaloons; brown little brats of Egypt swarming across the road and holding out their burnt-sienna hands for largesse, and the regular gipsy's kettle swinging from the crossed sticks over a fire of stolen furze. Farmer Somebody's poultry simmering in the pot, no doubt. Family linen—somebody else's linen yesterday—drying on an adjacent bush. Who says that the picturesque is dead? The days of Sir Roger de Coverley had come again. So I went on and on admiring, and down the declivitous road into Wretchedville and to destruction.

Were there any apartments "to let"? Of course there were. The very first house I came to was as regards the parlour-window nearly blocked up by a placard treating of "Apartments Furnished." Am I right in describing it as the parlour-window? I scarcely know; for the front door, with which it was on a level, was approached by such a very steep flight of steps that when you stood on the topmost grade it seemed as though, with a very slight effort, you could have peeped in at the bedroom window, or touched one of the chimney-pots; while as concerns the basement, the front kitchen—I beg pardon, the breakfast parlour—appeared to be a good way above the level of the street.

The space in the first-floor window not occupied by the placard was filled by a monstrous group of wax fruit, the lemons as big as pumpkins and the leaves of an unnaturally vivid green. The window below—it was a single-windowed front—served merely as a frame for the half-length portrait of a lady in a cap, ringlets, and a colossal cameo brooch. The eyes of this portrait were fixed upon me; and before almost I had lifted a very small light knocker, decorated, so far as I could make out, with the cast-iron effigy of a desponding ape, and had struck this against a door which, to judge from the amount of percussion produced, was composed of bristol-board highly varnished, the portal itself flew open and the portrait of the basement appeared in the flesh. Indeed, it was the same portrait. Downstairs it had been Mrs. Primpris looking out into the Wretchedville Road for lodgers. Upstairs it was Mrs. Primpris letting her lodgings and glorying in the act.

She didn't ask for any references. She didn't hasten to inform me that there were no children or any other lodgers. She didn't look doubtful when I told her that the whole of my luggage consisted of a black bag which I had left at the Sobbington station. She seemed rather pleased than otherwise at the idea of the bag, and said that her Alfred should step round for it. She didn't object to smoking; and she at once invested me with the Order of the Latch-key—a latch-key at Wretchedville, ha! ha! She further held me with her glittering eye, and I listened like a two-years child while she let me the lodgings for a fortnight certain. Perhaps it was less her eye that dazed me than her cameo, on which there was, in high relief and on a ground the hue of a pig's



liver, the effigy of a young woman with a straight nose and a round chin and a quantity of snakes in her hair. I don't think that cameo came from Rome. I think it came from Tottenham Court Road.

She had converted me into a single gentleman lodger of quiet and retired habits—or was I a widower of independent means seeking a home in a cheerful family?—so suddenly that I beheld all things as in a dream. Thinking, perchance, that the first stone of that monumental edifice, the bill, could not be laid too quickly, she immediately provided me with tea. There was a little cottage-loaf, so hard, round, shiny, and compact, that I experienced a well-nigh uncontrollable desire to fling it up to the ceiling to ascertain whether it would chip off any portion of a preposterous rosette in stucco in the centre, representing a sunflower, surrounded by cabbage-leaves. This terrible ornament was, by the way, one of the chief sources of my misery at Wretchedville. I was continually apprehensive that it would tumble down bodily on the table. In addition to the cottage-loaf there was a pretentious teapot, which, had it been of sterling silver, would have been worth fifty guineas, but which, in its ghastly gleaming, said plainly “Sheffield” and “imposture.” There was a piece of butter in a “shape” like a diminutive haystack, and with a cow sprawling on the top in unctuous plasticity. It was a pallid kind of butter, from which with difficulty you shaved off adipocerous scales, which would not be persuaded to adhere to the bread, but flew off at tangents and went rolling about an intolerably large tea-tray, on whose papier-mâché surface was depicted the death of Captain Hedley Vicars. The Crimean sky was inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the gallant captain's face was highly enriched with blue-and-crimson foil-paper.

As for the tea, I don't think I ever tasted such a peculiar mixture. Did you ever sip warm catsup sweetened with borax? *That* might have been something like it. And what was that sediment, strongly resembling the sand at Great Yarmouth, at the bottom of the cup? I sat down to my meal, however, and made as much play with the cottage-loaf as I could. Had the loaf been varnished? It smelt and looked as though it had undergone that process. Everything in the house smelt of varnish. I was uncomfortably conscious, too, during my repast—one side of the room being all window—that I was performing the part of a “Portrait of the Gentleman in the first floor,” and that as such I was “sitting” to Mrs. Lucknow at Number Twelve opposite—I know her name was Lucknow, for a brass plate on the door said so—whose own half-length effigy was visible in her breakfast-parlour window, glowering at me reproachfully because I had not taken her first floor, in the window of which was, not a group of wax fruit, but a sham alabaster vase full of artificial flowers. Every window in Wretchedville exhibited one or other of these ornaments, and it was from their contemplation that I began to understand how it was that the “fancy goods” trade in the

Minories and Houndsditch throve so well. They made things there to be purchased by the housekeepers of Wretchedville.

The shades of evening fell, and Mrs. Primpris brought me in a monstrous paraffin-lamp, the flame of which wouldn't do anything but lick the chimney-glass till it smoked it to the hue proper to observe eclipses by, and then splutter into extinction, and charnel-like odour. After that we tried a couple of composites (six to the pound) in green glass candlesticks. I asked Mrs. Primpris if she could send me up a book to read, and she favoured me, *per* Alfred and Selina, with her whole library, consisting of the Asylum Press Almanack for 1860; two odd volumes of the Calcutta Directory; the Brewer and Distiller's Assistant; Julia de Crespigny, or a Winter in London; Dunoyer's French Idioms; and the Reverend Mr. Huntingdon's Bank of Faith.

I took out my cigar-case after this and began to smoke; and then I heard Mrs. Primpris coughing and a number of doors being thrown wide open. Upon this I concluded that I would go to bed. My sleeping apartment—the first-floor back—was a perfect cube. One side was a window overlooking a strip of clay-soil hemmed in between brickwalls. There were no tombstones yet, but if it wasn't a cemetery, why, when I opened the window to get rid of the odour of the varnish, did it smell like one? The opposite side of the cube was composed of a chest of drawers. I am not impertinently curious by nature, but as I was the first-floor lodger, bethought myself entitled to open the top long drawer with a view to the bestowal therein of the contents of my black bag. The drawer was not empty; but that which it held made me very nervous. I suppose the weird figure I saw stretched out there with pink arms and legs sprouting from a shroud of silver paper, a quantity of ghastly auburn curls, and two blue glass eyes unnaturally gleaming in the midst of a mask of salmon-coloured wax, was Selina's best doll; the present, perhaps, of her uncle, who was, haply, a Calcutta director, or an Asylum Press Almanac-maker, or a brewer and distiller, or a cashier in the Bank of Faith. I shut the drawer again hurriedly, and that doll in its silver paper cerecloth haunted me all night.

The third side of my bedroom consisted of chimney—the coldest, hardest, brightest-looking fireplace I ever saw out of Hampton Court Palace guardroom. The fourth side was door. I forget into which corner was hitched a washhand stand. The ceiling was mainly stucco rosette, of the pattern of the one in my sitting-room. Among the crazes which came over me at this time was one to the effect that this bedroom was a cabin on board ship, and that if the ship should happen to lurch or roll in the trough of the sea, I must infallibly tumble out of the door or the window, or into the drawer where the doll was—unless the drawer and the doll came out to me—or up the chimney. I think that I murmured “Steady” as I clomb into bed.

My couch—an “Arabian” one, Mrs. Primpris said proudly—seemingly consisted of the Logan, or celebrated rocking-stone of

Cornwall, loosely covered with bleached canvas, under which was certain loose foreign matter, but whether composed of flocculi of wool or of the halves of kidney potatoes I am not in a position to state. At all events I awoke in the morning veined all over like a scagliola column. I never knew, too, before, that any blankets were ever manufactured in Yorkshire, or elsewhere, so remarkably small and thin as the two seeming flannel pocket-handkerchiefs with blue-and-crimson edging, which formed part of Mrs. Primpris's Arabian bed-furniture. Nor had I hitherto been aware, as I was when I lay with that window at my feet, that the moon was so very large. The orb of night seemed to tumble on me flat, until I felt as though I were lying in a cold frying-pan. It was a "watery moon," I have reason to think; for when I awoke the next morning, much battered with visionary conflicts with the doll, I found that it was raining cats and dogs.

"The rain," the poet tells us, "it raineth every day." It rained most prosaically all that day at Wretchedville, and the next, and from Monday morning till Saturday night, and then until the middle of the next week. Dear me! dear me! how wretched I was! I hasten to declare that I have no kind of complaint to make against Mrs. Primpris. Not a flea was felt in her house. The cleanliness of the villa was so scrupulous as to be distressing. It smelt of soap and scrubbing-brush like a Refuge. Mrs. Primpris was strictly honest, even to the extent of inquiring what I would like to have done with the fat of cold mutton-chops, and sending me up antediluvian crusts, the remnants of last week's cottage-loaves, with which I would play moodily at knock-'em-downs, using the pepper-caster as a pin. I have nothing to say against Alfred's fondness for art. India-rubber, to be sure, is apter to smear than to obliterate drawings in chalk; but a three-penny piece is not much; and you cannot too early encourage the imitative faculties. And again, if Selina did require correction, I am not prepared to deny that a shoe may be the best implement and the bladebones the most fitting portion of the human anatomy for such an exercitation.

I merely say that I was wretched at Wretchedville, and that Mrs. Primpris's apartments very much aggravated my misery. The usual objections taken to a lodging-house are to the effect that the furniture is dingy, the cooking execrable, the servant a slattern, and the landlady either a crocodile or a tigress. Now my indictment against my Wretchedville apartments simply amounts to this: that everything was too new. Never were there such staring paper-hangings, such gaudily printed druggets for carpets, such blazing hearthrugs—one representing the Dog of Montargis seizing the murderer of the Forest of Bondy—such gleaming fire-irons, and such remarkably shiny looking-glasses, with gilt halters for frames. The crockery was new, and the glue on the chairs and tables was scarcely dry. The new veneer peeled off the new chiffonier. The roller-blinds to the windows were so new that they wouldn't work. The new stair-carpeting used to dazzle my eyes so, that I was always tripping myself up; the new oil-cloth in the

hall smelt like the Trinity House repository for new buoys; and Mrs. Primpris was always full-dressed, cameo brooch and all, by nine o'clock in the morning. She confessed once or twice during my stay that her house was not quite "seasoned." It was not even seasoned to sound. Every time the kitchen-fire was poked you heard the sound in the sitting-room. As to perfumes, whenever the lid of the copper in the washhouse was raised, the first-floor lodger was aware of the fact. I knew by the simple evidence of my olfactory organs what Mrs. Primpris had for dinner every day. Pork, accompanied by some green esculent, boiled, predominated.

When my fortnight's tenancy had expired—I never went outside the house until I left it for good—and my epic poem, or whatever it was, had more or less been completed, I returned to London, and had a rare bilious attack. The doctor said it was painter's colic; I said at the time it was disappointed ambition, for the booksellers had looked very coldly on my poetical proposals, and the managers to a man had refused to read my play; but at this present writing I believe the sole cause of my malady to have been *Wretchedville*. I hope they will pull down the villas and build the jail there soon, and that the rascal convicts will be as wretched as I was.

(From "*Under the Sun*," by permission of Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.)

---

## THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[See page 42.]

WHEN morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after day-break. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together, by the river side at night. She would like to see

poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And even then, she never thought or spoke about him, but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she never murmured or complained; but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers which he begged them to lay on her breast. It was he who had come to the window over-night and spoken to the sexton, and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay, before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it seemed, that they had left her there alone; and could not bear the thought.

He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear of his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish: and indeed he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to this time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from her bedside. But, when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, and to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes for ever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed. It was Sunday—a bright, clear, wintry afternoon—and as they traversed the village street, those who were walking in their path drew back to make way for them, and gave them a softened greeting. Some shook the old man kindly by the hand, and some uncovered while he tottered by, and many cried "God bless him," as he passed along.

\* \* \* \* \*

And anon the bell—the bell she had so often heard, by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll, for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were

dim and senses failing—grandmothers who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it?

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on through the coloured window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rushing in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the eldest, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, well, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that we must all learn, and is a mighty, universal Truth. When death strikes down the

innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creatures that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

It was late when the old man came home. The boy had led him to his own dwelling, under some pretence, on their way back; and, rendered drowsy by his long ramble, he had sunk into a deep sleep by the fireside. He was perfectly exhausted, and they had taken care not to rouse him. The slumber held him a long time, and when he at length awoke the moon was shining.

The younger brother, uneasy at his protracted absence, was watching at the door for his coming, when he appeared in the pathway with his little guide. He advanced to meet them, and tenderly obliging the old man to lean upon his arm, conducted him with slow and trembling steps towards the house.

He repaired to her chamber, straight. Not finding what he had left there, he returned with distracted looks to the room in which they were assembled. From that, he rushed into the schoolmaster's cottage; calling her name. They followed close upon him, and when he had vainly searched it, brought him home.

With such persuasive words as pity and affection could suggest, they prevailed upon him to sit among them and hear what they should tell him. Then, endeavouring by every little artifice to prepare his mind for what must come, and dwelling with many fervent words upon the happy lot to which she had been removed, they told him, at last, the truth. The moment it had passed their lips, he fell down among them like a murdered man.

For many hours they had little hopes of his surviving; but grief is strong, and he recovered.

If there be any who have never known the blank that follows death—the weary void—the sense of desolation that will come upon the strongest minds, when something familiar and beloved is missed at every turn—the connexion between inanimate and senseless things, and the object of recollection, when every household god becomes a monument, and every room a grave—if there be any who have not known this, and proved it by their own experience, they can never faintly guess, how, for days, the old man pined and moped away the time, and wandered here and there as if seeking something, and had no comfort.

\* \* \* \* \*

At length, they found, one day, that he had risen early, and, with his knapsack on his back, his staff in hand, her own straw hat, and little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they were making ready to pursue him far and wide, a frightened schoolboy came who had seen him, but a moment before, sitting in the church—upon her grave.

They hastened there, and going softly to the door, espied him in

the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he rose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself "she will come to-morrow!"

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid him down to rest, and murmured, "She will come to-morrow!"

And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave, for her.

How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting-places under the free broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trodden—how many tones of that one well-remembered voice—how many glimpses of the form, the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind—how many visions of what had been, and what he hoped yet to be, rose up before him, in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where he went. He would sit with them at night, pondering with a secret satisfaction, they could see, upon the flight that he and she would take before night came again; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, "Lord! let her come to-morrow!"

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and in the church where they had so often prayed, and mused, and lingered hand in hand, the child and the old man slept together.

*(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)*

---

## THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

[John Wilson was the son of a manufacturer in Paisley, where he was born, 1785. He was educated firstly at the University of Glasgow, whence he passed to Magdalene College, Oxford. On completing his studies he took up his abode on the banks of Windermere, and here wrote his first poems, the principal of which were—"The Isle of Palms," 1812, followed by "The City of the Plague." He next essayed prose fiction, and added to our permanent literature "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;" the "Trials of Margaret Lyndsay;" and "The Forresters." In 1820 he was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, and thenceforth known as "Professor." This position he resigned in 1851, when the Crown settled on him a pension of 800*l.* a year. He died 1854, and his works, including his magazine papers and the celebrated "Noctes" of "Blackwood's Magazine," have since been published by the Messrs. Blackwood in a complete form.]

THE window of the lonely cottage of Hilltop was beaming far above the highest birch-wood, seeming to travellers at a distance in the long valley below, who knew it not, to be a star in the sky. A bright fire was in the kitchen of that small tenement; the floor was washed, swept, and sanded, and not a footstep had marked its perfect neat-



ness ; a small table was covered, near the ingle, with a snow-white cloth, on which was placed a frugal evening meal ; and in happy but pensive mood, sat there, all alone, the woodcutter's only daughter, a comely and gentle creature, if not beautiful ; such an one as diffuses pleasure round her in the hay-field, and serenity over the seat in which she sits attentively on the Sabbath, listening to the Word of God, or joining with mellow voice in His praise and worship. On this night she expected a visit from her lover, that they might fix their marriage-day ; and her parents, satisfied and happy that their child was about to be wedded to a respectable shepherd, had gone to pay a visit to their nearest neighbour in the glen.

A feeble and hesitating knock was at the door, not like the glad and joyful touch of a lover's hand ; and, cautiously opening it, Mary Robinson beheld a female figure wrapped up in a cloak, with her face concealed in a black bonnet. The stranger, whoever she might be, seemed wearied and worn out, and her feet bore witness to a long day's travel across the marshy mountains. Although she could scarcely help considering her an unwelcome visitor at such an hour, yet Mary had too much sweetness of disposition—too much humanity, not to request her to step forward into the hut ; for it seemed as if the wearied woman had lost her way, and had come towards the shining window to be put right upon her journey to the low country.

The stranger took off her bonnet on reaching the fire, and Mary Robinson beheld the face of one whom in youth she had tenderly loved ; although, for some years past, the distance at which they lived from each other had kept them from meeting, and only a letter or two, written in their simple way, had given them a few notices of each other's existence. And now Mary had opportunity, in the first speechless gaze of recognition, to mark the altered face of her friend ; and her heart was touched with an ignorant compassion. " For mercy's sake ! sit down, Sarah ! and tell me what evil has befallen you ; for you are as white as a ghost. Fear not to confide anything to my bosom ; we have herded sheep together on the lonesome braes ; we have stripped the bark together in the more lonesome woods ; we have played, laughed, sung, danced together ; we have talked merrily and gaily, but innocently enough surely, of sweethearts together ; and, Sarah, graver thoughts, too, have we shared, for, when your poor brother died away like a frosted flower, I wept as if I had been his sister ; nor can I ever be so happy in this world as to forget him. Tell me, my friend, why are you here ? and why is your sweet face so ghastly ? "

The heart of this unexpected visitor died within her at these kind and affectionate inquiries. For she had come on an errand that was likely to dash the joy from that happy countenance. Her heart upbraided her with the meanness of the purpose for which she had paid this visit ; but that was only a passing thought ; for was she, innocent and free from sin, to submit, not only to desertion, but to disgrace, and not trust herself and her wrongs, and her hopes of redress, to her whom she loved as a sister, and whose generous na-

ture she well knew, not even love, the changer of so many things, could change utterly; though, indeed, it might render it colder than of old to the anguish of a female friend.

"Oh! Mary, I must speak; yet must my words make you grieve, far less for me than for yourself. Wretch that I am, I bring evil tidings into the dwelling of my dearest friend! These ribands,—they are worn for his sake,—they become well, as he thinks, the auburn of your bonny hair; that blue gown is worn to-night because he likes it; but, Mary, will you curse me to my face, when I declare before the God that made us that that man is pledged unto me by all that is sacred between mortal creatures; and that I have here in my bosom written promises and oaths of love from him who, I was this morning told, is in a few days to be thy husband? Turn me out of the hut now, if you choose, and let me, if you choose, die of hunger and fatigue, in the woods where we have so often walked together; for such death would be mercy to me, in comparison with your marriage with him who is mine for ever, if there be a God who heeds the oaths of the creatures he has made."

Mary Robinson had led a happy life, but a life of quiet thoughts, tranquil hopes, and meek desires. Tenderly and truly did she love the man to whom she was now betrothed; but it was because she had thought him gentle, manly, upright, sincere, and one that feared God. His character was unimpeached; to her his behaviour had always been fond, affectionate, and respectful; that he was a fine-looking man, and could show himself among the best of the country round at church, and market, and fair-day, she saw and felt with pleasure and pride. But in the heart of this poor, humble, contented, and pious girl, love was not a violent passion, but an affection sweet and profound. She looked forwards to her marriage with a joyful sedateness, knowing that she would have to toil for her family, if blest with children; but happy in the thought of keeping her husband's house clean,—of preparing his frugal meals, and welcoming him, when wearied at night, to her faithful, and affectionate, and grateful bosom.

At first, perhaps, a slight flush of anger towards Sarah tinged her cheek; then followed, in quick succession, or all blended together in one sickening pang, fear, disappointment, the sense of wrong, and the cruel pain of disesteeming and despising one on whom her heart had rested with all its best and purest affections. But though there was a keen struggle between many feelings in her heart, her resolution was formed during that very conflict; and she said within herself, "If it be even so, neither will I be so unjust as to deprive poor Sarah of the man who ought to marry her, nor will I be so mean and low-spirited, poor as I am, and dear as he has been unto me, as to become his wife."

While these thoughts were calmly passing in the soul of this magnanimous girl, all her former affection for Sarah revived; and as she sighed for herself, she wept aloud for her friend. "Be quiet, be quiet, Sarah, and sob not so as if your heart were breaking. It need not be thus with you. Oh! sob not so sair! You surely

have not walked in this one day from the heart of the parish of Monrath?" "I have indeed done so, and I am as weak as the wreathed snaw. God knows, little matter if I should die away; for, after all, I fear he will never think of me for his wife; and you, Mary, will lose a husband with whom you would have been happy. I feel, after all, that I must appear a mean wretch in your eyes."

There was silence between them; and Mary Robinson, looking at the clock, saw that it wanted only about a quarter of an hour from the time of tryst. "Give me the oaths and promises you mentioned out of your bosom, Sarah, that I may show them to Gabriel when he comes. And once more I promise, by all the sunny and all the snowy days we have sat together in the same plaid, on the hillside, or in the lonesome charcoal plots and nests o' green in the woods, that if my Gabriel—did I say my Gabriel?—has forsaken you, and deceived me thus, never shall his lips touch mine again—never shall he put ring on my finger—never shall this head lie in his bosom—no, never, never! notwithstanding all the happy, too happy hours and days I have been with him, near or at a distance—on the corn-rig—among the meadow-hay—in the singing-school—at harvest-home—in this room—and in God's own house. So help me God, but I will keep this vow!"

Poor Sarah told, in a few hurried words, the story of her love and desertion,—how Gabriel, whose business as a shepherd often took him into Monrath parish, had wooed her, and fixed everything about their marriage nearly a year ago. But that he had become causelessly jealous of a young man whom she scarcely knew—had accused her of want of virtue—and for many months had never once come to see her. "This morning, for the first time, I heard for a certainty, from one who knew Gabriel well, and all his concerns, that the bans had been proclaimed in the church between him and you, and that, in a day or two, you were to be married. And, though I felt drowning, I determined to make a struggle for my life—for oh! Mary, Mary, my heart is not like your heart,—it wants your wisdom, your meekness, your piety; and, if I am to lose Gabriel, I will destroy my miserable life, and face the wrath of God sitting in judgment upon sinners."

At this burst of passion, Sarah hid her face with her hands, as if sensible that she had committed blasphemy.—Mary, seeing her wearied, hungry, thirsty, and feverish, spoke to her in the most soothing manner; led her into the little parlour, called the *spence*, then removed into it the table, with the oaten cakes, butter, and milk; and, telling her to take some refreshment, and then lie down on the bed, but on no account to leave the room till called for, gave her a sisterly kiss, and left her. In a few minutes the outer door opened, and Gabriel entered.

The lover said, "How is my sweet Mary?" with a beaming countenance; and, gently drawing her to his bosom, he kissed her cheek. Mary did not, could not, wished not, at once to release herself from his enfolding arms. Gabriel had always treated her as the woman who was to be his wife; and though at this time her

heart knew its own bitterness, yet she repelled not endearments that were so lately delightful, and suffered him to take her almost in his arms to their accustomed seat. He held her hand in his, and began to speak in his usual kind and affectionate language. Kind and affectionate it was; for, though he ought not to have done so, he loved her, as he thought, better than his life. Her heart could not, in one small short hour, forget a whole year of bliss. She could not yet fling away with her own hand what, only a few minutes ago, seemed to her the hope of paradise. Her soul sickened within her, and she wished that she were dead, or never had been born.

"O Gabriel! Gabriel! well indeed have I loved you; nor will I say, after all that has passed between us, that you are not deserving, after all, of a better love than mine. Vain were it to deny my love either to you or to my own soul. But look me in the face—be not wrathful—think not to hide the truth either from yourself or me, for that now is impossible,—but tell me solemnly, as you shall answer to God at the judgment-day, if you know any reason why I must not be your wedded wife." She kept her mild moist eyes fixed upon him; but he hung down his head, and uttered not a word, for he was guilty before her, before his own soul, and before God.

"Gabriel, never could we have been happy; for you often told me that all the secrets of your heart were known unto me, yet never did you tell me this. How could you desert the poor innocent creature that loved you; and how could you use me so, who loved you perhaps as well as she, but whose heart God will teach not to forget you, for that may I never do, but to think on you with that friendship and affection which, innocently, I can bestow upon you, when you are Sarah's husband? For, Gabriel, I have this night sworn, not in anger or passion—no, no—but in sorrow and pity for another's wrongs, in sorrow also—deny it will I not—for my own, to look on you from this hour as on one whose life is to be led apart from my life, and whose love must never more meet with my love. Speak not unto me, look not on me with beseeching eyes. Duty and religion forbid us ever to be man and wife. But you know there is one besides me, whom you loved before you loved me, and therefore it may be, better too; and that she loves you, and is faithful, as if God had made you one, I say without fear,—I who have known her since she was a child, although, fatally for the peace of us both, we have long lived apart. Sarah is in the house, and I will bring her unto you in tears, but not tears of penitence, for she is as innocent of that sin as I am, who now speak."

Mary went into the little parlour, and led Sarah forward in her hand. Despairing as she had been, yet when she had heard from poor Mary's voice speaking so fervently, that Gabriel had come, and that her friend was interceding in her behalf,—the poor girl had arranged her hair in a small looking-glass, tied it up with a riband which Gabriel had given her, and put into the breast of her gown a little gilt brooch that contained locks of their blended hair.

Pale, but beautiful,—for Sarah Pringle was the fairest girl in the country,—she advanced with a flush on that paleness of reviving hope, injured pride, and love that was ready to forgive all, and forget all, so that once again she could be restored to the place in his heart that she had lost. “What have I ever done, Gabriel, that you should fling me from you? May my soul never live by the atonement of my Saviour, if I am not innocent of that sin, yea, of all distant thought of that sin with which you, even you, have in your hard-heartedness charged me. Look me in the face, Gabriel, and think of all I have been unto you, and if you say that before God, and in your own soul, you believe me guilty, then will I go away out into the dark night, and, long before morning, my troubles will be at an end.”

Truth was not only in her fervent and simple words, but in the tone of her voice, the colour of her face, and the light of her eyes. Gabriel had long shut up his heart against her. At first, he had doubted her virtue, and that doubt gradually weakened his affection. At last he tried to believe her guilty, or to forget her altogether, when his heart turned to Mary Robinson, and he thought of making her his wife. His injustice—his wickedness—his baseness—which he had so long concealed, in some measure, from himself, by a dim feeling of wrong done him, and afterwards by the pleasure of a new love, now appeared to him as they were, and without disguise. Mary took Sarah’s hand and placed it within that of her contrite lover,—for, had the tumult of conflicting passions allowed him to know his own soul, such at that moment he surely was,—saying, with a voice as composed as the eyes with which she looked upon them, “I restore you to each other; and I already feel the comfort of being able to do my duty. I will be bridesmaid. And I now implore the blessing of God upon your marriage. Gabriel, your betrothed will sleep this night in my bosom. We will think of you, better, perhaps, than you deserve. It is not for me to tell you what you have to repent of. Let us all three pray for each other this night, and evermore when we are on our knees before our Maker. The old people will soon be at home. Good-night, Gabriel!” He kissed Sarah, and, giving Mary a look of shame, humility, and reverence, he went home to meditation and repentance.

It was now Midsummer: and before the harvest had been gathered in throughout the higher valleys, or the sheep brought from the mountain-fold, Gabriel and Sarah were man and wife. Time passed on, and a blooming family cheered their board and fireside. Nor did Mary Robinson, the Flower of the Forest (for so the Woodcutter’s daughter was often called,) pass her life in single blessedness. She too became a wife and mother; and the two families, who lived at last on adjacent farms, were remarkable for mutual affection, throughout all the parish; and more than one intermarriage took place between them, at a time when the worthy parents had almost entirely forgotten the trying incident of their youth.

## GOLDSMITH IN GREEN-ARBOR COURT.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Washington Irving is, without doubt, universally considered the most delightful and popular of American authors. Born in 1783, he made his literary debut in the columns of a New York newspaper with his "Knickerbocker's History of New York." In 1819 he paid a visit to England, where, as the result of his rambles in town and country, he penned those pleasant papers which, under the collected form of "The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon," raised him to a prominent position amongst writers on both sides of the Atlantic. "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveller," soon followed to enhance his reputation. After these he devoted himself to more important literary efforts, chief among which were "Tales of the Alhambra," "The Conquest of Granada," "The Life of Columbus," "A Tour of the Prairies," "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville," "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey," "Mahomet and his Successors," "The Life of Washington," and most valuable of all, "The Life of Goldsmith." He died at his favourite retreat, Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, New York, Nov. 28, 1859.]

As it was now growing late, we parted for the evening, though I felt anxious to know more of this practical philosopher. I was glad, therefore, when Buckthorne proposed to have another meeting, to talk over old school times, and inquired his schoolmate's address. The latter seemed, at first, a little shy of naming his lodgings; but suddenly, assuming an air of hardihood—"Green-arbor Court, sir," exclaimed he—"Number — in Green-arbor Court. You must know the place, classic ground, sir, classic ground! It was there Goldsmith wrote his 'Vicar of Wakefield,'—I always like to live in literary haunts."

I was amused by this whimsical apology for shabby quarters. On our way homeward, Buckthorne assured me that this Dribble had been the prime wit and great wag of the school in their boyish days, and one of those lucky ur chins denominated bright geniuses. As he perceived me, curious respecting his old schoolmate, he promised to take me with him in his proposed visit to Green-arbor Court.

A few mornings afterwards he called upon me, and we set forth on our expedition. He led me through a variety of singular alleys, and courts and blind passages; for he appeared to be perfectly versed in all the intricate geography of the metropolis. At length we came out upon Fleet Market, and traversing it, turned up a narrow street to the bottom of a long steep flight of stone steps, called Break-neck Stairs. These, he told me, led up to Green-arbor Court, and that down them poor Goldsmith might many a time have risked his neck. When we entered the court, I could not but smile to think in what out-of-the-way corners genius produces her banplings. And the muses, those capricious dames, who, forsooth, so often refuse to visit palaces, and deny a single smile to rotaries in splendid studies, and gilded drawing-rooms,—what holes and burrows will they frequent to lavish their favours on some ragged disciple!

This Green-arbor Court I found to be a small square, surrounded by tall and miserable houses, the very intestines of which seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery fluttering from every window. It appeared to be a legion of washerwomen, and lines were stretched about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry.

Just as we entered the square, a scuffle took place between two viragoes about a disputed right to a wash-tub, and immediately the whole community was in a hubbub. Heads in mob-caps appeared out of every window, and such a clamour of tongues ensued, that I was fain to stop my ears. Every amazon took part with one or other of the disputants, and brandished her arms, dripping with soap-suds, and fired away from her window as from an embrazure of a fortress; while the swarms of children nestled and cradled in every procreant chamber of this hive, waking with the noise, set up their shrill pipes to swell the general concert.

Poor Goldsmith! what a time he must have had of it, with his quiet disposition and nervous habits, penned up in this den of noise and vulgarity! How strange that, while every sight and sound was sufficient to embitter the heart, and fill it with misanthropy, his pen should be dropping the honey of Hybla! Yet it is more than probable that he drew many of his inimitable pictures of low life from the scenes which surrounded him in this abode. The circumstance of Mrs. Tibbs being obliged to wash her husband's two shirts in a neighbour's house, who refused to lend her wash-tub, may have been no sport of fancy, but a fact passing under his own eye. His landlady may have sat for the picture, and Beau Tibbs's scanty wardrobe have been a *facsimile* of his own.

It was with some difficulty that we found our way to Dribble's lodgings. They were up two pair of stairs, in a room that looked upon the court; and when we entered, he was seated on the edge of his bed, writing at a broken table. He received us, however, with a free, open, poor-devil air that was irresistible. It is true he did at first appear slightly confused; buttoned up his waistcoat a little higher, and tucked in a stray frill of linen. But he recollected himself in an instant; gave a half swagger, half leer, as he stepped forth to receive us; drew a three-legged stool for Mr. Buckthorne; pointed me to a lumbering old damask chair that looked like a dethroned monarch in exile; and bade us welcome to his garret.

---

## ON THE FATE OF ROBERT BURNS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[See page 38.]

CONTEMPLATING the sad end of Burns—how he sank unaided by any real help, uncheered by any wise sympathy,—generous minds have sometimes figured to themselves, with a reproachful sorrow, that

much might have been done for him; that, by counsel, true affection, and friendly ministrations, he might have been saved to himself and the world. But it seems dubious whether the richest, wisest, most benevolent individual could have lent Burns any effectual help.

Counsel,—which seldom profits any one,—he did not need. In his understanding, he knew the right from the wrong, as well perhaps as any man ever did; but the persuasion which would have availed him, lies not so much in the head as in the heart, where no argument or expostulation could have assisted much to implant it.

As to money, we do not believe that this was his essential want; or well see that any private man could have bestowed on him an independent fortune, with much prospect of decisive advantage. It is a mortifying truth, that two men, in any rank of society, can hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it as a necessary gift, without an injury to the moral entireness of one or both. But so stands the fact: Friendship, in the old heroic sense of the term, no longer exists; it is in reality no longer expected, or recognised as a virtue among men. A close observer of manners has pronounced “patronage,”—that is, pecuniary or economic furtherance,—to be “twice cursed;” cursing him that gives, and him that takes! And thus, in regard to outward matters, it has become the rule, as, in regard to inward, it always was and must be the rule, that no one shall look for effectual help to another; but that each shall rest contented with what help he can afford himself. Such is the principle of modern Honour; naturally enough growing out of the sentiment of Pride, which we inculcate and encourage as the basis of our whole social morality.

We have already stated our doubts whether direct pecuniary help, had it been offered, would have been accepted, or could have proved very effectual. We shall readily admit, however, that much was to be done for Burns; that many a poisoned arrow might have been warded from his bosom; many an entanglement in his path cut asunder by the hand of the powerful; light and heat, shed on him from high places, would have made his humble atmosphere more genial; and the softest heart then breathing, might have lived and died with fewer pangs. Still we do not think that the blame of Burns's failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more, rather than with less kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favour to its teachers: hunger and nakedness, perils and reviling, the prison, the poison-chalice, the Cross, have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for wisdom—the welcome with which it has treated those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world's martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon and Galileo languish in priestly dungeons; Tasso pines in the cell of a mad-house; Camoens dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so “persecuted they the Prophets,” not in Judea only, but in all places where men have



been. We reckon that every poet of Burns's order is, or should be a Prophet and Teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect kindness, but rather is bound to do it; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where then does it lie? We are forced to answer, WITH HIMSELF: it is his inward, not his outward misfortunes, that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise; seldom is a life morally wrecked, but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement, —some want less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she neglect her masterpiece and darling, the poetic soul! Neither can we believe that it is in the power of any external circumstances, utterly to ruin the mind of a man; nay—if proper wisdom be given him,—even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortunes is Death; nothing more can lie in the cup of human woe: yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over death and led it captive; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves—into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done may be done again; nay, it is but the degree, and not the kind, of such heroism, that differs in different seasons: for, without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of silent fearlessness—of SELF-DENIAL in all its forms, no great man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.

---

## POETRY.

DR. CHANNING.

[The Rev. William Ellery Channing, D.D., was born at Newport, Rhode Island, U.S., in 1780. His grandfather was one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence. He was educated at Harvard College and intended for the medical profession, but he abandoned the idea to prepare himself for the Unitarian ministry. His great eloquence soon rendered him one of the most conspicuous men in America; even those who were most opposed to his doctrine admitted the force of his genius and the finished elegance of his oratory. To his great honour, during a long period when to denounce slavery in America was to court unpopularity, Channing was persistent in his opposition to the pernicious system. He died Oct. 2nd, 1842.]

POETRY! we believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to

licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind above and beyond the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature; brings back the freshness of early feeling; revives the relish of simple pleasures; keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being; refines youthful love; strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; spreads our sympathies over all classes of society; knits us by new ties with universal being; and through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life. We are aware that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born prudence. But passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not only prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocence and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a

happiness too vast for earth ; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire ;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well ; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, that make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life.

---

### TITTLEBAT AT HOME.

SAMUEL WARREN.

[See p. 54.]

CRASH went all his castle building at the sound of his tea-kettle, hissing, whizzing, sputtering in the agonies of boiling over ; as if the intolerable heat of the fire had driven desperate the poor creature placed upon it, who instinctively tried thus to extinguish the cause of its anguish. Having taken it off and placed it upon the hob, and put on the fire a tiny fragment of fresh coal, he began to make preparations for shaving, by pouring some of the hot water into an old tea-cup, which was presently to serve for the purposes of breakfast. Then he spread out a bit of crumpled whity-brown paper, in which had been folded up a couple of cigars bought overnight for the Sunday's special enjoyment—and as to which, if he supposed they had come from any place beyond the four seas, I imagine him to have been slightly mistaken. He placed this bit of paper on the little mantelpiece ; drew his solitary, well-worn razor several times across the palm of his left hand ; dipped his brush, worn within a third of an inch to the stump, into the hot water ; presently passed it over so much of his face as he intended to shave ; then rubbed on the damp surface a bit of yellow soap—and in less than five minutes Mr. Titmouse was a shaved man. But mark—don't suppose that he had performed an extensive operation. One would have thought him anxious to get rid of as much as possible of his abominable sandy-coloured hair—

quite the contrary. Every hair of his spreading whiskers was sacred from the touch of steel ; and a bushy crop of hair stretched underneath his chin, coming curled out on each side of it, above his stock, like to little horns, or tusks. An imperial—*i.e.* a dirt-coloured tuft of hair, permitted to grow perpendicularly down the under-lip of puppies—and a pair of promising moustaches, poor Mr. Titmouse had been compelled to sacrifice some time before, to the tyrannical whimsies of his vulgar employer, Mr. Tag-rag, who imagined them not to be exactly suitable appendages for counter-jumpers. So that it will be seen that the space shaved over on this occasion was somewhat circumscribed. This operation over, he took out of his trunk an old dirty-looking pomatum pot. A little of its contents, extracted on the tips of his two fore-fingers, he stroked carefully into his eyebrows ; then spreading some on the palms of his hands, he rubbed it vigorously into his stubborn hair and whiskers for some quarter of an hour ; and then combed and brushed his hair into half a dozen different dispositions—so fastidious in that matter was Mr. Titmouse. Then he dipped the end of a towel into a little water, and twisting it round his right fore-finger, passed it gently over his face, carefully avoiding his eyebrows, and the hair at the top, sides, and bottom of his face, which he then wiped with a dry corner of the towel ; and no farther did Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse think it necessary to carry his ablutions. Had he been able to “see himself as others saw him,” in respect of those neglected regions which lay somewhere behind and beneath his ears, he might not possibly have thought it superfluous to irrigate them with a little soap and water ; but, after all, he knew best ; it might have given him cold, and besides, his hair was very thick and long behind, and might perhaps conceal anything that was unsightly. Then Mr. Titmouse drew from underneath the bed a bottle of Warren’s “incomparable blacking,” and a couple of brushes, with great labour and skill polishing his boots up to a wonderful point of brilliancy. Having replaced his blacking implements under the bed and washed his hands, he devoted a few moments to boiling about three teaspoonfuls of coffee (as it was styled on the paper from which he took, and in which he had bought it—whereas it was, in fact, *chicory*). Then he drew forth from his trunk a calico shirt, with linen wristbands and collars, which had been worn only twice since its last washing—*i.e.* on the preceding two Sundays—and put it on, taking great care not to rumple a very showy front, containing three little rows of frills ; in the middle one of which he stuck three “studs,” connected together with two little gilt chains, looking exceedingly stylish—especially coupled with a span-new satin stock, which he next buckled round his neck. Having put on his bright boots (without, I am sorry to say, any stockings), he carefully insinuated his legs into a pair of white trousers, for the first time since their last washing ; and what with his short straps and high braces, they were so tight that you would have feared their bursting if he should have sat down hastily. I am almost afraid that I shall

hardly be believed; but it is a fact that the next thing he did was to attach a pair of spurs to his boots:—but, to be sure, it was not *impossible* that he might intend to ride during the day. Then he put on a queer kind of under-waistcoat, which in fact was only a roll-collar of rather faded pea-green silk, and designed to set off a very fine flowered damson-coloured silk waistcoat; over which he drew a massive mosaic gold chain (to purchase which he had sold a serviceable silver watch), which had been carefully wrapped up in cotton-wool; from which soft repository, also, he drew HIS RING (those must have been sharp eyes which could tell, at a distance and in a hurry, that it was not a diamond), which he placed on the stumpy little finger of his red and thick right hand—and contemplated its sparkle with exquisite satisfaction.

Having proceeded thus far with his toilet, he sat down to his breakfast, spreading the shirt he had taken off upon his lap, to preserve his white trousers from spot or stain—his thoughts alternating between his late waking vision and his purposes for the day. He had no butter, having used the last on the preceding morning; so he was fain to put up with dry bread, and very dry and teeth-trying it was, poor fellow—but his eye lit on his ring! Having swallowed two cups of his *quasi*-coffee (eugh! such stuff!), he resumed his toilet, by drawing out of his other trunk his blue surtout, with embossed silk buttons and velvet collar, and an outside pocket in the left breast. Having smoothed down a few creases, he put it on:—then, before the little vulgar-fraction of a glass, he stood twitching about the collar, and sleeves, and front, so as to make them sit well; concluding with a careful elongation of the wrist-bands of his shirt, so as to show their whiteness gracefully beyond the cuff of his coat-sleeve—and he succeeded in producing a sort of white boundary line between the blue of his coat-sleeve and the red of his hand. At that useful member he could not help looking with a sigh, as he had often done before—for it was not a handsome hand. It was broad and red, and the fingers were thick and stumpy, with very coarse deep wrinkles at every joint. His nails also were flat and shapeless; and he used to be continually gnawing them till he had succeeded in getting them down to the quick—and they were a sight to set one's teeth on edge. Then he extracted from the first-mentioned trunk a white pocket handkerchief—an exemplary one that had gone through four Sundays' show (not *use* be it understood), and yet was capable of exhibition again. A pair of sky-coloured kid gloves next made their appearance: which, however, showed such bare-faced marks of former service as rendered indispensable a ten minutes' rubbing with bread-crumbs. His Sunday hat, carefully covered with silver-paper, was next gently removed from its well-worn box—ah, how lightly and delicately did he pass his smoothing hand round its glossy surface! Lastly, he took down a thin black cane, with a gilt head, and full brown tassel, from a peg behind the door—and his toilet was complete. Laying down his cane for a moment, he passed his hands again through his hair, arranging it so as to fall

nicely on each side beneath his hat, which he then placed upon his head with an elegant inclination towards the left side. He was really not bad-looking, in spite of his sandy-coloured hair. His forehead, to be sure, was contracted, and his eyes were of a very light colour, and a trifle too protuberant; but his mouth was rather well-formed, and being seldom closed, exhibited very beautiful teeth; and his nose was of that description which generally passes for a Roman nose. His countenance were generally a smile, and was expressive of—self-satisfaction: and surely any expression is better than none at all. As for there being the slightest trace of *intellect* in it, I should be misleading the reader if I were to say anything of the sort. In height, he was about five feet and a quarter of an inch in *his boots*, and he was rather strongly set, with a little tendency to round shoulders:—but his limbs were pliant and his motions nimble.

Here you have, then, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse to the life—certainly no more than an average sample of his kind; but as he is to go through a considerable variety of situation and circumstance, I thought you would like to have him as distinctly before your mind's eye as it was in my power to present him.—Well—he put his hat on, as I have said; buttoned the lowest two buttons of his surtout, and stuck his white pocket handkerchief into the outside pocket in front, as already mentioned, anxiously disposing it so as to let a little of it appear above the edge of the pocket, with a sort of careful carelessness—a graceful contrast to the blue; drew on his gloves; took his cane in his hand; drained the last sad remnant of infusion of chicory in his coffee-cup; and the sun shining in the full splendour of a July noon, and promising a glorious day, forth sallied this poor fellow, an Oxford Street Adonis, going forth conquering and to conquer! Petty finery without, a pinched and stinted stomach within: a case of *Back versus Belly* (as the lawyers would say), the plaintiff winning in a canter! Forth sallied, I say, Mr. Titmouse, as also sallied forth that day some five or six thousand similar personages, down the narrow, creaking close staircase, which he had not quitted before he heard exclaimed from an opposite window, “My eyes, *ain't* that a swell!” He felt how true the observation was, and that at that moment he was somewhat out of his element; so he hurried on, and soon reached the great broad street, apostrophized by the celebrated Opium-Eater, with bitter feeling, as—“Oxford Street!—stony-hearted step-mother! Thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children!” Here, though his spirits were not just then very buoyant, our poor little dandy breathed more freely than when he was passing through the nasty crowded court (Closet Court) which he had just quitted.

(From “*Ten Thousand a Year.*”)

## SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[See p. 79.]

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we love—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—then it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendants—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling—pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given an unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

---

## CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON.

### LORD MACAULAY.

[Thomas Babington Macaulay was born October 25th, 1800. In 1811 was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, took his degree of B.A. in 1822; became a Fellow in 1824, and M.A. 1825. Meanwhile he had become a contributor to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. In 1826 he was called to the bar, and in 1830 entered Parliament as member for Calne.

After returning from India, where he had proceeded as legal adviser to the Supreme Council of Calcutta, he joined the administration of Lord Melbourne as Secretary at War, and in that of Lord John Russell was Paymaster of the Forces. He was returned to Parliament for Edinburgh in 1839; but at the election of 1847 he was unseated—only, however, to be returned without canvass or solicitation in 1852. Hard work under high pressure told on the health of the Hon. T. B. Macaulay, as it has done on many: he was compelled to withdraw from Parliament in 1856, when (1857) he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Macaulay. He died 1859.

Macaulay's fame as a poet was first established in 1842, when he published his "Lays of Ancient Rome." They are Homeric in their minuteness, while for narrative power they carry us along with them by the sheer force and rapidity of their incidents. Though homely in style, they are vigorous and full of energy, like Scott's best ballads; above all, they are highly dramatic, and among the best in the language for oral delivery. A number of brilliant Essays in the "Quarterly Review" contributed to Lord Macaulay's reputation. Of his great work, his "History of England," Macaulay only lived to publish four volumes—a fragment of the fifth being published after his death.]

At the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word Poet! That word



denoted a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench Prison and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him,—and they well might pity him; for if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church, to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December, to die in an hospital and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer, who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kitcat or the Scriblerus Club—would have sat in parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the high Allies; who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or in Paternoster Row.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults—vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third-night or a well-received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while he was sleeping amidst the cinders, and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyse, and of a crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking Champagne and Tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste. They knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gipsy or a Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilized communities. They were as untameable, as much wedded to their desolate freedom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken

in to the offices of social man than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer, such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality; and, before forty-eight hours had elapsed, the poet was again pestering all his acquaintances for twopence to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cookshop. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned into taverns. All order was destroyed; all business was suspended. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.

A few eminent writers were more fortunate. Pope had been raised above poverty by the active patronage which, in his youth, both the great political parties had extended to his *Homer*. Young had received the only pension ever bestowed, to the best of our recollection, by Sir Robert Walpole, as the reward of mere literary merit. One or two of the many poets who attached themselves to the opposition—Thomson in particular, and Mallet—obtained, after much severe suffering, the means of subsistence from their political friends. Richardson, like a man of sense, kept his shop; and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they are, would scarcely have done. But nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time, till he was three or four and fifty, we have little information respecting him; little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from cocklofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labour had risen; and those rising men of letters with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate, were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all

night in the streets for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the Wartons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill were the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men, Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest, scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. Almost all had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependents of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age—the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects. But if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine, but when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyse. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that

deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be the more austere because he had himself endured, that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of a wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to these vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache, with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road, or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sin and sorrow. Goldsmith crying because the "Good-natured Man" had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might weep, he said, for such events; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh. He was not much moved even by the spectacle of Lady Tavistock dying of a broken heart for the loss of her lord. Such grief he considered as a luxury reserved for the idle and the wealthy. A washerwoman, left a widow with nine small children, would not have sobbed herself to death.

---

## ON THE STUDY OF LATIN AND GREEK.

SYDNEY SMITH.

[Sydney Smith was born in 1768 at Woodford, in Essex, and educated at Winchester School and New College, Oxford. In conjunction with Jeffrey and Brougham he founded the "Edinburgh Review," the first number of which he edited, and to which he long remained a powerful contributor. His "Letters of Peter Plymley" effectually aided the cause of Catholic Emancipation. In 1827 he was made a Canon of Bristol Cathedral, and four years afterwards Canon residentiary of St. Paul's. He had the reputation of being the most witty writer in the language.—Died, 1845.]

LATIN and Greek are useful, as they inure children to intellectual difficulties, and make the life of a young student what it ought to be, a life of considerable labour. We do not, of course, mean to

confine this praise exclusively to the study of Latin and Greek, or to suppose that other difficulties might not be found which it would be useful to overcome ; but though Latin and Greek have this merit in common with many arts and sciences, still they have it ; and, if they do nothing else, they at least secure a solid and vigorous application at a period of life which materially influences all other periods. To go through the grammar of one language thoroughly is of great use for the mastery of every other grammar ; because there obtains, through all languages, a certain analogy to each other in their grammatical construction. Latin and Greek have now mixed themselves etymologically with all the languages of Modern Europe, and with none more than our own ; so that it is necessary to read these two tongues for other objects than themselves.

The two ancient languages are, as mere inventions—as pieces of mechanism—incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe ; their mode of signifying time and case by terminations, instead of auxiliary verbs and particles, would of itself stamp their superiority. Add to this, the copiousness of the Greek language, with the fancy, harmony, and majesty of its compounds ; and there are quite sufficient reasons why the classics should be studied for the beauties of language. Compared to them merely as vehicles of thought and passion, all modern languages are dull, ill-contrived, and barbarous.

That a great part of the Scriptures have come down to us in the Greek language is of itself a reason, if all others were wanting, why education should be planned so as to produce a supply of Greek scholars.

The cultivation of style is very justly made a part of education. Everything which is written is meant either to please or to instruct. The second object it is difficult to effect without attending to the first ; and the cultivation of style is the acquisition of those rules and literary habits which sagacity anticipates, or experience shows to be the most effectual means of pleasing. Those works are the best which have longest stood the test of time, and pleased the greatest number of exercised minds. Whatever, therefore, our conjectures may be, we cannot be so sure that the best modern writers can afford us as good models as the ancients ; we cannot be certain that they will live through the revolutions of the world, and continue to please in every climate, under every species of government, through every stage of civilization. The moderns have been well taught by their masters ; but the time is hardly yet come when the necessity for such instruction no longer exists. We may still borrow descriptive power from Tacitus ; dignified perspicuity from Livy ; simplicity from Cæsar : and from Homer some portion of that light and heat which, dispersed into ten thousand channels, has filled the world with bright images and illustrious thoughts. Let the cultivator of modern literature addict himself to the purest models of taste which France, Italy, and England could supply, he might still learn from Virgil to be majestic, and from Tibullus to be tender ; he might not yet look upon the face of nature as

Theocritus saw it, nor might he reach those springs of pathos with which Euripides softened the hearts of his audience. In short, it appears to us, that there are so many excellent reasons why a certain number of scholars should be kept up in this and in every civilized country, that we should consider every system of education from which classical education was excluded, as radically erroneous and completely absurd.

---

## SHABBY-GENTEEL PEOPLE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[See p. 42.]

THERE are certain descriptions of people who, oddly enough, appear to appertain exclusively to the metropolis. You meet them every day in the streets of London, but no one ever encounters them elsewhere; they seem indigenous to the soil, and to belong as exclusively to London as its own smoke, or the dingy bricks and mortar. We could illustrate the remark by a variety of examples, but, in our present sketch, we will only advert to one class as a specimen—that class which is so aptly and expressively designated as “shabby-genteel.”

We will endeavour to explain our conception of the term which forms the title of this paper. If you meet a man lounging up Drury Lane, or leaning with his back against a post in Long Acre, with his hands in the pockets of a pair of drab trousers plentifully besprinkled with grease-spots: the trousers made very full over the boots, and ornamented with two cords down the outside of each leg—wearing, also, what has been a brown coat with bright buttons, and a hat very much pinched up at the sides, cocked over his right eye—don't pity him. He is not shabby-genteel. The “harmonic meetings” at some fourth-rate public-house, or the purlieus of a private theatre, are his chosen haunts; he entertains a rooted antipathy to any kind of work, and is on familiar terms with several pantomime men at the large houses. But, if you see hurrying along a by-street, keeping as close as he can to the area railings, a man of about forty or fifty, clad in an old rusty suit of threadbare black cloth which shines with constant wear as if it had been bees'-waxed—the trousers tightly strapped down, partly for the look of the thing, and partly to keep his old shoes from slipping off at the heels,—if you observe, too, that his yellowish-white neckerchief is carefully pinned up, to conceal the tattered garment underneath, and that his hands are encased in the remains of an old pair of beaver gloves, you may set him down as a shabby-genteel man. A glance at that depressed face, and timorous air of conscious poverty, will make your heart ache—always supposing that you are neither a philosopher nor a political economist.

We were once haunted by a shabby-genteel man; he was bodily present to our senses all day, and he was in our mind's eye all

night. The man of whom Sir Walter Scott speaks in his *Demonology* did not suffer half the persecution from his imaginary gentleman-usher in black velvet, that we sustained from our friend in quondam black cloth. He first attracted our notice by sitting opposite to us in the reading-room at the British Museum ; and what made the man more remarkable was, that he always had before him a couple of shabby-genteel books—two old dogs'-eared folios, in mouldy worm-eaten covers, which had once been smart. He was in his chair, every morning, just as the clock struck ten ; he was always the last to leave the room in the afternoon ; and, when he did, he quitted it with the air of a man who knew not where else to go for warmth and quiet. There he used to sit all day, as close to the table as possible, in order to conceal the lack of buttons on his coat : with his old hat carefully deposited at his feet, where he evidently flattered himself it escaped observation.

About two o'clock, you would see him munching a French roll or a penny loaf ; not taking it boldly out of his pocket at once, like a man who knew he was only making a lunch ; but breaking off little bits in his pocket, and eating them by stealth. He knew too well it was his dinner.

When we first saw this poor object, we thought it quite impossible that his attire could ever become worse. We even went so far as to speculate on the possibility of his shortly appearing in a decent second-hand suit. We knew nothing about the matter ; he grew more and more shabby-genteel every day. The buttons dropped off his waistcoat, one by one ; then, he buttoned his coat ; and, when one side of the coat was reduced to the same condition as the waistcoat, he buttoned it over on the other side. He looked somewhat better at the beginning of the week than at the conclusion, because the neckerchief, though yellow, was not quite so dingy ; and, in the midst of all this wretchedness, he never appeared without gloves and straps. He remained in this state for a week or two. At length, one of the buttons on the back of the coat fell off, and then the man himself disappeared, and we thought he was dead.

We were sitting at the same table about a week after his disappearance, and, as our eyes rested on his vacant chair, we insensibly fell into a train of meditation on the subject of his retirement from public life. We were wondering whether he had hung himself, or thrown himself off a bridge—whether he really was dead, or had only been arrested—when our conjectures were suddenly set at rest by the entry of the man himself. He had undergone some strange metamorphosis, and walked up the centre of the room with an air which showed he was fully conscious of the improvement in his appearance. It was very odd. His clothes were a fine, deep glossy black ; and yet they looked like the same suit ; nay, there were the very darns with which old acquaintance had made us familiar. The hat, too—nobody could mistake the shape of that hat, with its high crown gradually increasing in circumference towards the top. Long service had imparted to it a reddish-brown

tint ; but now, it was as black as the coat. The truth flashed suddenly upon us—they had been “revived.” It is a deceitful liquid, that black and blue reviver ; we have watched its effects on many a shabby-genteel man. It betrays its victims into a temporary assumption of importance ; possibly into the purchase of a new pair of gloves, or a cheap stock, or some other trifling article of dress. It elevates their spirits for a week, only to depress them, if possible, below their original level. It was so in this case ; the transient dignity of the unhappy man decreased, in exact proportion as the “reviver” wore off. The knees of the unmentionables, and the elbows of the coat, and the seams generally, soon began to get alarmingly white. The hat was once more deposited under the table, and its owner crept into his seat as quietly as ever.

There was a week of incessant small rain and mist. At its expiration the “reviver” had entirely vanished, and the shabby-genteel man never afterwards attempted to effect any improvement in his outward appearance.

It would be difficult to name any particular part of town as the principal resort of shabby-genteel men. We have met a great many persons of this description in the neighbourhood of the inns of court. They may be met with in Holborn, between eight and ten any morning ; and whoever has the curiosity to enter the Insolvent Debtors’ Court will observe, both among spectators and practitioners, a great variety of them. We never went on ‘Change, by any chance, without seeing some shabby-genteel men, and we have often wondered what earthly business they can have there. They will sit there for hours, leaning on great, dropsical, mildewed umbrellas, or eating Abernethy biscuits. Nobody speaks to them, nor they to any one. On consideration, we remember to have occasionally seen two shabby-genteel men conversing together on ‘Change, but our experience assures us that this is an uncommon circumstance, occasioned by the offer of a pinch of snuff, or some such civility.

It would be a task of equal difficulty either to assign any particular spot for the residence of these beings, or to endeavour to enumerate their general occupations. We were never engaged in business with more than one shabby-genteel man ; and he was a drunken engraver, and lived in a damp back-parlour in a new row of houses at Camden Town, half street, half brick-field, somewhere near the canal. A shabby-genteel man may have no occupation, or he may be a corn agent, or a coal agent, or a wine agent, or a collector of debts, or a broker’s assistant, or a broken-down attorney. He may be a clerk of the lowest description, or a contributor to the press of the same grade. Whether our readers have noticed these men, in their walks, as often as we have, we know not ; this we know—that the miserably poor man (no matter whether he owes his distresses to his own conduct, or that of others) who feels his poverty, and vainly strives to conceal it, is one of the most pitiable objects in human nature. Such objects, with few exceptions, are shabby-genteel people.



## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

DR. CHALMERS.

[The Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers was born at Anstruther, in Fife, 1780. He was educated at St. Andrew's University, of which college he obtained the chair of moral philosophy in 1824. In 1828 he was removed to the chair of theology in the University of Edinburgh, where he died suddenly in the spring of 1847. His works, published during his lifetime, in twenty-five vols., embrace a wide range of subjects, chiefly relating to theology and political economy. His posthumous works, in nine vols., comprise his "Daily Scripture Readings," &c. &c.]

MAN is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals ; and the question is, "Can any method be devised for its alleviation?" On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realized: "the whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain" because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering, whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer Man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his baroarc sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain, whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety,—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations; and so "the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth; and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things." Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton licence has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties; and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature, there sounds in fancy's ear

the bleat of one wide and universal suffering, a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and finally, they die, just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like sufferings from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye; and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system, by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain, the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties, there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate,—and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance.

**ACCOMPANIED ON THE FLUTE; A TALE OF  
ANCIENT ROME.****F. ANSTEY.**

[Mr. Anstey may be justly regarded as the Edmond About of English literature. His stories are ingenious, clever, and entertaining; his success in his particular department of letters being due to the fact that he has done for fiction what burlesque writers have done for the drama. "Vice-Versa," "The Tinted Venus," "The Giant's Robe," and "The Black Poodle," may be cited as his most remarkable works.]

THE Consul Duilius was entertaining Rome in triumph after his celebrated defeat of the Carthaginian fleet at Mylæ. He had won a great naval victory for his country with the first fleet that it had ever possessed—which was naturally a gratifying reflection, and he would have been perfectly happy now if he had only been a little more comfortable.

But he was standing in an extremely rickety chariot, which was crammed with his nearer relations, and a few old friends, to whom he had been obliged to send tickets. At his back stood a slave, who held a heavy Etruscan crown on the Consul's head, and whenever he thought his master was growing conceited threw in the reminder that he was only a man after all—a liberty which at any other time he might have had good reason to regret.

Then the large Delphic wreath, which Duilius wore as well as the crown, had slipped down over one eye, and was tickling his nose, while (as both his hands were occupied, one with a sceptre, the other with a laurel bough, and he had to hold on tightly to the rail of the chariot whenever it jolted) there was nothing to do but suffer in silence.

They had insisted, too, upon painting him a beautiful bright red all over, and though it made him look quite new, and very shining and splendid, he had his doubts at times whether it was altogether becoming, and particularly whether he would ever be able to get it off again.

But these were but trifles after all, and nothing compared with the honour and glory of it! Was not everybody straining to get a glimpse of him? Did not even the spotted and skittish horses which drew the chariot repeatedly turn round to gaze upon his vermilioned features? As Duilius remarked this he felt that he was, indeed, the central personage in all this magnificence, and that, on the whole, he liked it.

He could see the beaks of the ships he had captured bobbing up and down in the middle distance; he could see the white bulls destined for sacrifice entering completely into the spirit of the thing, and redeeming the procession from any monotony by occasionally bolting down a back street, or tossing on their gilded horns some of the flamens who were walking solemnly in front of them.

He could hear, too, above five distinct brass bands, the remarks of his friends as they predicted rain, or expressed a pained surprise at the smallness of the crowd and the absence of any genuine enthusiasm; and he caught the general purport of the very offensive ribaldry circulated at his own expense among the brave legions that brought up the rear.

This was merely the usual course of things on such occasions, and a great compliment when properly understood, and Duilius felt it to be so. In spite of his friends, the red paint, and the familiar slave, in spite of the extreme heat of the weather and his itching nose, he told himself that this, and this alone, was worth living for.

And it was a painful reflection to him that, after all, it would only last a day; he could not go on triumphing like this for the remainder of his natural life—he would not be able to afford it on his moderate income; and yet—and yet—existence would fall woefully flat after so much excitement.

It may be supposed that Duilius was naturally fond of ostentation and notoriety, but this was far from being the case; on the contrary, at ordinary times his disposition was retiring and almost shy, but his sudden success had worked a temporary change in him, and in the very flush of triumph he found himself sighing to think, that in all human probability he would never go about with trumpeters and trophies, with flute-players and white oxen, any more in his whole life.

And then he reached the *Porte Triumphalis*, where the chief magistrates and the Senate awaited them, all seated upon spirited Roman-nosed chargers, which showed a lively emotion at the approach of the procession, and caused most of their riders to dismount with as much affectation of method and design as their dignity enjoined and the nature of the occasion permitted.

There Duilius was presented with the freedom of the city and an address, which last he put in his pocket, as he explained, to read at home.

And then an *Ædile* informed him in a speech, during which he twice lost his notes, and had to be prompted by a lictor, that the grateful Republic, taking into consideration the Consul's distinguished services, had resolved to disregard expense, and on that auspicious day to give him whatever reward he might choose to demand—"in reason," the *Ædile* added cautiously, as he quitted his saddle with an unexpectedness which scarcely seemed intentional.

Duilius was naturally a little overwhelmed by such liberality, and, like every one else favoured suddenly with such an opportunity, was quite incapable of taking complete advantage of it.

For a time he really could not remember in his confusion anything he would care for at all, and he thought it might look mean to ask for money.

At last he recalled his yearning for a Perpetual Triumph, but his natural modesty made him moderate, and he could not find

courage to ask for more than a fraction of the glory that now attended him.

So, not without some hesitation, he replied that they were exceedingly kind, and since they left it entirely to his discretion, he would like—if they had no objection—he would like a flute-player to attend him whenever he went out.

Duilius very nearly asked for a white bull as well; but, on second thoughts, he felt it might lead to inconvenience, and there were many difficulties connected with the proper management of such an animal. The Consul, from what he had seen that day, felt that it would be imprudent to trust himself in front of the bull, while, if he walked behind, he might be mistaken for a cattle-driver, which would be odious. And so he gave up that idea, and contented himself with a simple flute-player.

The Senate, visibly relieved by so unassuming a request, granted it with positive effusion; Duilius was invited to select his musician, and chose the biggest, after which the procession moved on through the arch and up the Capitoline Hill, while the Consul had time to remember things he would have liked even better than a flute-player, and to suspect dimly that he might have made rather an ass of himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night Duilius was entertained at a supper given at the public expense; he went out with the proud resolve to show his sense of the compliment paid him by scaling the giddiest heights of intoxication. The Romans of that day only drank wine and water at their festivals, but it is astonishing how inebriated a person of powerful will can become, even on wine and water, if he only gives his mind to it. And Duilius, being a man of remarkable determination, returned from that hospitable board particularly drunk; the flute-player saw him home, however, helped him to bed, though he could not induce him to take off his sandals, and lulled him to a heavy slumber by a selection from the popular airs of the time.

So that the Consul, although he awoke late next day with a bad headache and a perception of the vanity of most things, still found reason to congratulate himself upon his forethought in securing so invaluable an attendant, and planned, rather hopefully, sundry little ways of making him useful about the house.

As the subsequent history of this great naval commander is examined with the impartiality that becomes the historian, it is impossible to be blind to the melancholy fact that in the first flush of his elation Duilius behaved with an utter want of tact and taste that must have gone far to undermine his popularity, and proved a source of much gratification to his friends.

He would use that flute-player everywhere—he overdid the thing altogether: for example, he used to go out to pay formal calls, and leave the flute-player in the hall tooting to such an extent that at last his acquaintances were forced in self-defence to deny themselves to him.

When he attended worship at the temples, too, he would bring the flute-player with him, on the flimsy pretext that he could assist the choir during service ; and it was the same at the theatres, where Duilius—such was his arrogance—actually would not take a box unless the manager admitted the flute-player to the orchestra and guaranteed him at least one solo between the acts.

And it was the Consul's constant habit to strut about the Forum with his musician executing marches behind him, until the spectacle became so utterly ridiculous that even the Romans of that age, who were as free from the slightest taint of humour as a self-respecting nation can possibly be, began to notice something peculiar.

But the day of retribution dawned at last. Duilius worked the flute so incessantly that the musician's stock of airs was very soon exhausted, and then he was naturally obliged to blow them through once more.

The excellent Consul had not a fine ear, but even he began to hail the fiftieth repetition of "*Pugnare nolumus*," for instance—the great national peace anthem of the period—with the feeling that he had heard the same tune at least twice before, and preferred something slightly fresher, while others had taken a much shorter time in arriving at the same conclusion.

The elder Duilius, the Consul's father, was perhaps the most annoyed by it ; he was a nice old man in his way—the glass and china way—but he was a typical old Roman, with a manly contempt for pomp, vanity, music, and the fine arts generally. So that his son's flute-player, performing all day in the courtyard, drove the old gentleman nearly mad, until he would rush to the windows and hurl the lighter articles of furniture at the head of the persistent musician, who, however, after dodging them with dexterity, affected to treat them as a recognition of his efforts and carried them away gratefully to sell.

Duilius senior would have smashed the flute, only it was never laid aside for a single instant, even at meals ; he would have made the player drunk and incapable, but he was a member of the *Manus Spei*, and he would with cheerfulness have given him a heavy bribe to go away, if the honest fellow had not proved absolutely incorruptible.

So he would only sit down and swear, and then relieve his feelings by giving his son a severe thrashing, with threats to sell him for whatever he might fetch ; for, in the curious conditions of ancient Roman society, a father possessed both these rights, however his offspring might have distinguished himself in public life.

Naturally, Duilius did not like the idea of being put up to auction, and he began to feel that it was slightly undignified for a Roman general who had won a naval victory and been awarded a first-class Triumph to be undergoing corporeal punishment daily at the hands of an unflinching parent, and accordingly he determined to go and expostulate with his flute-player.

He was beginning to find him a nuisance himself, for all his old shy reserve and unwillingness to attract attention had returned to him; he was fond of solitude, and yet he could never be alone; he was weary of doing everything to slow music, like the bold, bad man in a melodrama.

He could not even go across the street to purchase a postage-stamp without the flute-player coming stalking out after him, playing away like a public fountain; while, owing to the well-known susceptibility of a rabble to the charm of music, the disgusted Consul had to take his walks abroad at the head of Rome's choicest scum.

Duilius, with a lively recollection of these inconveniences, would have spoken very seriously indeed to his musician, but he shrank from hurting his feelings by plain truth. He simply explained that he had not intended the other to accompany him *always*, but only on special occasions; and, while professing the sincerest admiration for his musical proficiency, he felt, as he said, unwilling to monopolise it, and unable to enjoy it at the expense of a fellow-creature's rest and comfort.

Perhaps he put the thing a little too delicately to secure the object he had in view, for the musician, although he was deeply touched by such unwonted consideration, waved it aside with a graceful fervour which was quite irresistible.

He assured the Consul that he was only too happy to have been selected to render his humble tribute to the naval genius of so great a commander, he would not admit that his own rest and comfort were in the least affected by his exertions, for, being naturally fond of the flute, he could, he protested, perform upon it continuously for whole days without fatigue. And he concluded by pointing out very respectfully that for the Consul to dispense, even to a small extent, with an honour decreed (at his own particular request) by the Republic, would have the appearance of ingratitude, and expose him to the gravest suspicions. After which he rendered the ancient love chant, "*Ludus idem, ludus vetus*," with singular sweetness and expression.

Duilius felt the force of his arguments. Republics are proverbially forgetful, and he was aware that it might not be safe, even for him, to risk offending the Senate.

So he had nothing to do but just go on, and be followed about by the flute-player, and castigated by his parent in the old familiar way, until he had very little self-respect left.

At last he found a distraction in his care-laden existence—he fell deeply in love. But even here a musical Nemesis attended him, to his infinite embarrassment, in the person of his devoted follower. Sometimes Duilius would manage to elude him, and slip out unseen to some sylvan retreat, where he had reason to hope for a meeting with the object of his adoration. He generally found that in this expectation he had not deceived himself; but, always, just as he had found courage to speak of the passion that consumed him, a faint tune would strike his ear from afar, and, turning his

head in a fury, he would see his faithful flute-player striding over the fields in pursuit of him with unquenchable ardour.

He gave in at last, and submitted to the necessity of speaking all his tender speeches "through music." Claudia did not seem to mind it, perhaps finding an additional romance in being wooed thus, and Duilius himself, who was not eloquent, found that the flute came in very well at awkward pauses in the conversation.

Then they were married, and, as Claudia played very nicely herself upon the *tibia*, she got up musical evenings, when she played duets with the flute-player, which Duilius, if he had only had a little more taste for music, might have enjoyed immensely.

As it was, beginning to observe for the first time that the musician was far from uncomely, he forbade the duets. Claudia wept and sulked, and Claudia's mother said that Duilius was behaving like a brute, and she was not to mind him; but the harmony of their domestic life was broken, until the poor Consul was driven to take long country walks in sheer despair, not because he was fond of walking, for he hated it, but simply to keep the flute-player out of mischief.

He was now debarred from all other society, for his old friends had long since cut him dead whenever he chanced to meet them. "How could he expect people to stop and talk," they asked indignantly, "when there was that confounded fellow blowing tunes down the backs of their necks all the time?"

Duilius had had enough of it himself, and felt this so strongly that one day he took his flute-player a long walk through a lonely wood, and, choosing a moment when his companion had played "*Id omnes faciunt*" till he was somewhat out of breath, he turned on him suddenly. When he left the lonely wood he was alone, and near it something which looked as if it might once have been a musician.

The Consul went home, and sat there waiting for the deed to become generally known. He waited with a certain uneasiness, because it was impossible to tell how the Senate might take the thing, or the means by which their vengeance would declare itself.

And yet his uneasiness was counterbalanced by a delicious relief: the State might disgrace, banish, put him to death even, but he had got rid of slow music for ever; and, as he thought of this, the stately Duilius would snap his fingers and dance with secret delight.

All disposition to dance, however, was forgotten upon the arrival of lictors bearing an official missive. He looked at it for a long time before he dared to break the big seal, and cut the cord which bound the tablets which might contain his doom.

He did it at last; and smiled with relief as he began to read: for the decree was courteously, if not affectionately, worded. The Senate, considering (or affecting to consider) the disappearance of the flute-player a mere accident, expressed their formal regret at the failure of the provision made in his honour.



Then, as he read on, Duilius dashed the tablets into small fragments, and rolled on the ground, and tore his hair, and howled; for the senatorial decree concluded by a declaration that, in consideration of his brilliant exploits, the State hereby placed at his disposal two more flute-players, who, it was confidently hoped, would survive the wear and tear of their ministrations longer than the first.

Duilius retired to his room and made his will, taking care to have it properly signed and attested. Then he fastened himself in; and when they broke down the door next day they found a lifeless corpse, with a strange sickly smile upon its pale lips.

No one in Rome quite made out the reason of this smile, but it was generally thought to denote the gratification of the deceased at the idea of leaving his beloved ones in comfort, if not in luxury; for, though the bulk of his fortune was left to Carthaginian charities, he had had the forethought to bequeath a flute-player apiece to his wife and mother-in-law.

(From "*The Black Poodle*," by permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.)

---

## YACHTING EXPERIENCES.

F. C. BURNAND.

[Mr. Burnand's predilections for humorous writing and stage-craft were early shown in connection with the Cambridge "A. D. C." As a humorist, his fame chiefly rests upon the well-known "Happy Thought" papers. As a parodist and a punster, he stands unequalled. After having for many years contributed to the columns of "Punch," he succeeded to the editorial chair on the death of Mr. Tom Taylor in the year 1880. The following extract from "Our Yacht" forms a public reading which has hitherto been confined to the author himself, over the delivery of which he is peculiarly happy.]

*Diary.*—I told the commodore I wasn't much of a shot (no more I am, as I have subsequently discovered), when on board a yacht. What I may be on shore I don't know, as I have never had the opportunity of trying. I knew something about it, through having luckily practised years ago, at a penny a shot, or so much a dozen, on a wooden blackbird tied to a pendulum in a gallery at Saville House. Then there was a dirty man in shirt-sleeves to load for me, so that I never, as it happened, observed that process. What puzzled me was the wads. I thought I'd copy the other fellows in loading, but couldn't, as they'd both got rifles that didn't require ramrods and wads, &c.

To load a gun by the light of nature is not so easy as I had imagined from seeing the man at Leicester Square. All I had ever noticed *him* doing was to put a cap on. So I laugh it off (I don't mean I laugh the gun off, but the awkwardness of the situation), by saying to the lieutenant, "Ha, ha, ha! ~~He~~ I don't know

whether powder or shot or wads go in first, eh?" He is evidently annoyed at this charge of mine, though playfully made, and replied "Wads, of course." (I recommend this method of gaining information in preference to any unnecessary display of ignorance.) He says "wads." I'll use two to begin with. I must here remark what an ill-constructed affair is a powder-flask; I never seemed to be getting any out at all, and yet, after eight or nine attempts, I found the barrel full almost to the brim—I mean muzzle. This delays me, and I have to begin again. We now get in full view of Puffin Island, and into the rough water. I go below to load, where I can be quiet. I find the Treasure in the cabin, aft. I don't know what associates him in my mind immediately with brandy and rations. He is very civil, and offers to load my gun. I tell him that the wads are already in, and he takes them out. I say, "Oh, *you* don't use them, eh?" So I gather there are more ways than one of loading a gun. The cabin is very stuffy and hot, and getting up the companion with a gun in my hand is very difficult. Standing on deck with it is more difficult. I now refer to an entry evidently made in *shorthand*, on account of the motion of the vessel:—

"10 A.M.—Rough. On deck. Difficult to write. Commdre. says note Puff. Isle. Put gun down, take log. Commdre. says what long. and lat. Man. school atlas. Puff. Isle not down. Long. and lat. 53 by 4. May 2. Miles or feet? Rough. Waves. Treasure at bow. Waves hat. For help. To fright Pufs. Pufs frightd. Flock flying. Commdre. shoots. Lieut. shoots. Not well to-day. Capn. says calm outside; wish it was inside."

*Diary from Recollection.*—*At Night.* I recollect when my turn came I made a shot. Not a bad one as a shot. It must have hit something. In loading rather hastily and jauntily—for I was pleased with my execution, which had quite taken away my qualmishness (N.B.—Nothing like firing off a gun as a remedy against sea-sickness)—I jerked the ramrod sharply down the barrel, and it striking against the wads, or something, jerked itself sharply into the air, ever so high, and fell into the sea. I proposed going out in the little boat and recovering it. The captain said, better get a diver to do that. My shooting was over for the season.

*Log.* "11 A.M.—Passing Puffin. Calmer. Pipe all hands to second breakfast or first dinner. Rations No. 3 for captain and Treasure. Hungry. Latitude and longitude as before."

At this meal, the waves being still boisterous, we have to hold the swinging table with one hand and eat with the other. We then adopt the plan of two holding while the third eats. As this would prolong the dinner indefinitely, and spoil the third person's dinner, we let the table go and dine as we can. We sit against our berths. At the third helping of soup the commodore's plate makes a rush at his mouth, and I find myself sprawling over the lieutenant. The commodore says I might have helped it if I'd liked. I reply, I mightn't, angrily. He returns, that if I can't help playing the fool everywhere, we'd better give the whole thing up.

After he has said this, he and the lieutenant, accompanied by two plates and the soup-tureen and the table, come right over me all in a lump. I catch hold of the commodore's hair. The rest of the dinner may be described as the *Treasure* staggering in with hot tins, holding hotch-potch and sea-pies, and we alternately sprawling over one another with soup plates, until one of the ropes break, when we are all on the floor together—tins, mugs, tureens, plates, hotch-potch, sea-pies, my gun, log-book, and powder-flask.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our yachting is over for this year. I note down the account of our last few days. After the calm came a storm. The captain and the *Treasure* became so hopelessly intoxicated, that we had to manage the vessel ourselves. We first found it out in consequence of a delay on the part of the *Treasure* in bringing in dinner. We found him in the caboose boiling our compass in a stewpan, while the captain was doubled up in a corner nodding and smiling like a mandarin. On remonstrating with the *Treasure*, he became obstinately polite, and clung to the repetition of one word, "tessermomels," by which we gradually understood him to mean that he could refute the present charge of intoxication by reference to his testimonials. The captain only shook his head, and muttered "rations." I called to mind the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and thought what a horrible thing it would be if our crew suddenly broke out into open defiance of authority. However, they didn't mutiny, but went fast asleep.

The commodore was now obliged to take the steering in hand. We, that is the lieutenant and myself, managed the sails; and it is really as easy as possible to haul in the mainsail-gaff and the top gib-boom, and so forth, although it sounds difficult. The question arose as to where the land was? I thought that it was on the right. The commodore asked how far off? I referred to the index of my map; but as there was no map with it, this proceeding did not help us to any great extent.

When night set in should we go on sailing? the lieutenant asked. The commodore said, why not? I agreed with him, why not? Because, the lieutenant reminded us, the compass was broken, and how could we steer without a compass? I agreed with him, and put this question to the commodore as a poser. He was ready for the emergency. "How," he asked, "did people steer when they hadn't compasses, eh?" I gave it up; so did the lieutenant at first, though as an afterthought he said, "By the stars." "Very well," returned the commodore, "then we'll steer by the stars," and thought he'd settled the matter. I asked, "By what stars?" and the commodore said, that "if I was going to play the fool and upset all his arrangements, we'd better give the whole thing up." I wanted to make a few further inquiries, but the commodore said he *must* steer, and I oughtn't to speak to the man at the wheel. Taking advantage of his inability to quit his post, the lieutenant and myself went for'ard; and, after a short

conversation, settled that steering by the stars was humbug. The captain and Treasure were still heavily asleep. Towards evening it began to rain. I didn't know that it did rain at sea; I thought it was only on land, to make vegetables grow. It rained until it was dusk, and then a bit of a wind sprung up. Most extraordinary thing, as I told the lieutenant, that I always thought the wind went down at night. The lieutenant, who had been getting more and more disagreeable ever since the insubordination of the crew, said, "Down where?" If the commodore hadn't asked him to take a turn at the wheel, we should have quarrelled. He didn't manage the steering well; and took, the commodore informed me, all the wind out of our sails. I know they began to flap about in a vacillating manner, and the commodore remonstrated. The lieutenant, who was very grumpy, said "He'd better do it himself if he was so clever." I tried to pacify them by saying, what did it matter? On which they both replied, "Oh, it didn't matter!" sarcastically. Luckily the captain was suddenly restored to consciousness, and came aft, with a rather dazed expression. He said he couldn't make out what had been the matter with him. He hoped we didn't think it was anything like intoxication. We confessed that we thought its symptoms somewhat similar, but he explained to us that in his case it was a sort of a something that he'd once had when he was a child, and the doctors said it wouldn't come again; but, having come again, it had, he explained, took him quite unawares like. He believed he'd never quite got over the measles. He strongly reprehended the conduct of the Treasure, and proposed that he should be discharged at Liverpool.

He took the helm, and we were all silent and sulky. I made up my mind that I'd desert when I got on shore; and I think we all, when we *did* speak, came to the conclusion that we wanted a larger yacht. The Treasure woke up, and became obstreperous and quarrelsome at midnight. He engaged in a single-handed combat with the captain; but, on his foot slipping, he was luckily knocked down the companion, and shut up in our cabin, where he abused us through the skylight until he went to sleep again. His imprisonment prevented us from taking our natural rest below. So we sat on deck, and tried to pretend we were enjoying ourselves. The commodore looked glum, and smoked. The lieutenant squatted with his chin on his knees, and grumbled; while I spent my hours in drowsily meditating on *William*, *Susan*, the nautical drama, my costume waiting for me at L'pool, and the probable expenses of our trip. Log.—Morning broke: grey, dull, and drizzling, wind anyhow.

(By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[Robert Southey, LL.D., sometime poet-laureate, "poet, scholar, antiquary, critic, and historian," was one of the most voluminous writers of his own, or perhaps any age. He sprung from the people, and was the son of a linendraper, who sent him to Westminster school, and afterwards to Oxford. He achieved for himself the highest place among nature's noblemen by the right of his nobility of mind; and he left at his death 12,000*l.*, to be divided among his children, and one of the most valuable private libraries in the kingdom. His principal poems are, "*Thalaba the Destroyer*," and the "*Curse of Kehama*." In biography, his "*Life of Nelson*" has been held up, with justice, as a model for all writers of biography. His "*Doctor*," a sort of common-place book, is a work full of suggestions useful to the student, but full of affectations, which would scarcely be agreeable to the general reader. It was in his early youth that he wrote "*The Well of St. Keyne*," "*Mary the Maid of the Inn*," and those ballads which have been the admiration of the rising generation for the last fifty years, and which are still so fresh and so charming when well orally delivered. Southey was twice married; the second time to Miss Caroline Bowles, the poetess, who, as Mrs. Southey, has also made an enduring reputation. It may be said of him, that he literally worked his brain dry, for at last his intellect became clouded, and his power of comprehension faded out of him. He was born at Bristol 1774, and died at Greta 1843.]

NELSON having despatched his business at Portsmouth, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward, to obtain a sight of his face; many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero—the darling hero of England!

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball, fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not

more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes!" he replied; "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful: "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed! he is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence: Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "there was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life.

"Oh! no," he replied, "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "so great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him—for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was

suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from their chimney-corner” to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy: for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson’s surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson’s translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.



## THE OLD MAN AT THE GATE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

[Douglas William Jerrold was born in London 1803. In his tenth year he was sent to sea, but after serving two years was apprenticed to a printer in London. His nautical drama "Black-eyed Susan" first brought him into notice, but his subsequent dramatic writings, which were numerous, were of a far higher character. Mr. Jerrold was one of the first, and for some time the leading, contributors to *Punch*. In 1852 he became editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, which post he held to his death in 1857. His collected works are published in six vols., forming a mine of wit, wisdom, and recreative literature.]

In Surrey, some three miles from Chertsey, is a quiet, sequestered nook, called Shepperton Green. At the time whereof we write, the olden charity dwelt in an old workhouse—a primitive abiding place for the broken ploughman, the palsied shepherd, the old, old peasant, for whom nothing more remained in this world but to die. The governor of this abode of benevolence dwelt in the lower part of the building, and therein, as the village trade might fluctuate, made or mended shoes. Let the plain truth be said—the governor was a cobbler. Within a stone's cast of the workhouse was a little white gate, swung between two hedge-banks in the road to Chertsey. Here, pass when you would, stood an old man, whose self-imposed office it was to open the gate; for the which service the passenger would drop some small benevolence in the withered hand of the aged peasant. This man was a pauper—one of the almsmen of the village workhouse.

There was a custom—whether established by the governor aforesaid, or by predecessors of a vanished century, we know not—that made it the privilege of the oldest pauper to stand the porter at the gate; his perquisite, by right of years, the halfpence of the rare pedestrian. As the senior died, the living senior succeeded to the office. Now the gate—and now the grave.

And this is all the history? All. The story is told—it will not bear another syllable. The "Old Man" is at the gate; the custom which places him there has been made known, and with it ends the narrative.

How few the incidents of life—how multitudinous its emotions! How flat, monotonous may be the circumstance of daily existence, and yet how various the thoughts which spring from it! Look at yonder landscape, broken into hill and dale, with trees of every hue and form, and water winding in silver threads through velvet fields. How beautiful—for how various! Cast your eye over that moor; it is flat and desolate—barren as barren rock. Not so. Seek the soil, and then, with nearer gaze, contemplate the wondrous forms and colours of the thousand mosses growing there; give ear to the hum of busy life sounding at every root of poorest grass. Listen! Does not the heart of the earth beat audibly beneath this seeming barrenness—audibly as where the corn grows and the grape ripens? Is it not so with the veriest rich and the veriest poor—with the most active and with apparently the most inert!

That "Old Man at the Gate" has eighty years upon his head—eighty years, covering it with natural reverence. He was once in London—only once. This pilgrimage excepted, he has never journeyed twenty miles from the cottage in which he was born; of which he became the master; whereto he brought his wife; where his children saw the light, and their children after; where many of them died; and whence, having with a stout soul fought against the strengthening ills of poverty and old age, he was thrust by want and sickness out, and with a stung heart, he laid his bones upon a workhouse bed.

Life to the "Old Man" has been one long path across a moor—a flat, unbroken journey; the eye uncheered, the heart unsatisfied. Coldness and sterility have compassed him round. Yet has he been subdued to the blankness of his destiny? Has his mind remained the unwrit page that schoolmen talk of—has his heart become a clod? Has he been made by poverty a moving image—a plough-guiding, corn-thrashing instrument? Have not unutterable thoughts sometimes stirred within his brain—thoughts that elevated, yet confused him with a sense of eternal beauty—coming upon him like the spiritual presences to the shepherds? Has he not been beset by the inward and mysterious yearning of the heart towards the unknown and the unseen? He has been a ploughman. In the eye of the well-to-do, dignified with the accomplishments of reading and writing, is he of little more intelligence than the oxen treading the glebe. Yet, who shall say that the influence of nature—that the glories of the rising sun—may not have called forth harmonies of soul from the rustic drudge, the moving statue of a man!

That worn-out, threadbare remnant of humanity at the gate; age makes it reverend, and the inevitable—shall inevitable be said?—injustice of the world, invests it with majesty; the majesty of suffering meekly borne, and meekly decaying. "The poor shall never cease out of the land." This text the self-complacency of competence loveth to quote: it hath a melody in it, a lulling sweetness to the selfishness of our nature. Hunger and cold and nakedness are the hard portion of man; there is no help for it; rags must flutter about us; man, yes, even the strong man, his only wealth (the wealth of Adam) wasting in his bones, must hold his pauper hand to his brother of four meals *per diem*; it is a necessity of nature, and there is no help for it. And thus some men send their consciences to sleep by the chinking of their own purses. Necessity of evil is an excellent philosophy, applied to everybody but—ourselves.

These easy souls will see nothing in our "Old Man at the Gate" but a pauper, let out of the workhouse, for the chance of a few halfpence. Surely, he is something more! He is old; very old. Every day, every hour, earth has less claim in him. He is so old, so feeble, that even as you look he seems sinking. At sunset, he is scarcely the man who opened the gate to you in the morning. Yet there is no disease in him—none. He is dying of old age. He is working out that most awful problem of life—slowly, solemnly. He

is now, the badged pauper—and now, in the unknown country with Solomon!

Can man look upon a more touching solemnity? There stands the old man, passive as a stone, nearer, every moment, to church-yard clay! It was only yesterday that he took his station at the gate. His predecessor held the post for two years; he too daily, daily dying—

“Till like a clock, worn out with eating time,  
The weary wheels of life at length stood still.”

How long will the present watcher survive? In that very uncertainty—in the very hoariness of age which brings home to us that uncertainty—there is something that makes the old man sacred; for, in the course of nature, is not the oldest man the nearest to the angels?

Yet, away from these thoughts, there is reverence due to that old man. What has been his life? A war with suffering. What a beautiful world is this! How rich and glorious! How abundant in blessings—great and little—to thousands! What a lovely place hath God made it; and how have God's creatures darkened and outraged it to the wrong of one another! Well, what had this man of the world? What stake, as the effrontery of selfishness has it? The wild-fox was better cared for. Though preserved some day to be killed, it *was* preserved until then. What did this old man inherit? Toil, incessant toil, with no holiday of the heart: he came into the world a badged animal of labour; the property of animals. What was the earth to him?—a place to die in.

“The poor shall never cease out of the land.” Shall we then, accommodating our sympathies to this hard necessity, look serenely down upon the wretched? Shall we preach only comfort to ourselves from the doomed condition of others? It is an easy philosophy; so easy there is but little wonder it is so well exercised.

But “The Old Man at the Gate” has, for seventy years, worked and worked; and what his closing reward? The workhouse. Shall we not, some of us, blush crimson at our own world-successes, pondering the destitution of our worthy, single-hearted fellows? Should not affluence touch its hat to “The Old Man at the Gate” with a reverence for the years upon him; he—the born soldier of poverty, doomed for life to lead life's forlorn hope? Thus considered, surely Dives may unbonnet to Lazarus.

To our mind, the venerableness of age made the “Old Man at the Gate” something like a spiritual presence. He was so old, who could say how few the pulsations of his heart between him and the grave? But there he was with a meek happiness upon him; gentle, cheerful. He was not built up in bricks and mortar; but was still in the open air, with the sweetest influences about him; the sky—the trees—the green sward,—and flowers with the breath of God in them!

(By permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.)

## THE PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[Joseph Addison was the son of an English dean; he was born in Wiltshire, in 1672. Educated at Oxford, he soon distinguished himself by his Latin poetry, and, in his twenty-second year, published his first English verse. In 1713 his tragedy of "Cato" was brought upon the stage, but his place in literature is among the first of British essayists. In conjunction with Sir Richard Steele he published "The Spectator," and it is admitted on all sides that to him "we are indebted for the formation of a pure English style." Addison had official employment, from which he retired on a pension of 1500*l.* a year. He married the Dowager Countess of Warwick, but it has been said "married discord in a noble wife." He died in Holland House, Kensington, 1719.]

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can anywhere behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator, placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star—as, in one part of the orbit, she rides foremost in the procession of night; in the other, ushers in and anticipates the dawn—is a planetary world; which, with those others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life: all which together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immovable: it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out, in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire; and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame!" Let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe: every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of day. So that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence; all which are lost to our sight, in immeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarcely-distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is; since a ball shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries!

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the aject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishingly grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe! It is observed by a very judicious writer, that, if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds which move about him were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole that their loss would scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so-much-admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions; but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size! how contemptible their figure! They shrink into pompous nothings.



## THE CLOWN OUT OF SERVICE.

ALLAN LAIDLAW.

[Mr. Laidlaw, whose character-sketches are excellent, cherishes the argument that in realistic recitations terse prose is more artistic, because truer to the nature of the character represented than verse, in which the native pathos of the narrative is apt to be imperilled by the inevitable jingle of rhymes.]

"Yes, sir, you're right; I am out o' service, reg'lar broken down; but matters might have been worse than they are. There's many got more cause to grumble than I have, sir. What'll I take sir? Well, thank ye, sir, my weakness is warm whisky and

water, with a lump o' sugar and a slice o' lemon. Thank'ee, sir, with your leave, I will take a pipe. Ah, a wonderful soothing thing, bacca, sir; many's the time a pipe of it has served me for a dinner and supper. Want me to tell ye some anecdotes of my life? Well, sir, I'm willing; but s'cuse me, sir, are you a lit'rary chap? Lord bless my soul, sir, the numbers of times I've been asked for anecdotes o' my life, any one 'ud think I was some remarkable pussunage, instead of only a poor broken-down clown.

Beg pardon, sir; but you authors seem to take a lot o' trouble, and spend a lot o' money in treats, looking out for subjects. Ah, sir, I've broken down afore my time. I ain't used up with long running; it's grief and hard times has done it, likewise a bad attack of asthma. Terrible short o' wind I am at times. Bless ye I could no more jump through a "flat" now than I could fly.

Well, sir, I'm sure I'm very pleased to tell you something about my life. I've had many ups and downs and hardships; for in our profession there's plenty of 'em. There's one very painful part o' my history, that somehow or other I have a melancholy pleasure in lingering over. You shall hear the story, sir; may be it 'll serve to show that theatrical life ain't the life that some parties think it is.

I was engaged for a long time at a flourishing provincial theatre. I had a hard time of it then, for my wife was took bad, and was near her first confinement as well. She was a terrible charge on me at times, though she loved me well and so did I her. Bless you, I never let her see she was a bit pulling me back; but I found it out arterwards. You see, she wasn't a professional—she was a pretty, amiable creature; but she was a simple country girl. I often think I did very wrong to marry her, for I could'nt keep her comfortable with my poor earnings, and I led her as hard a life as I led myself. Business was very bad too, just then. The best days for our line o' business are gone by now, I think. A pantomimist now wants more eddication in dancing, and gets a better position in the "opening" part. I was never much of an hand at dancing, myself, beyond the hornpipe, double shuffles, or a break-down.

But, however, at the time I speak of, we were a strong company, and were doing well; business was good, and the manager was a kind, nice-spoken man—none o' your loud-voiced, cock-o'-the-walk sort—and we were always paid regularly up to time. Taken altogether he was about the best I ever served under.

We went on smoothly for four weeks, and I was beginning to get a little more light at heart, though I spent my money as soon as I'd earned it, and my wife was still very ill.

Well, one day, about the middle of the fifth week, my wife was took much worse, and became very ill indeed. I was in a terrible state, for the heaviness of my heart brought a painful reaction after the excitement of my business. Ah! little do the public think what pains and griefs sometimes lie in the hearts of those who are amusing them.

Well, that night I was almost floored ; but I couldn't give in, I must do my turn, there was no one to take my place ; so I had to go and crack my poor jokes, and jump about and dance in the theatre, while there at home was my poor wife dying.

I felt terrible low when I passed the stage door. The manager—God bless him—came up to me and said a few kind words, and several of the *corps* came and pressed my hand in sympathy. But there was a girl whose good deed I shall never forget. She was one of the “extras,” and that night she came up to me in one of the wings where I was standing, and says she :—

“I'm only on two turns, and I'm not wanted after the fifth scene in the opening ; as soon as I'm done I'll go to your home and nurse your wife. I can help her better than the woman that keeps the house. You follow on quickly when you're finished.”

I could not speak to her, so I only squeezed her hand ; but after the fifth scene was “closed in” she suddenly appeared to me in her ordinary clothes.

“All right,” says she. “I'm going now ; keep your heart up ; don't break down now ; and follow as soon as you've done.”

Well, sir, I barely rubbed the paint off my face, huddled my ordinary clothes on over my stage dress, and tore off through the streets home like mad. I entered the room quiet like, trying to stay my hard breathing. I took in at a glance what had happened during my absence. The landlady—good old soul—was a crying, and that kind girl was nursing the new-born child. My wife was conscious of my being in the room, somehow. I went to her call, and, almost fit to choke, I knelt by her side, took her hand and kissed it. “Joseph dear,” says she, in a weak, trembling voice. “I'm so glad you've come in time ; I'm going to leave you, Joe. I know you have been the best of husbands ; I know I could never have had a better, if a wealthier one. I'm ignorant and awkward, and only dragged you back ; but I loved you dearly. You'll take care of the child, Joe. It's a girl. Cherish it for my sake, dear, and think of me sometimes. . . . Kiss me now, Joe, before I go.”

I couldn't speak, I could hardly breathe. I pressed her hand and kissed her feverish lips. Her mild blue eyes looked at me very, very soft and kind—I can see 'em now—and then of a sudden they came dull and vacant ; and I knew that the spirit that loved me was gone. . . . Thank'ee, sir, I will take another glass—to your good health and a merry Christmas to you. Well, sir, I manage very well. My daughter earns a good bit now. She's a beautiful dancer—splendid, sir. No, sir, only in the provinces as yet, sir ; but she's a splendid dancer, sir. She'd hold her own easy in London, if she could only get an “opening.” You ! a dramatic author ! got influence ! and you'll get her an engagement ! Bless you, sir, bless you from my heart. The blessing of an old broken-down clown ain't much, I know, sir ; but I do bless you. You've made my Christmas happy, sir ; may you never know a sad one.”

(By permission of the Author.)

## AT A WRONG LECTURE.

GEORGE Grossmith wrote the following account of his experience at one of his own lectures: "In Blankshire once I had the misfortune to incur the animosity of an eccentric lady. It was in one of those little country towns where they do not often have lectures, but where, oddly enough, whenever they have one, they are pretty certain to have two the same night; for, being about equally divided by religious differences, such is the neighbourly, friendly spirit in which all matters are conducted there that, whenever one side invites a lecturer down from London, the other section are sure to have one down on the same night in opposition. Now I was engaged to hold forth on the 'Sketches by Boz,' my rival in the opposition room behind on 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' The lady in question—elderly, very respectable, but not very intelligent—wandered from her peaceful home with the view of attending the latter; but she went to the wrong room, taking her place in the front, and, putting on the most solemn countenance it was ever my misfortune to behold, became a listener to my discourse on the writings of Dickens, and I am certain for the first twenty minutes did not discover the mistake she had made. But, alas! when I at length referred to my author's description of a country fair and the servant-girls out for the day, 'not allowed to have any followers at home, and now resolved to have 'em all at once,' the dear old soul gave a shriek of horror and said quite audibly, 'Oh, how shocking!' This exclamation was repeated when I described 'the fat old lady with the Jack-in-the-box, and three shies for a penny,' and I at last became somewhat unnerved. I tried not to look at the old lady; but there is nothing in creation more difficult than the effort not to look at a thing you don't want to. At length I approached with horror the author's description of a thimble-rig, knowing it would upset her. 'Here's a little game to make you wake up and laugh six months after you're dead, buried, and forgotten, and turn the hair of your head grey with delight. Here's three little thimbles and one little pea. Keep your eye on the pea, and never say die! Now there, with a one, two, three, and a three, two, one, &c.' This was quite enough. The old lady, mistaking me for the creature I was describing, and believing I was offering to bet with the company, uttered a shriek of horror, and left the room. 'Poor lady,' said I to the quiet old chairman, 'of course she's mad! But why did the committee let her in?' 'No, sir,' said the president, 'that lady is not mad; she's my wife.' I apologised; but, much to my comfort, the chairman was not so much offended as I had supposed; for, addressing me again, he said, 'Never mind; you'd better get on with your lecture. She's more trouble to me than she is to you.'"



## READINGS IN POETRY.

---

### LYCIDAS.

JOHN MILTON.

[John Milton was born 1608. At fifteen he was a pupil of St. Paul's School, London, and two years afterwards we find him at Christ College, Cambridge. At the age of twenty-one he had written his grand "Hymn on the Nativity." In 1632 he took the degree of M.A.; in 1634 his masque of "Comus" was presented at Ludlow Castle. In 1649 Milton was appointed Latin secretary to the Council of State, and he served Cromwell when he had assumed the protectorate. In 1665 "Paradise Lost" was completed, at a cottage at Chalfont, in Bucks, whither the poet had gone to escape the great plague. It was sold to Simmons, a bookseller, for 5*l*. Of his three wives, his "unkind daughters," his blindness, and his career, never chequered by extreme poverty, it is not in accordance with the plan of this work to dilate. He died 1674.]

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come, to pluck your berries harsh and crude;  
And, with forced fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due:  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew,  
Himself, to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.  
Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:  
So may some gentle muse  
With lucky words favour my destined urn;  
And, as he passes, turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.  
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,

We drove a-field, and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft still the star, that rose at evening bright,  
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to the oaten flute;  
 Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long:  
 And old Damocetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone and never must return!  
 Thee shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes, mourn:  
 The willows and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows;  
 Such Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:  
 Ah me! I fondly dream,  
 Had ye been there: for what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebras to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis, in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Nessera's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days:  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
 But now my oar proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea;  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
 And question'd every gust, of rugged wings,  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory:  
 They knew not of his story;  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd:  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.  
 "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;  
 Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:  
 "How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
 Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
 Of other care they little reckoning make  
 Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least  
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
 The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,  
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
 Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said:  
 But that two-handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.  
 For, so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise:  
 Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:  
 And O, ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and, with new-spangled ore,  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves  
 Where, other groves and other streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and, singing, in their glory move;  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay:  
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:  
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

---

### LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Lord Tennyson, the present poet laureate, was born in the year 1809. His principal works are "Poems," 1832—1842; "The Princess," 1847; "In Memoriam," 1850; "Maud," 1855; "Idylls of the King," 1859; and "Enoch Arden," 1865. He is considered, by common consent, the foremost poet of the age, and his works command an extensive sale.]

LADY Clara Vere de Vere, of me you shall not win renown,  
 You thought to break a country heart for pastime, ere you went to town.

At me you smiled, but unbeguiled I saw the snare, and I retired:  
 The daughter of a hundred earls, you are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, I know you proud to bear your name,  
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine, too proud to care from whence  
 I came.

Nor would I break for your sweet sake a heart that doats on truer charms,

A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, some meeker pupil you must find,  
 For were you queen of all that is, I could not stoop to such a mind,  
 You sought to prove how I could love, and my disdain is my reply.  
 The lion on your old stone gates is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, you put strange memories in my head,  
 Not thrice your branching limes have blown since I beheld young  
 Laurence dead.

Oh! my sweet eyes, your low replies: a great enchantress you  
 may be;

But there was that across his throat which you had hardly cared  
 to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, when thus he met his mother's view,  
She had the passions of her kind, she spake some certain truths of  
you.

Indeed, I heard one bitter word that scarce is fit for you to hear ;  
Her manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere  
de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, there stands a spectre in your hall :  
The guilt of blood is at your door : you changed a wholesome heart  
to gall.

You held your course without remorse, to make him trust his  
modest worth.

And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare, and slew him with your noble  
birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere, from yon blue heavens above us bent,  
The grand old gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long  
descent.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 'tis only noble to be good ;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman  
blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere : you pine among your halls and  
towers :

The languid light of your proud eyes is wearied of the rolling hours.  
In glowing health, with boundless wealth, but sickening of a vague  
disease,

You know so ill to deal with time, you needs must play such pranks  
as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere, if time be heavy on your hands,  
Are there no beggars at your gate, nor any poor about your lands ?  
Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read, oh ! teach the Orphan-girl to sew,  
Pray heaven for a human heart, and let the foolish yeoman go.

(By permission of Messrs. Moxon and Co.)

## TO A SKYLARK.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[Percy Bysshe Shelley was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., of Field Place, Sussex, where he was born August 4th, 1792. He was sent to Eton, but, violating the rules of that school, was removed to Oxford at an earlier age than is usual. Shelley was twice married. His second wife was Miss Godwin, daughter of the author, and herself famous as the author of "Frankenstein." With his new wife he went to Italy, renewed his acquaintance with Byron, and joined Leigh Hunt in the "Liberal." Shortly after this he met with his untimely death, by the wreck of his boat in a violent storm, on his return to his house on the Gulf of Lerici, July 8th, 1822. His body was washed ashore fifteen days afterwards. His principal poetical works are

"Prometheus Unbound," "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," "Queen Mab," "The Revolt of Islam," and "The Cenci," a tragedy. Many of his minor poems are simple and very beautiful.]

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire ;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
 Thou dost float and run,  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight ;  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;  
 What is most like thee ?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its ærial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embower'd  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflower'd,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass :

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine ;  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt,—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain ?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
What shapes of sky or plain ?  
What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be :  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee ;  
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem



Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not:  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught:  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delight and sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then as I am listening now.



### THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[See page 110.]

How does the water come down at Lodore?  
 My little boy asked me thus, once on a time.  
 Moreover, he task'd me to tell him in rhyme;  
 Anon at the word there first came one daughter,  
 And then came another to second and third  
 The request of their brother, and hear how the water  
 Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,  
 As many a time they had seen it before.  
 So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store.  
 And 'twas in my vocation that thus I should sing,  
 Because I was laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well  
 In the tarn on the fell,  
 From its fountain in the mountain,  
 Its rills and its gills,

Through moss and through brake,  
It runs and it creeps,  
For awhile till it sleeps,  
In its own little lake,  
And thence at departing,  
Awakening and starting,  
It runs through the reeds,  
And away it proceeds,  
Through meadow and glade,  
In sun and in shade,  
And through the wood shelter,  
Among crags and its flurry,  
Helter-skelter—hurry-scurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?  
Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling ;  
Here smoking and frothing,  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,  
Now striking and raging,  
As if a war waging,  
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Twining and twisting,  
Around and around,  
Collecting, disjecting,  
With endless rebound ;  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in ;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hitting and splutting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,

And shaking and quaking,  
 And pouring and roaring,  
 And waving and raving,  
 And tossing and crossing,  
 And flowing and growing,  
 And running and stunning,  
 And hurrying and skurrying,  
 And glittering and frittering,  
 And gathering and feathering,  
 And dinning and spinning,  
 And foaming and roaming,  
 And dropping and hopping,  
 And working and jerking,  
 And heaving and cleaving,  
 And thundering and floundering;

And falling and crawling and sprawling,  
 And driving and riving and striving,  
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
 Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
 And clattering and battering and shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,  
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
 Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
 Recoiling turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
 And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,  
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,—  
 And so never ending, but always descending,  
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—  
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

---

### THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

MARY HOWITT.

[Mary Botham was born at Uttoxeter, in the County of Stafford, and married William Howitt, the popular author and editor, in 1823. Both were originally members of the Society of Friends. Besides the works published in conjunction with her husband, Mrs. Howitt is the authoress of "The Seven Temptations," a dramatic poem; "Wood Leighton," a novel; "The Heir of West Wayland;" and several volumes in prose and verse for children.

She is also favourably known as the translator of the tales of Frederika Bremer and Hans Christian Andersen. Still living.]

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain;  
It boweth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning brain;  
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

The children of the rich man have not their bread to win;  
They scarcely know how labour is the penalty of sin;  
E'en as the lilies of the field they neither toil nor spin.

And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to bear;  
In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share;  
They walk along life's pleasant ways, where all is rich and fair.

The children of the poor man, though they be young each one,  
Must rise betime each morning, before the rising sun;  
And scarcely when the sun is set their daily task is done.

Few things have they to call their own, to fill their hearts with  
pride,  
The sunshine, and the summer flowers upon the highway side,  
And their own free companionship on heathy commons wide.

Hunger, and cold, and weariness, these are a frightful three;  
But another curse there is beside, that darkens poverty;  
It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er it be.

A thousand flocks were on the hills, a thousand flocks and more,  
Feeding in sunshine pleasantly,—they were the rich man's store:  
There was the while one little lamb, beside a cottage-door;

A little lamb that rested with the children 'neath the tree,  
That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled to their  
knee:  
That had a place within their hearts, one of the family.

But want, even as an armed man, came down upon their shed,  
The father labour'd all day long that his children might be fed,  
And, one by one, their household things were sold to buy them  
bread.

That father, with a downcast eye, upon his threshold stood,  
Gaunt poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart subdued.  
"What is the creature's life to us?" said he; "'twill buy us food.

"Ay, though the children weep all day, and with down-drooping  
head  
Each does his small task mournfully, the hungry must be fed;  
And that which has a price to bring must go to buy us bread,"

It went. Oh! parting has a pang the hardest heart to wring,  
But the tender soul of a little child with fervent love doth cling,  
With love that hath no feignings false, unto each gentle thing.

Therefore most sorrowful it was those children small to see,  
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for the lamb so piteously:  
"Oh! mother dear, it loveth us; and what beside have we?"

"Let's take him to the broad green hill!" in his impotent despair,  
Said one strong boy: "let's take him off, the hills are wide and fair;  
I know a little hiding place, and we will keep him there."

Oh vain! they took the little lamb, and straightway tied him down,  
With a strong cord they tied him fast, and o'er the common brown,  
And o'er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the town.

The little children through that day, and throughout all the  
morrow,  
From everything about the house a mournful thought did borrow;  
The very bread they had to eat was food unto their sorrow.

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain;  
It keepeth down the soul of man, as with an iron chain;  
It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

---

### "WE ARE SEVEN."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, 1770. He was educated at Hawkshead School, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, 1787. His first work, "Descriptive Sketches," obtained but few readers, and it was a quarter of a century before his poetical merits were acknowledged. Wordsworth was some time poet-laureate. His published poems extend to six volumes, 8vo. He died in 1850.]

A SIMPLE child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,  
She was eight years old she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl,  
That clustered round her head:

She had a rustic woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair:  
Her beauty made me glad:

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? seven in all," she said,  
And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven are we:  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea;

Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And in the churchyard cottage I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea:  
Yet ye are seven—I pray you, tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we,  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little maid replied;  
"Twelve steps or more, from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side;

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem,  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane,  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;  
 And when the grass was dry,  
 Together round her grave we play'd,  
 My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
 And I could run and slide,  
 My brother John was forced to go,  
 And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
 "If they two are in heaven?"  
 Quick was the little maid's reply,  
 "Oh, master, we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
 Their spirits are in heaven!"—  
 'Twas throwing words away: for still  
 The little maid would have her will,  
 And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

## ON HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

[Cowper was born at Berkhamstead in 1731, and after receiving the rudiments of education at a country school, was removed to Westminster. On quitting school he was articled to an attorney, but his extreme nervousness, which never left him through life, and at one time deepened into insanity, totally unfitted him for any public occupation. His writings reflect the gloom and gleam that characterized his career. He died in 1800.]

OH that those lips had language! Life has pass'd  
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last:  
 Those lips are thine—thine own sweet smile I see,  
 The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;  
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"  
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize—  
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.  
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!  
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,  
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,  
 I will obey, not willingly alone,  
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:  
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief.

Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
 A momentary dream that thou art she.  
 My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, Life's journey just begun?  
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;  
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
 Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.  
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
 And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
 But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone  
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown:  
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!  
 Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return,  
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,  
 And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.  
 By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,  
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot;  
 But though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.  
 Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more—  
 Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;  
 And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,  
 Drew me to school along the public way,  
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd  
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,  
 'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,  
 That once we called the past'ral house our own.  
 Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,  
 That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,  
 Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd  
 A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou might'st know me safe, and warmly laid;  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home—  
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum;  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone, and glow'd;  
 All this, and more endearing still than all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks  
 That humour interpos'd too often makes;  
 All this, still legible in mem'ry's page,



And still to be so to my latest age,  
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may;  
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere—  
 Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.  
 Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,  
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin,  
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while—  
 Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)—  
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?  
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
 Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.  
 But no—what here we call our life is such,  
 So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,  
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.  
 Thou—as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean crossed)  
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,  
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
 There sits quiescent on the floods that show  
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
 While airs impregnated with incense play  
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay:  
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore  
 "Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,"  
 And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide  
 Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.  
 But me, scarce hoping to obtain that rest,  
 Always from port withheld, always distress—  
 Me, howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,  
 Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
 And day by day some current's thwarting force  
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.  
 Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!  
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
 From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;  
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.  
 And now farewell!—Time unrevoked has run  
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.  
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
 I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;  
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,  
 Without the sin of violating thine;  
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,

And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half-succeeded in his theft—  
Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left.

---

**RIDING TOGETHER.****WILLIAM MORRIS.**

[Mr. Morris, who has evidently taken Chaucer for his model, is one of the purest and most thoroughly English of any of our recent poets. He was born at Walthamstow, March 24, 1834, and educated at Marlbro' College and Exeter College, Oxford, where he took his degree about 1850. His principal works are his "Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems," 1856; "The Life and Death of Jason," 1867; and "The Earthly Paradise," 1868. Of the latter work the second and concluding volume appeared in Nov. 1869.]

FOR many, many days together the wind blew steady from the  
east;

FOR many days hot grew the weather, about the time of our  
Lady's Feast;

FOR many days we rode together, yet met with neither friend nor  
foe;

Hotter and clearer grew the weather, steadily did the east wind  
blow.

We saw not the trees in the hot bright weather, clear cut with  
shadows very black,

As freely we rode on together with helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often as we rode together, we, looking down the green-bank'd  
stream,

Saw flowers in the sunny weather, and saw the bubble-making  
bream;

And in the night lay down together, and hung about our heads  
the rood,

Or watch'd night-long in dewy weather, the while the moon did  
watch the wood.

Our spears stood bright and thick together, straight out the  
banners streamed behind,

As we gallop'd on in the sunny weather, with faces turned towards  
the wind.

Down sank our threescore spears together, as thick we saw the  
Pagans ride;

His eager face in the clear fresh weather shone out that last time  
by my side.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dashed together—it rocked to the  
 crash of the meeting spears;  
 Down rained the buds of the dear spring weather, the elm-tree  
 flowers fell like tears.

There, as we rolled and writhed together, I threw my arms above  
 my head,  
 For close by my side, in the lovely weather, I saw him reel and  
 fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together, he waited the death-stroke there  
 in his place,  
 With thoughts of death in the lovely weather, gapingly mazed  
 at my madden'd face.

Madly I fought as we fought together; in vain: the little Christian  
 band

The Pagans drown'd, as in stormy weather the river drowns low-  
 laying land.

They bound my blood-stained hands together; they bound his  
 corpse to nod by my side;  
 Then on we rode, in the bright March weather, with clash of  
 cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together—my prison bars are thick  
 and strong;

I take no heed of any weather; the sweet saints grant I live not  
 long!

*(By permission of the Author.)*

## THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

[Raleigh, the poet, soldier, navigator, politician and courtier, was born 1552, and beheaded 1618. His poetry is very beautiful, and expressed in the quaint but vigorous style of the period. Among his political and other works may be mentioned his "Maxims of State," the "Cabinet Council," and his "Advice to his Son." His unfinished work, the "History of the World," was written during his twelve years' imprisonment in the Tower.]

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless errand!  
 Fear not to touch the best,  
 And truth shall be thy warrant;  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows  
 And shines like rotten wood;  
 Go, tell the church it shows

What's good and doth no good :  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live  
Acting by others' actions,  
Not lov'd unless they give,  
Not strong but by their factions  
If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition  
That rule affairs of state,  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice only hate.  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who in their greatest cost,  
Seek nothing but commending.  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,  
Tell love it is but lust,  
Tell time it is but motion,  
Tell flesh it is but dust;  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,  
Tell honour how it alters,  
Tell beauty how she blasteth,  
Tell favour how she falters.  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness;  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness.  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie

Tell physic of her boldness,  
Tell skill it is pretension,  
Tell charity of coldness,

Tell law it is contention.  
 And as they do reply,  
 So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,  
 Tell nature of decay,  
 Tell friendship of unkindness,  
 Tell justice of delay.  
 And if they will reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
 But vary by esteeming;  
 Tell schools they want profoundness,  
 And stand too much on seeming.  
 If arts and schools reply,  
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,  
 Tell how the country erreth,  
 Tell manhood shakes off pity,  
 Tell virtue least preferreth.  
 And if they do reply,  
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
 Commanded thee, done blabbing:  
 Although to give the lie  
 Deserves no less than stabbing;  
 Yet stab at thee who will,  
 No stab the soul can kill.

## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[Mrs. Browning wrote and published the greater portion of her poetry while she was yet Elizabeth Barrett; she married Mr. Browning, the poet, in 1846. All her works evince intellectual power of the highest order, and they suffer nothing by comparison with the sublimest efforts of masculine genius: she combines the philosophy of Tennyson with the grace of Shelley and the force of Milton. Her principal works are, "Poems," two vols., 1844; "The Drama of Exile;" "The Vision of Poets;" "Lady Geraldine's Courtship;" "Casa Guidi Windows," written in Florence, 1848; "Aurora Leigh," 1856, a novel in blank verse; besides numerous contributions to the periodicals. Messrs Chapman and Hall publish her works in a collected form. She died in 1861.]

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—  
 And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
The young birds are chirping in the nest,  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!—  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow,  
Why their tears are falling so?—  
The old man may weep for his to-morrow  
Which is lost in Long Ago—  
The old tree is leafless in the forest—  
The old year is ending in the frost—  
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—  
The old hope is hardest to be lost :  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,  
In our happy Fatherland ?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses  
Down the cheeks of infancy—  
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary ;"  
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak !  
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.  
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,  
For the outside earth is cold,  
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,  
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen  
That we die before our time.  
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen  
Like a snowball, in the rime.  
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—  
Was no room for any work in the close clay:  
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,  
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice ! it is day.'  
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,  
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—  
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,  
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes!

And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in  
 The shroud, by the kirk-chime !  
 It is good when it happens," say the children,  
 "That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking  
 Death in life as best to have !  
 They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,  
 With a cerement from the grave.  
 Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—  
 Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—  
 Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—  
 Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through !  
 But they answer, " Are your cowslips of the meadows  
 Like our weeds anear the mine ?  
 Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal shadows,  
 From your pleasures fair and fine !

" For oh," say the children, " we are weary,  
 And we cannot run or leap—  
 If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
 To drop down in them and sleep.  
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—  
 We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;  
 And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
 The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
 For, all day, we drag our burden tiring  
 Through the coal-dark underground—  
 Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
 In the factories, round and round.

" For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—  
 Their wind comes in our faces,—  
 Till our hearts turn,—our head, with pulses burning,  
 And the walls turn in their places—  
 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—  
 Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—  
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—  
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—  
 And all the day, the iron wheels are droning ;  
 And sometimes we could pray,  
 ' O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning),  
 ' Stop ! be silent for to-day ! ' "

Ay ! be silent ! Let them hear each other breathing  
 For a moment, mouth to mouth—  
 Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing  
 Of their tender human youth !

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion  
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—  
Let them prove their living souls against the notion  
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—  
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,  
Grinding life down from its mark;  
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,  
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,  
To look up to Him and pray—  
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,  
Will bless them another day.  
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,  
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?  
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us  
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word;  
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding  
Strangers speaking at the door:  
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,  
Hears our weeping any more?"

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,  
And at midnight's hour of harm,  
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,  
We say softly for a charm.  
We know no other words, except 'Our Father,'  
And we think that, in some pause of angel's song,  
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,  
And hold both within His right hand which is strong  
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely  
(For they call Him good and mild)  
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,  
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster,  
"He is speechless as a stone;  
And they tell us, of His image is the master  
Who commands us to work on.  
Go to!" say the children—"Up in Heaven,  
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.  
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—  
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."  
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,  
O my brothers, what ye preach?  
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—  
And the children doubt of each.



And well may the children weep before you !  
 They are weary ere they run ;  
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory  
 Which is brighter than the sun :  
 They know the grief of man, without his wisdom ;  
 They sink in man's despair, without his calm—  
 Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,—  
 Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—  
 Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievably  
 The blessing of its memory cannot keep,—  
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly :  
 Let them weep ! let them weep !

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,  
 And their look is dread to see,  
 For they mind you of their angels in their places,  
 With eyes turned on Deity ;—  
 " How long," they say, " how long, O cruel nation,  
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—  
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitantion,  
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart ?  
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,  
 And your purple shows your path !  
 But the child's sob curses deeper in the silence  
 Than the strong man in his wrath !"

*(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)*

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Oliver Goldsmith, the son of a poor curate, and the sixth of a family of nine children, was born at Pallas, County of Longford, in Ireland, 1731. He made the tour of Europe on foot, and often subsisted on the bounty of peasants, whom he conciliated by performing to them on his flute. "The Traveller" was the result of this tour, and by its publication in 1765, he first emerged from obscurity. "The Vicar of Wakefield" appeared in the following year. In 1767 his comedy of "The Good-natured Man" was produced; his "Roman History," "The Deserted Village," and still popular comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," followed, in 1768, 1770, and 1773. At the time of his death, 1774, he could command his own terms from the booksellers, but he was extravagant and died in debt. He was buried in the Temple, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.]

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain.  
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed ;  
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please ;

How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm ;  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill ;  
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill ;  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age, and whispering lovers made !  
How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree :  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed ;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round.  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
By holding out to tire each other down ;  
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;  
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—  
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,  
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;  
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came softened from below ;  
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school ;  
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour,  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train ;  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.  
The long remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;  
But, in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies ;  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul !  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
Ev'n children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view ;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew.  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned :  
Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declared how much he knew ;  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge ;  
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,  
For even though vanquished, he could argue still :  
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame : the very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired ;  
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;  
The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;  
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;  
The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal game of Goose ;  
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain  
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art :  
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined :  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
 The heart distrusting asks—if this be joy ?

### A LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

PERCY G. MOCATTA.

[Mr. Mocatta is a composer of music, but he has written also some charming poems and lyrics. The following piece, the copyright of the author, has been written specially for Mrs. Newton Phillips, by whom it has become popularised in the most fashionable circles, and whose consent must be obtained before it can be publicly delivered by other elocutionists.]

In Florence (Florence ! home of song and sun,—  
 Nature and Art, combin'd in countless forms),  
 Dwelleth a master-painter, and his one  
 Young, beauteous daughter, love for whom soon warms  
 The breast aspiring of a pupil-lad :  
 Requiting which, she stirs to desp'rate ire,  
 To imprecation fierce and frenzy mad,  
 A pitiless and unforgiving sire.  
 Nor plea nor protestation will he hear,  
 Nor heed of mutual love the tender tale ;  
 Nor mark the fallen face, the trickling tear,  
 Succeeding oft where argument doth fail !  
 " Dost boast of talent, boy ? " he fiercely cries,  
 " Go, paint me *lilies brown, and roses blue* !  
 A picture even critics' eagle-eyes  
 Shall find, in all respects, to Nature true !  
 Then, then alone, come woo my daughter fair,  
 Then only shall she bless thee with her hand ;  
 Begone ! my bidding do, or else beware  
 A Father's wrath ! Rash youth, dost understand ? "  
 O, task impossible ! Dare mortal hope  
 To work and win on terms so passing hard ?  
 Nay, nay, 'tis far beyond Luigi's scope ;  
 His life's a blank,—his bliss for ever marr'd !  
 He wanders wearily by Arno's stream,  
 And, gazing down upon its crystal face,  
 Longs for those waters, lit by sun's last beam,  
 To clasp him in their close, yet cold embrace !  
 But hark ! the pealing *Angelus* recalls  
 From Arno Luigi's melancholy mind ;  
 And, wand'ring on, within the church's walls  
 He stands, where peace poor penitents may find.  
 Our Lady's festal day ! The organ swells,  
 And, on its tones sonorous, wafts above :—  
 " Ora pro nobis, Mater ! " which upwells  
 From a thousand throats, imploring Heav'nly love !

Poor Luigi! Vain his search! It cannot be!  
 He gropes in darkness;—ne'er one gleam of light;  
 But soft! Who enters there? His love?—'tis *she*!  
 Who roses pale doth bear and lilies white!  
 She sees him not; but passing Mary's shrine,  
 Her floral off'ring makes, and pray'rful kneels;  
 He gazeth fondly on her form divine,  
 And, lo! amazement o'er his features steals!  
 What can it be? He fears his reason's going  
 (And men from slighter cause their senses lose!)  
 A fever'd dream? No! *still* the flow'rs are blowing,  
 And rose and lily wear the wished-for hues!  
 A *miracle*, forsooth! or, maybe, *two*!  
 For, as the maiden riseth from her pray'r,  
 Her veil, which erst was white, to Luigi's view,  
 Now shades of *blue* and *brown* begins to wear!  
 Then, swift as thought, doth yon stain'd glass confess  
 The secret:—how Sol's rays, in piercing thro',  
 Chang'd rose and lily's white to tinted dress;  
 A change—complete, and yet to Nature true!

\* \* \* \* \*

The picture's painted, and the prize secur'd;  
 Proving to all, beyond a shade of doubt,—  
 To all who've martyrdom for Love endur'd:—  
 "No task exists Love cannot carry out!"

(By permission of the Author.)

## THE HUSH OF LIFE.

LEOPOLD WAGNER.

The shades of Night assert their mournful sway,  
 And passing o'er, we mark another day.  
 No voice of labour greets the stranger ear;  
 The forge, the mill, and all is hushed and drear;  
 No children cluster round the schoolhouse door;  
 Reposing in their cots their tasks are o'er.

Without the silent village, in the fields  
 Observe how fitting all to Nature yields!  
 The bleating sheep subdue their gentle cry;  
 The lowing cattle feel the night is nigh;  
 The droning insects check their busy sound;  
 The twitt'ring birds their several nests have found.

'Way down the lane, the churchyard's open gate,  
 Invites the passer-by to meditate—

The weeping willows kiss the dust and sigh,  
 While stately elms aspire towards the sky;  
 The gravell'd path we fain would lightly tread,  
 For here we muse amid the silent dead;  
 And ev'ry mound and sculptur'd stone attests  
 The burial-place of Man, who, mould'ring, rests  
 Beneath the peaceful sward. His earthly cares  
 Are o'er; his outer form dissolved—yet shares  
 His soul that brighter glory won above,  
 The fruit of long-abiding faith and love.  
 Yes! blest for ever is the Christian's strife—  
 'Tis here we meet the solemn Hush of Life!

---

### ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

J. G. LOCKHART.

[John Gibson Lockhart was editor of the "Quarterly Review," and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. Enough this to link his name with the literary history of his own time, had it not been associated with his romances, "Valerius," "Adam Blair," "Reginald Dalton," and "Matthew Wald;" with his biographies of Burns and Napoleon, his "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and his splendid rendering of the "Spanish Ballads." In 1843 his politics procured for him a sinecure of 400*l.* a year, which he enjoyed till his death in 1854. He was born in 1793, his father being the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, minister of the College Church, Glasgow. Mr. Lockhart distinguished himself both at the Glasgow University and at Balliol College, Oxford.]

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,  
 And what to say to Muca I cannot, cannot tell."  
 'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuarez' daughter,—  
 "The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.  
 To me did Muca give them, when he spake his sad farewell,  
 And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,  
 That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget,  
 That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,  
 But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.  
 When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in  
 the well,  
 Oh! what will Muca think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,  
 Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,  
 Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,  
 Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—  
 That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well—  
 Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way;  
 He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;

He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed,  
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl un-  
loosed;

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,  
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

“He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;  
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—  
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,  
And thought no more of Muca, and cared not for his token.  
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh! luckless, luckless well!  
For what to say to Muca, alas! I cannot tell.

“I'll tell the truth to Muca, and I hope he will believe—  
That I have thought of him at morning, and thought of him at  
eve;

That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,  
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;  
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,  
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.”

---

## TO A SEA-GULL.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

[Gerald Griffin was born at Limerick, Dec. 12, 1803. Before he was one-and-twenty he came to London and obtained employment in reporting for the daily papers and contributing to the magazines. The “Munster Festivals,” “Suil Dhuv, the Coiner,” “The Collegians,” &c. &c., made him a reputation which was still increasing when, it is said, in consequence of one of his sisters taking the veil, his devotional feelings were awakened, and he retreated from the world to join the Society of Christian Brothers, devoting himself to works of morality and education. He died of a fever in 1840.]

WHITE bird of the tempest! O beautiful thing,  
With the bosom of snow, and the motionless wing,  
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,  
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky;  
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,  
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm;  
Now darting aloft, with a heavenly scorn,  
Now shooting along, like a ray of the morn;  
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,  
Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam;  
Now silently poised o'er the war of the main,  
Like the Spirit of Charity brooding o'er pain;  
Now gliding with pinion all silently furled,  
Like an Angel descending to comfort the world!  
Thou seem'st to my spirit, as upward I gaze,  
And see thee, now clothed in mellowest rays,



Now lost in the storm-driven vapours, that fly  
 Like hosts that are routed across the broad sky,  
 Like a pure spirit, true to its virtue and faith,  
 'Mid the tempests of nature, of passion, and death!

Rise! beautiful emblem of purity, rise,  
 On the sweet winds of Heaven, to thine own brilliant skies;  
 Still higher! still higher! till, lost to our sight,  
 Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light;  
 And I think how a pure spirit gazing on thee,  
 Must long for that moment—the joyous and free—  
 When the soul, disembodied from Nature, shall spring  
 Unfettered, at once to her Maker and King;  
 When the bright day of service and suffering past,  
 Shapes, fairer than thine, shall shine round her at last,  
 While, the standard of battle triumphantly furled,  
 She smiles like a victor serene on the world!

---

### EVELYN HOPE.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[Mr. Browning was born at Camberwell in 1812, and educated at the London University. His "Paracelsus" was published in 1836, but did not take with the public; it was followed by "Pippa Passes," which found more favour. In 1837 his tragedy of "Strafford" was produced, "Sardello" followed; then "The Blot on the Scutcheon," brought out at Drury Lane (1843). His works are now published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and are receiving the attention that they all along deserved. He married Miss Barrett the poetess, who died in 1861.]

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead—  
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
 She plucked that piece of geranium flower,  
 Beginning to die too, in the glass.  
 Little has yet been changed, I think—  
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass,  
 Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!  
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—  
 It was not her time to love; beside,  
 Her life had many a hope and aim,  
 Duties enough and little cares,  
 And now was quiet, now astir—  
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?  
 What, your soul was pure and true,  
 The good stars met in your horoscope,  
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—

And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
Each was nought to each, must I be told?  
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed, for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love,—  
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,  
In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
That body and soul so pure and gay?  
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—  
And what you would do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes.  
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me—  
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;  
My heart seemed full as it could hold—  
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile  
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold  
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep,—  
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.  
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;  
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

*(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)*

**THE HIGH TIDE.**

(ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.)

JEAN INGELOW.

[Miss Jean Ingelow is a popular living poetess, whose works have now reached a ninth edition. She is a worthy follower of Mrs. E. B. Browning, on whom she appears to have founded her style, and writes very conscientiously; her subjects being very well chosen, and her thoughts original.]

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
 The ringers ran by two, by three;  
 "Pull if ye never pulled before;  
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he:  
 "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!  
 Play all your changes, all your swells,  
 Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—  
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all;  
 But in myne ears doth still abide  
 The message that the bells let fall:  
 And there was nought of strange, beside  
 The flights of mews and peewits pied  
 By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,  
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;  
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
 Lay sinking in the barren skies;  
 And dark against day's golden death  
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
 Ere the early dews were falling,  
 Farre away I heard her song.  
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along;  
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
 Floweth, floweth,  
 From the meads where melick groweth  
 Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
 "For the dews will soone be falling;  
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
 Mellow, mellow;  
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;  
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
 Hollow, hollow;

Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,  
When I beginne to think howe long,  
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong;  
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
Save where full fyve good miles away  
The steeple towered from out the greene;  
And lo! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the country side  
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,  
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
Came downe that kyndly message free,  
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steeple shows.  
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?  
What danger lowers by land or sea?  
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping down;  
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
They have not spared to wake the towne:  
But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

He looked without, and lo! my sonne  
Came riding downe with might and main.  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again.

"Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !"  
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,  
 The rising tide comes on apace,  
 And boats adrift in yonder towne  
 Go sailing uppe the market-place."  
 He shook as one that looks on death :  
 "God save you, mother !" straight he saith ;  
 "Where is my wife, Elizabeth ?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,  
 With her two bairns I marked her long ;  
 And ere yon bells beganne to play  
 Afar I heard her milking song."  
 He looked across the grassy lea,  
 To right, to left, "Ho Enderby !"  
 They rang "The Brides of Enderby !"

With that he cried and beat his breast ;  
 For, lo ! along the river's bed  
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
 It swept with thunderous noises loud ;  
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed  
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;  
 Then madly at the eygre's breast  
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.  
 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—  
 Then beaten foam flew round about—  
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
 The heart had hardly time to beat,  
 Before a shallow seething wave  
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :  
 The feet had hardly time to flee  
 Before it brake against the knee,  
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,  
 The noise of bells went sweeping by ;  
 I marked the lofty beacon light  
 Stream from the church tower, red and high—  
 A lurid mark and dread to see ;  
 And awsome bells they were to mee,  
 That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;  
 And I—my sonne was at my side,  
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:  
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
 "O come in life, or come in death!  
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?  
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;  
 The waters laid thee at his doore,  
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,  
 That ebb swept out the flocks to sea;  
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!  
 To manye more than myne and mee:  
 But each will mourn his own (she saith),  
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

(By permission of the Author.)

## UNDER CANVAS.—WOUNDED.

HON. HENRY BULWER LYTTON.

[Son of the eminent novelist, Lord Lytton, and worthy of his high literary parentage, Mr. Bulwer writes genuine poetry. His lines are full of music and tenderness; and his subjects, though generally drawn from nature, are placed in dramatic situations by a skilful hand. His published poems are "The Wanderer," "Clytemnestra," and "Lucile," from which the following is extracted.]

"OH is it a phantom? a dream of the night?  
 A vision which fever hath fashion'd to sight?  
 The wind, wailing ever, with motion uncertain  
 Sways sighingly there the drench'd tent's tatter'd curtain,  
 To and fro, up and down.

But it is not the wind  
 That is lifting it now: and it is not the mind  
 That hath moulded that vision.

A pale woman enters,  
 As wan as the lamp's waning light, which concentrates  
 Its dull glare upon her. With eyes dim and dimmer,  
 There, all in a slumbrous and shadowy glimmer,  
 The sufferer sees that still form floating on,  
 And feels faintly aware that he is not alone.  
 She is fitting before him. She pauses. She stands

By his bedside all silent. She lays her white hands  
 On the brow of the boy. A light finger is pressing  
 Softly, softly, the sore wounds : the hot blood-stain'd dressing  
 Slips from them. A comforting quietude steals  
 Thro' the racked weary frame : and throughout it, he feels  
 The slow sense of a merciful, mild neighbourhood.  
 Something smoothes the toss'd pillow. Beneath a gray hood  
 Of rough serge, two intense tender eyes are bent o'er him,  
 And thrill thro' and thro' him. The sweet form before him,  
 It is surely Death's angel Life's last vigil keeping !  
 A soft voice says—' Sleep !'

And he sleeps : he is sleeping.

"He waked before dawn. Still the vision is there :  
 Still that pale woman moves not. A minist'ring care  
 Meanwhile has been silently changing and cheering  
 The aspect of all things around him.

Revering

Some power unknown and benignant, he bless'd  
 In silence the sense of salvation. And rest  
 Having loosen'd the mind's tangled meshes, he faintly  
 Sigh'd—' Say what thou art, blessed dream of a saintly  
 'And minist'ring spirit !'

A whisper serene

Slid softer than silence—"The Sœur Seraphine,  
 'A poor Sister of Charity. Shun to inquire  
 'Aught further, young soldier. The son of thy sire,  
 'For the sake of that sire, I reclaim from the grave.  
 'Thou didst not shun death : shun not life. 'Tis more brave  
 'To live than to die. Sleep !'

He sleeps : he is sleeping.

"He waken'd again, when the dawn was just steeping  
 The skies with chill splendour. And there, never flitting,  
 Never flitting, that vision of mercy was sitting.  
 As the dawn to the darkness, so life seem'd returning  
 Slowly, feebly within him. The night-lamp, yet burning,  
 Made ghastly the glimmering daybreak.

He said,

'If thou be of the living, and not of the dead,  
 'Sweet minister, pour out yet further the healing  
 'Of that balmy voice ; if it may be, revealing  
 'Thy mission of mercy ! whence art thou ?'

'O son

'Of Matilda and Alfred, it matters not ! One  
 'Who is not of the living nor yet of the dead :  
 'To thee, and to others, alive yet'—she said—  
 'So long as there liveth the poor gift in me  
 'Of this ministration : to them, and to thee,  
 'Dead in all things beside. A French Nun, whose vocation

'Is now by this bedside. A nun hath no nation.  
'Wherever man suffers, or woman may soothe,  
'There her land! there her kindred!'

She bent down to smoothe  
The hot pillow, and added—'Yet more than another  
'Is thy life dear to me. For thy father, thy mother,  
'I know them—I know them.'

'Oh can it be? you!  
'My dearest, dear father! my mother! you knew,  
'You know them?'

She bow'd half averting, her head  
In silence.

He brokenly, timidly said,  
'Do they know I am thus?'  
'Hush!'—she smiled, as she drew  
From her bosom two letters: and—can it be true?  
That beloved and familiar writing!

He burst  
Into tears—'My poor mother,—my father! the worst  
'Will have reached them!'  
'No, no!' she exclaim'd with a smile.  
'They know you are living; they know that meanwhile  
'I am watching beside you. Young soldier, weep not!  
'But still on the nun's nursing bosom, the hot  
Fever'd brow of the boy weeping wildly is press'd.  
There, at last, the young heart sobs itself into rest:  
And he hears, as it were between smiling and weeping,  
The calm voice say—'Sleep!'

And he sleeps, he is sleeping.

*(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)*

---

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a native of Portland, Maine, United States, born Feb. 27, 1807. After passing three years and a half in travelling through France, Spain, Germany, Holland, and England, he returned to America, and became Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College, Brunswick (where he was himself educated), in 1829. Resigning this appointment in 1835, he made another tour through Europe, was appointed Professor of Languages and Belles-Lettres, in Harvard College, and afterwards resided at Cambridge, U.S.A. His works are "Outre Mer;" "Hyperion," a romance; "Voices of the Night;" "Ballads and other Poems;" "The Spanish Student," a play; "Kavanagh," a play; "The Golden Legend;" "Miles Standish;" "Tales of a Wayside Inn," &c. Died March 24th, 1882.]

ROBERT OF SICILY, brother of Pope Urbane,  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,



On St. John's eve at vespers proudly sat,  
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
 He caught the words, *Deposuit potentes*  
*De sede, et exaltavit humiles* ;  
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head,  
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
 "What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet—  
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
 And has exalted them of low degree."  
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully—  
 "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung  
 Only by priests, and in the Latin tongue ;  
 For unto priests and people be it known,  
 There is no power can push me from my throne !"  
 And, leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;  
 The church was empty, and there was no light,  
 Save where the lamps that glimmered few and faint,  
 Lighted a little space before some saint.  
 He started from his seat and gazed around,  
 But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
 He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;  
 He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
 And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
 And imprecations upon men and saints.  
 The sounds re-echoed from the roofs and walls,  
 As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.  
 At length, the sexton, hearing from without  
 The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
 And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
 Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"  
 Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
 "Open 'tis I, the king ! Art thou afraid?"  
 The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
 "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"  
 Turned the great key, and flung the portal wide :  
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
 Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,  
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke  
 But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,  
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
 Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,

With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on, and thundered at the palace gate ;  
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage,  
To right and left each seneschal and page,  
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed—  
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed—  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring—  
King Robert's self and features, form, and height,  
But all transformèd with angelic light !  
It was an angel ; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden angel recognise.  
A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,  
Who met his looks of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;  
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou here ? "  
To which King Robert answered with the sneer,  
" I am the king, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords.  
The angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
" Nay, not the king, but the king's jester. Thou  
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! "

Deaf to King Robert's threats, and cries, and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of " Long live the king ! "  
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,  
He said, within himself, " It was a dream ! "  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head—  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed ;  
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls ;  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,

And, in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !  
Days came and went ; and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign :  
Under the angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And, deep within the mountain's burning breast,  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen, and silent, and disconsolate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,  
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left, he still was unsubdued.  
And when the angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
" Art thou the king ? " the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
The haughty answer back, " I am, I am the king ! "

Almost three years were ended, when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
The angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
Then he departed with them o'er the sea,  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.  
And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the angel unawares,  
Robert the jester, bursting through the crowd,  
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!  
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.

Do you not know me? Does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
The Pope, in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;  
The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport  
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"  
And the poor baffled jester, in disgrace,  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
The presence of the angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervour fill'd the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ, indeed, had risen again.  
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw;  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube shore,  
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.  
And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And, with a gesture, bade the rest retire.  
And when they were alone the angel said,  
"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down his head,  
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,  
And meekly answered him, "Thou know'st best!"

My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,  
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
 Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven ! ”  
 The angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
 A holy light illumined all the place,  
 And through the open window, loud and clear,  
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
 Above the stir and tumult of the street :  
 “ He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
 And has exalted them of low degree ! ”  
 And through the chant a second melody  
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string :  
 “ I am an angel, and thou art the king ! ”

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
 Lifted his eyes, and lo, he was alone !  
 But all apparelled as in days of old,  
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;  
 And when his courtiers came they found him there  
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.



## THE ROSE AND THE GRAVE.

VICTOR HUGO.

[See p. 249.]

THE grave said to the rose—  
 “ Oh, flower of love !  
 Where go the tears that dewy morn on thee  
 Sheds from above ? ”

The rose said to the grave—  
 “ Grave, tell me this :  
 Where go the souls that daily disappear  
 In thine abyss ? ”

The rose replied—“ O sad  
 And dismal tomb,  
 Out of those tears do I distil  
 A sweet perfume ! ”

The grave replied—“ O flower,  
 Blushing and bright,  
 Out of the souls that come to me I make  
 Angels of light ! ”

## THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

JOHN KEATS.

[John Keats was born in London 1796; he was intended for a surgeon, and published his mystical poem "Endymion" before he was twenty, a circumstance that ought to have procured for it a kindly consideration—but nothing was too young or too innocent for the savages of "The Quarterly."

In Keats' case the shot did not hit, for before the article appeared the young poet was taken to Italy; but he could not outstrip that galloping consumption that had seized him. He was buried in "the strangers' ground" in Rome, where he died Dec. 27, 1820.

Keats displayed in his writings an immense amount of imagination, and it may be safely asserted that much of our recent poetry has been influenced by them.]

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :  
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.  
 Therefore, on every morrow are we wreathing  
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways  
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils  
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills  
 That for themselves a cooling covert make  
 'Gainst the hot season : the mid-forest brake,  
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms ;  
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;  
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :  
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences  
 For one short hour ; no, even as the trees  
 That whisper round a temple become soon  
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,  
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light  
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,  
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,  
 They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I  
 Will trace the story of Endymion.  
 The very music of the name has gone  
 Into my being, and each pleasant scene  
 Is growing fresh before me as the green  
 Of our own valleys: so I will begin  
 Now, while I cannot hear the city's din;  
 Now, while the early budders are just new,  
 And run in mazes of the youngest hue  
 About old forests; while the willow trails  
 Its delicate amber; and the dairy-pails  
 Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year  
 Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer  
 My little boat, for many quiet hours,  
 With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.  
 Many and many a verse I hope to write,  
 Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,  
 Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees  
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,  
 I must be near the middle of my story.  
 Oh! may no wintry season, bare and hoary,  
 See it half finished; but let autumn bold,  
 With universal tinge of sober gold,  
 Be all about me when I make an end.  
 And now at once, adventuresome I send  
 My herald thought into a wilderness:  
 There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress  
 My uncertain path with green, that I may speed  
 Easily onward, through flowers and weed.

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread  
 A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed  
 So plenteously all weed-hidden roots  
 Into o'erhanging boughs, and precious fruits.  
 And it had gloomy shades, sequester'd deep,  
 Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keep  
 A lamb stray'd far a-down those inmost glens,  
 Never again saw he the happy pens  
 Whither his brethren, bleating with content,  
 Over the hills at every nightfall went.  
 Among the shepherds 'twas believed ever,  
 That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever  
 From the white flock, but pass'd unworried  
 By any wolf, or pard with prying head,  
 Until it came to some unfooted plains  
 Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great his gains  
 Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many  
 Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,  
 And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly  
 To a wide lawn, whence one could only see

Stems thronging all around between the swell  
 Of tuft and slanting branches : who could tell  
 The freshness of the space of heaven above,  
 Edged round with dark tree-tops ? through which a dove  
 Would often beat its wings, and often too  
 A little cloud would move across the blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness  
 There stood a marble altar, with a tress  
 Of flowers budded newly ; and the dew  
 Had taken fairy fantasies to strew  
 Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,  
 And so the dawnèd light in pomp receive.  
 For 'twas the morn ; Apollo's upward fire  
 Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre  
 Of brightness so unsullied that therein  
 A melancholy spirit well might win  
 Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine  
 Into the winds : rain-scented eglantine  
 Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun ;  
 The lark was lost in him : cold springs had run  
 To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass ;  
 Man's voice was on the mountains : and the mass  
 Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold,  
 To feel this sun rise, and its glories old.

---

## JANUARY WIND.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[Mr. Buchanan was educated at Glasgow University, and came to London in 1859. For the first four years of his London life he had a hard time of it, working as a nameless contributor to certain cheap periodicals, but he did find employment, and in the meantime was storing up those poetic treasures which culminated in the publication of his "Undertones" (1863), a volume which was acknowledged to be "the most remarkable *first* volume of poems, perhaps, ever written." He has published two volumes since—"The Idyls of Inverburn," and recently, "London Poems." They have more than justified the high praise that was bestowed upon his maiden venture.]

THE wind, wife, the wind ; how it blows, how it blows ;  
 It grips the latch, it shakes the house, it whistles, it screams, it  
 crows :

It dashes on the window-pane, then rushes off with a cry,  
 Ye scarce can hear your own loud voice, it clatters so loud and  
 high ;

And far away upon the sea it floats with thunder-call,  
 The wind, wife ; the wind, wife : the wind that did it all.

The wind, wife, the wind ; how it blew, how it blew ;  
 The very night our boy was born, it whistled, it screamed, it crew ;



And while you moan'd upon your bed, and your heart was dark  
 with fright,  
 I swear it mingled with the soul of the boy you bore that night;  
 It scarcely seems a winter since, and the wind is with us still,—  
 The wind, wife; the wind, wife; the wind that blew us ill!

The wind, wife, the wind; how it blows, how it blows;  
 It changes, shifts, without a cause, it ceases, it comes and goes;  
 And David ever was the same, wayward, and wild, and bold—  
 For wilful lad will have his way, and the wind no hand can hold;  
 But ah! the wind, the changeful wind, was more in the blame  
 than he:  
 The wind, wife; the wind, wife; that blew him out to sea!

The wind, wife, the wind; now 'tis still, now 'tis still;  
 And as we sit I seem to feel the silence shiver and thrill;  
 'Twas thus the night he went away, and we sat in silence here,  
 We listen'd to our beating hearts, and all was weary and drear;  
 We longed to hear the wind again, and to hold our David's hand—  
 The wind, wife; the wind, wife; that blew him out from land.

The wind, wife, the wind: up again, up again!  
 It blew our David round the world, yet shrieked at our window-  
 pane;  
 And ever since that time, old wife, in rain, and in sun, and in snow,  
 Whether I work or weary here, I hear it whistle and blow,  
 It moans around, it groans around, it wanders with scream and  
 cry—  
 The wind, wife; the wind, wife; may it blow him home to die.

(From "*Idylls and Legends of Inverburn.*" By permission of Mr. Strahan.)

---

### MAUD MÜLLER.

J. G. WHITTIER.

[Mr. Whittier is an American poet of some standing, still living.]

MAUD MÜLLER, on a summer's day,  
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,  
 White from its hill-slope looking down.

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
 And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broad-cloth coat;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her a harvester of hay :

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go :

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain :  
"Ah, that I were free again !

"Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein :

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, " It might have been ! "

Alas ! for Maiden, alas ! for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad works of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : " It might have been ! "

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !

---

### EXCELSIOR.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[See page 161.]

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village pass'd  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior !

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,  
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answer'd with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last Good-night,  
A voice replied far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller by the faithful hound  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice,  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay;  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell like an evening star,  
Excelsior!

# THE THREE SONS.

REV. J. MOULTRIE.

[The Rev. John Moultrie is the rector of Rugby, author of "My Brother's Grave," and other poems (1827), "Lays of the English Church, &c." (1843), and editor of an edition of Gray's poetical works. He was born about 1804.]

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,  
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould,  
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,  
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.  
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair;  
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:  
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,  
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency:  
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his  
mind,

The food for grave inquiring speech, he everywhere doth find.  
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;  
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk,  
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,  
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.  
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed  
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the  
next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,  
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then, are the words which he  
will say.

Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,  
A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be!  
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,  
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;  
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,  
How silvery sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee:  
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's, keen;  
Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his hath ever been;  
But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind and tender feeling,  
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.  
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,  
Will speak their joy, and bless my boy, who looks so mild and sweet,  
A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone,  
He'll sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.  
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,  
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.  
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove  
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love!

And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,  
 God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him !  
 I have a son, a third sweet son ! his age I cannot tell,  
 For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.

To us for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,  
 And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.  
 I cannot tell what form he has, what looks he weareth now,  
 Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow,  
 The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,  
 Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal;  
 But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,  
 Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.  
 I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh ;  
 But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close, beneath their glittering wings,  
 And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),  
 Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.  
 Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease ;  
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain peace.  
 It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,  
 But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.  
 When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be ;  
 When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss and this world's misery ;  
 When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,  
 Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

## THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

[Mr. Elliott worked in the iron trade, at Sheffield, for many years. He was unsuccessful at first, but persevered and succeeded. He was born at Maseborough, near Rotherham, 1781, and died 1849.]

STRONG climber of the mountain side,  
 Though thou the vale disdain,  
 Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide  
 The wonders of the lane.  
 High o'er the rushy springs of Don  
 The stormy gloom is roll'd ;  
 The moorland hath not yet put on  
 His purple, green, and gold.  
 But here the titling spreads his wing,  
 Where dewy daisies gleam ;  
 And here the sun flower of the spring  
 Burns bright in morning's beam.

To mountain winds the famish'd fox  
Complains that Sol is slow,  
O'er headlong steepes and gushing rocks  
His royal robe to throw.  
But here the Lizard seeks the sun,  
Here coils in light the snake;  
And here the fire-tuft\* hath begun  
Its beauteous nest to make.  
Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee  
Where verdure fires the plain,  
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see  
The glories of the lane!  
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,  
This roof of sky and tree,  
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,  
And wakes the earliest bee!  
As spirits from eternal day  
Look down on earth secure;  
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey  
A world in miniature;  
A world not scorn'd by Him who made  
Even weakness by his might;  
But solemn in his depth of shade,  
And splendid in his light.  
Light! not alone on clouds afar  
O'er storm lov'd mountains spread,  
Or widely teaching sun and star,  
Thy glorious thoughts are read;  
Oh no! thou art a wondrous book,  
To sky, and sea, and land—  
A page on which the angels look,  
Which insects understand!  
And here, oh, Light! minutely fair,  
Divinely plain and clear,  
Like splinters of a crystal hair,  
Thy bright small hand is here.  
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,  
Is Huron, girt with wood;  
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—  
And that, Niagara's flood.  
What tidings from the Andes brings  
Yon line of liquid light,  
That down from heav'n in madness flings  
The blind foam of its might?  
Do I not hear his thunder roll—  
The roar that ne'er is still?  
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul  
It roars, and ever will.



What forests tall of tiniest moss  
 Clothe every little stone!  
 What pigmy oaks their foliage toss  
 O'er pigmy valleys lone!  
 With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,  
 Ambitious of the sky,  
 They feather o'er the steepest edge  
 Of mountains mushroom high.  
 Oh, God of marvels! who can tell  
 What myriad living things  
 On these grey stones unseen may dwell!  
 What nations, with their kings!  
 I feel no shock, I hear no groan  
 While fate perchance o'erwhelms  
 Empires on this subverted stone—  
 A hundred ruin'd realms!  
 Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,  
 Impelled by woe or whim,  
 May crawl, some atom cliffs to see—  
 A tiny world to him!  
 Lo! while he pauses, and admires  
 The work of nature's might,  
 Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,  
 And all to him is night!  
 Oh, God of terrors! what are we?—  
 Poor insects, spark'd with thought!  
 Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,  
 Could smite us into nought!  
 But shouldst thou wreck our fatherland,  
 And mix it with the deep,  
 Safe in the hollow of thy hand,  
 Thy little ones would sleep.

---

### HOME AGAIN.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

[Mr. Sawyer was a well-known poetical contributor to the leading magazines of the day, including "The Cornhill," "Good Words," "Gentleman's Magazine," "Belgravia," and "Temple Bar." He also published several small volumes of verse which exhibit poetical powers of no mean order, including "Ten Miles from Town," which has run through two editions. Died 1882.]

HOME again! Spared the perils of years,  
 Spared of rough seas and rougher lands,  
 And I look in your eyes once, once again,  
 Hear your voices, and grasp your hands!  
 Not changed the least, least bit in the world!  
 Not aged a day, as it seems to me!  
 The same dear faces, the same dear home—  
 All the same as it used to be!

Ah! here is the garden! Here the limes,  
Still in their sunset green and gold,  
And the level lawn, with the pattern in't  
Where the grass has been newly roll'd.  
And here come the rabbits, lumping along,—  
No! That's never the same white doe  
With the pinky lops and the munching mouth;  
Yet 'tis like her as snow to snow.  
And here's Nep in his old heraldic style,  
Erect, chain tightening all he can;  
With Topsy, wagging that inch of tail,—  
What, you know me again, old man?  
The pond, where the lilies float and bloom!  
The gold fish in it, just the same,  
Too fat to stir in the cool,—yes, one  
Shoots and gleams, and goes out like flame!  
And yonder's the tree with the giant's face,  
Nose and chin against the blue;  
And the wide elm branches meeting, bear  
Our famous swing between the two!  
No change! Nay, it only seems last night  
That I return'd your fond "Good-byes,"  
As I heard the rain drip from the eaves,  
And felt its moisture in my eyes.  
Only last night that you throng'd the porch,  
While I choked the words I couldn't say,  
And poor little Jim's white face peep'd out,  
Dimly seen while I stole away.  
Poor little Jim! In this happy hour  
His wee, white face our hearts recal,  
And I miss a hand and a voice, and see  
The little crutch against the wall.  
So all life's sunshine is fleck'd with shade,  
So all delight is touch'd with pain,  
So tears of sorrow and tears of joy  
Welcome the wanderer home again!

---

### THE FAIRY CHILD.

DR. ANSTER.

[John Anster, LL.D., M.R.I.A., was born at Cork in 1798, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was well known as the translator of "Faust," and contributed largely to Blackwood's and other leading magazines. Died 1867.]

THE summer sun was sinking  
With a mild light calm and mellow,  
It shone on my little boy's bony cheeks,  
And his loose locks of yellow;  
The robin was singing sweetly,  
And his song was sad and tender:

And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,  
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom,  
While his soul the song was quaffing,  
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,  
And his heart and his eye were laughing.  
I sat alone in my cottage,  
The midnight needle plying;  
I feared for my child, for the rush's light  
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,  
Like the wind at midnight moaning;  
I knelt to pray, but rose again,  
For I heard my little boy groaning;  
I crossed my brow, and I crossed my breast,  
But that night my child departed—  
They left a weakling in his stead,  
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,  
For his eyes are dim and hollow,  
My little boy is gone—is gone,  
And his mother soon will follow!  
The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,  
And the mass be chanted meetly,  
And I shall sleep with my little boy,  
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

## ODE TO THE ALMIGHTY.

G. R. DERZHAVIN.

[Gabriel Romanovitch Derzhavin, the greatest lyric poet of Russia, was born at Kasan in 1748, and died in 1816. The ode has been translated into several Eastern and European languages.]

O THOU ETERNAL ONE! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy—all motion guide,  
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,  
Thou only God! There is no god beside.  
Being above all beings! Mighty One!  
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,  
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,  
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—  
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy  
May measure out the ocean deep—may count

The sands or the sun's rays; but God! for Thee  
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount  
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,  
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try  
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;  
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high,  
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
First chaos, then existence. Lord! on Thee  
Eternity had its foundation; all  
Spring forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony,  
Sole origin—all life, all beauty Thine.  
Thy word created all, and doth create;  
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine;  
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious! great  
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,  
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death!  
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!  
And as the spangles, in the sunny rays,  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?  
A glorious company of golden streams?  
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?  
But Thou to those art as the noon to night!

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;—  
What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee?  
And what am I, when heaven's unnumber'd host,  
Though multiplied by myriads and array'd  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd  
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought  
Against infinity? What am I then?—Nought.

Thou art; directing, guiding all, Thou art!

Direct my understanding then to Thee;

Control my spirit—guide my wandering heart;  
 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,  
 Still I am something fashion'd by Thy hand.  
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
 Close to the realm where angels have their birth,  
 Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;  
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
 And the next step is Spirit—Deity!  
 I can command the lightning, and am dust!  
 A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god:  
 Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously  
 Constructed and conceived!—unknown? This clod  
 Lives surely through some higher energy:  
 From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator? yes; Thy wisdom and Thy word  
 Created me. Thou source of life and good!  
 Thou Spirit of my spirit and my Lord!  
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,  
 Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring  
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
 The garments of eternal day, and wing  
 Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,  
 Even to its source, to Thee, its author, Thee.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest.  
 (Though worthless our conception all of Thee)  
 Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast,  
 And waft its homage to thy Deity.  
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;  
 Thus seek Thy presence. Being wise and good!  
 'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore,  
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
 The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

---

## HOW MAY WAS FIRST MADE.

THOMAS MILLER.

[Thomas Miller was originally a basket-maker at Gainsborough, where he was born in 1808. His literary attempts attracting the attention of Rogers and Moore, he was enabled to start as a publisher. Died Oct. 28, 1874.]

As Spring upon a silver cloud,  
 Lay looking on the world below,  
 Watching the breezes as they bowed  
 The buds and blossoms to and fro,

She saw the fields with hawthorns walled—

Said Spring “New buds I will create.”

She to a Flower Spirit called,

Who on the month of May did wait,  
And said “Fetch me a hawthorn spray,  
And I will make the buds of May.”

Said Spring, “The grass looks green and bright,

The hawthorn-hedges too are green,  
I'll sprinkle them with flowers of light,

Such stars as earth hath never seen.  
And all through England's velvet vales,

Her steep hill-sides, and haunted streams,  
Where uplands dip into the dales,

Where'er the hawthorn stands and dreams,  
And thick-leaved trees make dark the day,  
I'll light the land with buds of May.

“Like pearly dew-drops, white and round,

The shut-up bloom shall first appear,  
And in it be such fragrance found

As breeze before did never bear,  
Such odours as in Eden dwelt

When angels hovered round its bowers,  
And long-haired Eve at morning knelt

In innocence amid the flowers :  
Such perfumes I'll cast every way,  
And scent the land throughout with May.

“And oft shall groups of children come,  
Threading their way through shady places,

From many a peaceful English home,

The sunshine falling on their faces,  
Starting with merry shouts the thrush,

As through green lanes they wander singing,  
To gather the white hawthorn bush :

While homeward in the evening,  
With smiling faces they shall say  
‘There's nothing half so sweet as May.’

“And many a poet, yet unborn,  
Shall link its name to some sweet lay ;

While lovers oft at early morn,

Shall gather blossoms of the May ;  
And eyes bright as the silver dews

Which on the rounded May-buds sleep,  
Shall round it look of love diffuse ;

And beauty's blushes it shall keep,  
To warm up all the white away,  
Of buds that form the bloom of May.”

The silver cloud on which she lay  
 Spring shook, and on the hawthorn spray  
 It fell, and made the buds of May.

---

### THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

J. E. CARPENTER.

"O FATHER, dear father, why pass they away,  
 The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day—  
 That glitter'd like stars by the light of the moon,  
 Oh, why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon?  
 Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away,  
 As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?  
 The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,  
 But the dew has dried out of their petals again."

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,  
 Behold yon bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes;  
 There—there are the dew-drops in glory reset,  
 'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.  
 Then are we not taught, by each beautiful ray,  
 To mourn not earth's fair things though fleeting away?  
 For though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,  
 All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in heaven."

Alas for the father!—how little knew he  
 The words he had spoken prophetic could be;  
 That the beautiful child,—the bright star of his day,  
 Was e'en then like the dew-drops—dissolving away.  
 Oh! sad was the father, when lo, in the skies  
 The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes;  
 And *then* he remember'd the maxims he'd given,  
 And thought of his child and the dew-drops in heaven.

---

### THE NIGHTINGALE'S NEST.

JOHN CLARE.

[John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant-poet, was born at Helpstone, in 1793, and was the son of a poor agricultural labourer, who, in his latter days, became an inmate of the parish workhouse. By extra work as a plough-boy, John contrived to earn enough money to pay for such schooling as could be procured in a humble village, and, having learned to read the Bible, he saved enough to purchase a volume of Thomson's "Seasons." He shortly began to compose verses: they were shown from hand to hand, admired, and in 1820 his first efforts were published, with an account of the poet from the pen of the late Mr. Octavius Gilchrist. In 1817 Clare published another volume by subscription. The critics recognised in it the effusions of a thoughtful mind,

relying on itself, and disdaining to paraphrase former poets. By the aid of the late Earl Fitzwilliam, Clara became possessed of an income of about 45*l.* per annum, besides a cottage rent free. Shortly after his marriage in 1820, he became hopelessly, but harmlessly, insane, and he remained an inmate of the county asylum at Northampton until his death in 1864.]

Up this green woodland ride let's softly rove  
And list the Nightingale; she dwells just here.  
Hush! let the wood-gate softly clap, for fear  
The noise might drive her from her home of love;  
For here I've heard her many a merry year,  
At morn, at eve, nay, all the livelong day,  
As though she lived on song. This very spot  
Just where that old man's-beard all wildly trails  
Rude arbores o'er the road, and stops the way;  
And where the child its bluebell flowers hath got,  
Laughing and creeping through the mossy rails;  
There have I hunted like a very boy,  
Creeping on hands and knees through matted thorn,  
To find her nest, and see her feed her young.  
And vainly did I many hours employ:  
All seemed as hidden as a thought unborn.  
And where those crumpling fern-leaves ramp among  
The hazel's under boughs, I've nestled down  
And watched her while she sang; and her renown  
Hath made me marvel that so famed a bird  
Should have no better dress than russet brown.  
Her wings would tremble in her ecstasy,  
And feathers stand on end, as 'twere with joy,  
And mouth wide open to release her heart  
Of its out-sobbing songs. The happiest part  
Of Summer's fame she shared, for so to me  
Did happy fancies shapen her employ.  
But if I touched a bush, or scarcely stirred,  
All in a moment stopt. I watched in vain:  
The timid bird had left the hazel bush,  
And oft in distance hid to sing again.  
Lost in a wilderness of listening leaves,  
Rich ecstasy would pour its luscious strain,  
Till envy spurred the emulating Thrush  
To start less wild and scarce inferior songs;  
For while of half the year Care him bereaves,  
To damp the ardour of his speckled breast,  
The Nightingale to Summer's life belongs,  
And naked trees and Winter's nipping wrongs  
Are strangers to her music and her rest.  
Her joys are ever green, her world is wide!  
Hark! there she is, as usual. Let's be hush;  
For in this blackthorn clump, if rightly guessed,  
Her curious house is hidden. Part aside  
Those hazel branches in a gentle way,



And stoop right cautious 'neath the rustling boughs,  
 For we will have another search to-day,  
 And hunt this fern-strewn thorn-clump round and round,  
 And where this reeded wood-grass idly bows  
 We'll wade right through; it is a likely nook.  
 In such like spots, and often on the ground  
 They'll build where rude boys never think to look;—  
 Ay, as I live! her secret nest is here  
 Upon this whitethorn stump! I've searched about  
 For hours in vain. There, put that bramble by,—  
 Nay, trample on its branches, and get near.  
 How subtle is the bird! She started out,  
 And raised a plaintive note of danger nigh  
 Ere we were past the brambles: and now, near  
 Her nest, she sudden stops, as choking fear,  
 That might betray her home. So even now  
 We'll leave it as we found it; safety's guard  
 Of pathless solitudes shall keep it still.  
 We will not plunder music of its dower,  
 Nor turn this spot of happiness to thrall,  
 For melody seems hid in every flower  
 That blossoms near thy home. These bluebells all  
 Seem bowing with the beautiful in song;  
 And gaping cuckoo-flower, with spotted leaves,  
 Seems blushing at the singing it has heard.  
 How curious is the nest! No other bird  
 Uses such loose materials, or weaves  
 Its dwelling in such spots! Dead oaken leaves  
 Are placed without, and velvet moss within.  
 And little scraps of grass, and scant and spare,  
 What hardly seem materials, down and hair;  
 For from men's haunts she nothing seems to win.  
 Snug lie her curious eggs, in number five,  
 Of deadened green, or rather olive-brown,  
 And the old prickly thorn-bush guards them well.  
 So here we'll leave them, still unknown to wrong,  
 As the old woodland's legacy of song.

---

### THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

[Uhlend was born at Tübingen on the 26th of April, 1787, and ranks among the greatest of the poets of Germany. A lawyer by profession, and having taken part in the various political struggles which agitated the German people, he was known in "father-land" as a politician as well as a minstrel; but it is in the latter character that his reputation, which is world-wide, has been wafted abroad. His favourite material for writing was the legends and traditions of the nations of Western Europe, and these he invested with a strange weird charm by the fantastic power of his singular genius. Uhlend's principal works

are—"Ernest, Duke of Suabia," a tragedy; "Louis the Bavarian," a drama; "Dramatic Poems;" "Walter of the Vogelweid," &c. His poems were first published in a collected form in 1815, since when they have gone through many editions. He was some time a member of the Württemberg parliament, in which he occasionally spoke. Died 1862.]

A GOLDSMITH stood where shone around  
His pearls and diamonds clear;  
"The brightest gem I ever found  
Art thou, my pet, my Helena,  
My little daughter dear!"

A dainty knight just then came in,  
"Good day, my pretty maid:  
Good day, my brave old goldsmith, too,  
I need a rich set garland  
My sweet bride's locks to braid."

Now when the finished garland shone,  
And sparkled all so bright,  
And Helen could be quite alone,  
Upon her arm she hung it,  
And saddened at the sight.

"Ah! happy, sure, the bride will be  
Who wears this pretty toy:  
Ah! if the dear knight would give me  
A simple wreath of roses,  
O, I should die for joy!"

Ere long the knight came in again,  
And close the garland eyed:  
"My good old goldsmith, make me, then,  
A little ring of diamonds  
For my sweet little bride."

And when the finished circlet shone  
With precious diamonds bright,  
And Helen could be quite alone,  
She drew it on her finger  
And saddened at the sight.

"Ah! happy, sure, the bride will be  
Who wears this pretty toy,  
Ah! if the dear knight would give me  
A little lock of hair, only,  
O, I should die for joy!"

Ere long the knight came in again,  
And close the ringlet eyed:  
"I see, my good old goldsmith, then,  
Thou mak'st quite beautifully  
The gifts for my sweet bride."

But that their fitness I may see.  
 Come, pretty maiden, now,  
 And let me try at once on thee  
 The jewels for my dearest,  
 For she is fair as thou."

'Twas early on a Sunday morn;  
 And so the maiden fair  
 Had put her very best dress on,  
 And decked herself for service,  
 With neat and comely care.

In pretty shame, with cheek on fire,  
 Before him did she stand:  
 He placed on her the golden tire,  
 The ringlet on her finger,  
 And pressed her little hand.

"My Helen sweet! my Helen dear!  
 The jest is over now;  
 What bride shall claim the pretty gear,  
 The jewelled gold-bright garland,  
 And little ring, but thou?"

"With gold, and pearl, and precious gem,  
 Hast thou grown up to be—  
 As, sweet! thou should'st have learnt from them—  
 The sharer of high honour,  
 In after days, with me."

### THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

[Mr. Whittier is an American poet of some standing; still living.]

SILENCE o'er sea and earth  
 With the veil of evening fell,  
 Till the convent tower sent deeply forth  
 The chime of its vesper bell.  
 One moment, and that solemn sound  
 Fell heavily on the ear;  
 But a sterner echo pass'd around;  
 Which the boldest shook to hear.

The startled monks throng'd up,  
 In the torchlight cold and dim;  
 And the priest let fall his incense cup,  
 And the virgin hush'd her hymn;

For a boding clash, and a clanging tramp,  
And a summoning voice were heard,  
And fretted wall, and tombstone damp,  
To the fearful echo stirr'd.

The peasant heard the sound,  
As he sat beside his hearth ;  
And the song and the dance were hush'd around,  
With the fireside tale of mirth.  
The chieftain shook in his banner'd hall,  
As the sound of war drew nigh ;  
And the warder shrank from the castle wall,  
As the gleam of spears went by.

Woe, woe, to the stranger, then ;  
At the feast and flow of wine,  
In the red array of mailed men,  
Or bow'd at the holy shrine ;  
For the waken'd pride of an injured land  
Had burst its iron thrall :  
From the plumed chief to the pilgrim band ;  
Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul !

Proud beings tell that hour,  
With the young and passing fair,  
And the flame went up from dome and tower,  
The avenger's arm was there !  
The stranger priest at the altar stood,  
And clasp'd his beads in prayer,  
But the holy shrine grew dim with blood ;  
The avenger found him there !

Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul ;  
To the serf and mailed lord ;  
They were gathered darkly, one and all,  
To the harvest of the sword ;  
And the morning sun, with a quiet smile,  
Shone out o'er hill and glen,  
On ruin'd temple and mouldering pile,  
And the ghastly forms of men.

Ay, the sunshine sweetly smiled,  
As its early glance came forth ;  
It had no sympathy with the wild  
And terrible things of earth ;  
And the man of blood that day might read,  
In a language freely given,  
How ill his dark and midnight deed  
Became the light of heaven.

## THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

MRS. HEMANS.

[Felicia Dorothea Hemans was born at Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1793, but was removed with her family before she had attained the age of seven to Gwrych, in Derbyshire. In this romantic region she wrote some very creditable verse while yet in her twelfth year. In 1809 the family removed to St. Asaph, in Flintshire, and in 1812 her "Domestic Affections and other Poems" were published. In the summer of this year she was married to Captain Hemans, who, in 1818, left her with five children, "to try the effect of a southern climate," but his wife never saw him again, there can be little doubt that it was this painful separation which tinged much of her subsequent compositions with that melancholy feeling that rendered it so touching, and occasionally, so monotonously pathetic. She may claim to be the first English writer who made the poetry of the home affections adapted to the purposes of song; she beautified and purified musical ballad literature, and had hundreds of imitators—the best proof of the originality of her genius. She died at Dublin, May 16, 1835.]

THE wine-month shone in its golden prime,  
 And the red grapes clustering hung,  
 But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,  
 Than the vintage-music, rung.  
     A sound, through vaulted cave,  
     A sound, through echoing glen,  
 Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;  
 —'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,  
 'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,  
 Till the Alps replied to that voice of war  
 With a thousand of their own.  
     And through the forest-glooms  
     Flash'd helmets to the day,  
 And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,  
 Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,  
 As the host of the Austrian pass'd;  
 And the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,  
 Made mirth of his clarion's blast.  
     Up 'midst the Righi snows  
     The stormy march was heard,  
 With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,  
 And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,  
 Through the rude Morgarten strait,  
 With blazon'd streamers, and lances tall,  
 Moved onwards in princely state.

They came with heavy chains,  
For the race despised so long—  
But amidst his Alp-domains,  
The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn  
When they entered the rock-defile,  
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn  
Their bugles rung the while.  
But on the misty height,  
Where the mountain people stood,  
There was stillness, as of night,  
When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,  
And a pause—but not of fear,  
While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might  
Of the hostile shield and spear.  
On wound those columns bright  
Between the lake and wood,  
But they look'd not to the misty height  
Where the mountain-people stood.

The pass was fill'd with their serried power,  
All helm'd and mail-array'd,  
And their steps had sounds like a thunder-showe  
In the rustling forest-shade.  
There were prince and crested knight,  
Hemm'd in by cliff and flood,  
When a shout arose from the misty height  
Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down,  
Their startled foes among,  
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—  
—Oh! the herdsman's arm is strong!  
They came like lawine hurl'd  
From Alp to Alp in play,  
When the echoes shout through the snowy world  
And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crash'd on the mountain-side,  
And the Switzers rush'd from high,  
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride  
Of the Austrian chivalry:  
Like hunters of the deer,  
They storm'd the narrow dell,  
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,  
Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,  
 And a cry of wild dismay,  
 And many a warrior met his fate  
 From a peasant's hand that day !  
 And the empire's banner then  
 From its place of waving free,  
 Went down before the shepherd-men,  
 The men of the Forest-sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake  
 The cuirass and the shield,  
 And the war-horse dash'd to the reddening lake  
 From the reapers of the field !  
 The field—but not of sheaves—  
 Proud crests and pennons lay,  
 Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves,  
 In the autumn tempest's way.

Oh ! the sun in heaven fierce havoc view'd,  
 When the Austrian turn'd to fly,  
 And the brave, in the trampling multitude,  
 Had a fearful death to die !  
 And the leader of the war  
 At eve unhelm'd was seen,  
 With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,  
 And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills,  
 Went back from the battle-toil,  
 To their cabin homes 'midst the deep green hills,  
 All burden'd with royal spoil.  
 There were songs and festal fires  
 On the soaring Alps that night,  
 When children sprung to greet their sires  
 From the wild Morgarten fight.

---

### ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

ALEXANDER POPE.

[Alexander Pope was born in Lombard-street, London, where his father carried on business as a linen-draper, in 1688. Both his parents being Roman Catholics, he was placed at the age of eight under the care of one Taverner, a priest, who taught him the rudiments of Greek and Latin. At the age of twelve he removed with his parents to Binfield, in Windsor Forest; and about the same time he wrote his "Ode on Solitude," a most remarkable production for so young a genius. Here he studied Waller, Spenser, and Dryden, and at the age of sixteen wrote his "Pastorals," which attracted the attention of the leading wits of the time. His "Essay on Criticism" was published in 1711, and the "Messiah" appeared on the 1st of September in the same year. This was followed by the "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," which appeared originally in "The Spectator." About the same time he wrote "The Rape of the Lock." After bringing out "Abelard and Eloisa," "The Temple of Fame," and

"Windsor Forest," he undertook the translation of the "Iliad," which he published by subscription, and netted above 5,000*l*. With a part of this he purchased his house at Twickenham, so long after fondly recognised as "Pope's Villa." On the completion of the "Iliad" he undertook the "Odyssey;" but a spice of commercial enterprise was mixed up with his literary labours, for he not only got it subscribed to liberally, but he employed other learned men (among them Broome, Fenton and Parnell), to assist him in his work. In 1729 he published his great ethical epic, the "Essay on Man." In 1737 he printed his "Letters" by subscription, and made money by them, but the publication was against all the tenets of literary honour and gentlemanly breeding. At the time of his death he was engaged in preparing a complete edition of his works. He died May 30th, 1744, aged 56.]

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing:  
The breathing instruments inspire;  
Wake into voice each silent string,  
And sweep the sounding lyre!  
In a sadly-pleasing strain,  
Let the warbling lute complain:  
Let the loud trumpet sound,  
Till the roofs all around  
The shrill echoes rebound:  
While, in more lengthened notes and slow,  
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.  
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,  
Gently steal upon the ear;  
Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;  
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,  
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;  
Till, by degrees, remote and small,  
The strains decay,  
And melt away,  
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,  
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.  
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;  
Or when the soul is pressed with cares,  
Exalts her in enlivening airs.  
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;  
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:  
Melancholy lifts her head,  
Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;  
Intestine war no more our passions wage,  
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,  
How martial music every bosom warms!



So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,  
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,  
     While Argo saw her kindred trees  
     Descend from Pelion to the main.  
 Transported demi-gods stood round,  
 And men grew heroes at the sound,  
     Inflam'd with glory's charms :  
 Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,  
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade ;  
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,  
     To arms, to arms, to arms !

And when through all the infernal bounds,  
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,  
     Love, strong as Death, the Poet led  
     To the pale nations of the dead,  
 What sounds were heard,  
 What scenes appear'd,

    O'er all the dreary coasts !

    Dreadful gleams,

    Dismal screams,

    Fires that glow,

    Shrieks of woe,

    Sullen moans,

    Hollow groans,

    And cries of tortured ghosts !

But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And see the tortured ghosts respire,

    See shady forms advance !

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stand still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

    And the pale spectres dance !

The furies sink upon their iron beds,

And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,

By the fragrant winds that blow

    O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of asphodel,

    Or amaranthine bow'rs ;

By the heroes' arm'd shades,

Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades ;

By the youths that died for love,

Wandering in the myrtle grove,

Restore, restore Eurydice to life :

Oh take the husband, or return the wife !

He sung, and hell consented

    To hear the poet's prayer :

Stern Proserpine relented,

    And gave him back the fair.

Thus song could prevail  
O'er death and o'er hell,  
A conquest how hard and how glorious!  
Though fate had fast bound her,  
With Styx nine times round her,  
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :  
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !  
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?  
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,  
Beside the falls of fountains,  
Or where Hebrus wanders,  
Rolling in mæanders,

All alone,  
Unheard, unknown,  
He makes his moan ;  
And calls her ghost,  
For ever, ever, ever lost !  
Now with furies surrounded,  
Despairing, confounded,  
He trembles, he glows,  
Amidst Rhodopé's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;  
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—  
Ah see, he dies !

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung ;  
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue :  
Eurydice the woods,  
Eurydice the floods,  
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And Fate's severest rage disarm ;  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please :  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,  
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound  
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,  
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear :  
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,  
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;  
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.  
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell ;  
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n :  
His numbers raised a shade from hell,  
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

JOHN DRYDEN.

[Dryden was born at Aldwinkle, Northampton, in 1631. He was educated at Winchester School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He came to London in 1654, and acted as secretary to his relation, Sir Gilbert Pickering, who was one of Cromwell's council. Like the celebrated Vicar of Bray, Dryden shifted his politics in conformity with the ins and outs of that stirring period; he wrote a laudatory ode on the death of the Protector, and a panegyric on the restoration of Charles II. In 1667 he was appointed poet-laureate, with a salary of 200*l.* a year. None of his plays have kept the stage, but his translation of Virgil is undying, and has immortalized him. On the accession of James II. he became a Roman Catholic, and, like all perverts, was loudest in the abuse of his old faith. It was not until the abdication of James, when he was obliged to write for bread, that his finest compositions were written. He died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,  
By Philip's warlike son :  
Aloft in awful state  
The god-like hero sate  
On his imperial throne :  
His valiant peers were plac'd around;  
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound :  
So should desert in arms be crown'd.  
The lovely Thais by his side  
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,  
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove ;  
Who left his blissful seats above,  
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love !)  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god :  
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,  
When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
\* \* \* \* \*

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.  
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,  
A present deity ! they shout around :  
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears,  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung ;  
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young ;  
The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :  
Flush'd with a purple grace  
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes !  
Bacchus ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain :  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure ;  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain ;  
Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew the slain.  
The master saw the madness rise ;  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes :  
And while he heav'n and earth defied,  
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.  
He chose a mournful muse  
Soft pity to infuse :  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate,  
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,  
Fall'n from his high estate,  
And welt'ring in his blood :  
Deserted at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed,  
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast look the joyless victor sat,  
Revolving in his altered soul  
The various turns of fate below ;  
And now and then a sigh he stole ;  
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see  
That love was in the next degree ;  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind to love.  
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,  
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honour but an empty bubble ;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying :  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O, think it worth enjoying !  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause :  
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gaz'd on the fair,  
 Who caus'd his care,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
 At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.  
  
 Now strike the golden lyre again ;  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
 Has rais'd up his head ;  
 As awak'd from the dead,  
 And amaz'd, he stares around.  
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries,  
 See the furies arise !  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair !  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand !  
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And unburied remain  
 Inglorious on the plain :  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew.  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.  
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;  
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.  
  
 Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute :  
 Timotheus to his breathing flute

And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;  
She drew an angel down.

---

## COWPER'S GRAVE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[See page 142.]

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying—  
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:  
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish!  
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!  
O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless bard was clinging!  
O men! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,  
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,  
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights  
departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted:

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation;  
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration:  
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,  
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,  
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won  
him—

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,  
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain, such quick poetic senses  
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences!  
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,  
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,  
 Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses;  
 The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways  
     removing,  
 Its women and its men became beside him true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained unconscious of the guiding,  
 And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,  
 He testified this solemn truth though phrenzy desolated—  
 Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst she blesses  
 And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;  
 That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my  
     mother?"—  
 As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,  
 Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him!—  
 Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,  
 Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not *thus*! no type of earth could image that awaking,  
 Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him  
     breaking,  
 Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,  
 But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew, "*My Saviour! not deserted!*"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested,  
 Upon the Victim's hidden face no love was manifested?  
 What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops  
     averted?  
 What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should be  
     deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather,  
 And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and  
     Father;  
 Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—  
 It went up single, echoless, "*My God, I am forsaken!*"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,  
 That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation,  
 That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's  
     fruition,  
 And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision!

(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

## THE SLAVES.

J. E. CARPENTER.

"COME to the land where slavery reigns,  
To shatter the fetters and burst the chains,  
There's a noble ship in the sheltering bay,  
It waits but for me, and we're hence—away!  
My crew, they love not this gloomy shore,  
We must be ploughing the sea once more.

"Come, though I speed to the burning skies,  
Where the slave, bow'd down, on the parch'd earth lies;  
Where the slave-ship steals o'er the lurid main,  
With her pirate crew, for ungodly gain.  
'Tis a noble work, and my heart beats now  
For a glimpse of that hated vessel's prow.

"There's a land that boasts of its good free will,  
But the stripes with its stars are blended still.  
Come!—chase the foul traders from ev'ry sea,  
Till the proud earth owns all her people free;  
And e'en *that* land is free—in name—  
Shall look on her past with a pang of shame.

"There is one dark spot on the wave afar,  
But to us it shall be as a guiding-star;  
Come! there's a clank of the black man's chain,  
Calling me back to the distant main;  
Shatter those fetters,—away! with me—  
Why should the earth not all be free?"

"Mariner!—thine is the lot to be  
Borne on the ocean, loving the free;  
But not for me is the wave's loud roar,  
Though I am weary of this cold shore..  
Though thou tellest things I grieve to hear,  
More gloomy and sad is the prospect here.

"I've read of the land where slavery reigns;  
I've heard men speak of the negro's chains  
I am not deaf to the voice of woe,  
I hear it, too frequent, wherever I go!  
You go to the slave,—but you leave behind  
White slaves—fetter'd in body and mind!

"They wear not the chain, nor the festering ring,  
But they sell themselves—and for what they'll bring;  
And many a strong man bows his head,  
And toils for less than his 'daily bread,'  
And pines for a bowl of the negro's rice,  
For he earns it not in his—market price.



"The negro toils 'neath the scorching sun,  
But he sees him set when the day is done :  
Mariner ! thousands of white men here  
Never behold his golden cheer ;  
Hewing the mines in the earth's dark cell,  
Day is all night where the white slaves dwell.

"Digging and delving through life that we  
May scatter our wealth, and shout, ' we're free ;'  
A mind-blighted, limb-twisted, barbarous race,  
Born for their loathsome hiding-place.  
Slavery ! boast not its race is o'er,  
For it dwelleth close to the *good* man's door.

"Slavery ! Mark ye that chimney tall,  
Those narrow windows in that high wall !  
See ye those wheels that go round and round,  
With ever the same sharp whizzing sound :  
A hundred children, when daylight's fled,  
Go hence,—but not one to a child's happy bed.

"There's slavery there, in that dim-lighted room,  
While the streets are shrouded in midnight gloom ;  
In the fair young form, who, with swimming eyes,  
By the glare of the lamp her needle plies ;  
On—on—no rest ! she must toil away,  
Till the task is done, for the coming day.

"Slavery ! is it the same dark tale  
"On the Afric shore,—in the English gaol ?  
Liberty ! is it an empty sound ?  
Or hath it no meaning on British ground ?  
Oh ! the gaol is the *refuge* the white slave's got,  
Tho' he'd covet, without it, the negro's lot.

"Then, mariner, hence ! and God prosper thee,  
And strengthen thine arm against slavery !  
But when thou art far on some alien strand,  
Give back thy thoughts to thy native land ;  
And pray that the galling chain be riven,  
That the white man's wealth to his kind has given."

---

## THE BELLS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[Poe was born at Baltimore, U.S.A., about the year 1811, and left destitute when a mere child by his parents, who were strolling players. Adopted and sent to school by a Virginian planter, Mr. Allan, he was from the first ungrateful and unmanageable. He was expelled from a military academy in which Mr. Allan placed him ; he enlisted in the army, then deserted and picked up a precarious living by contributing to American periodicals. His genius

made him many friends, but he kept none; he deceived and disgraced all he came in contact with; he was morbidly reckless, and his diseased imagination is reflected in his writings. He seems to have written as he lived, in a dream of intoxication, in which despondency alternated with savage hilarity, and in which nothing real had a part. He died October 7, 1849, in a hospital at Baltimore.]

HEAR the sledges with the bells—  
Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight.  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells;  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future! how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,  
     Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
     With a desperate desire,  
     And a resolute endeavour,  
     Now—now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
     Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
     What a tale their terror tells  
     Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
 What a horror they outpour  
 On the bosom of the palpitating air.  
     Yet the ear it fully knows,  
     By the twanging,  
     And the clanging,  
     How the danger ebbs and flows;  
     Yet the ear distinct  
     In the jangling  
     And the wrangling,  
     How the danger sinks and swells,  
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells;  
     Of the bells—  
     Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 In the clamour and the clangour of the bells,

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
     Iron bells!  
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!  
     In the silence of the night,  
     How we shiver with affright  
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
     For every sound that floats  
     From the rust within their throats  
     Is a groan.  
     And the people—ah, the people—  
     They that dwell up in the steeple,  
     All alone,  
     And who toiling, toiling, toiling,  
     In that muffled monotone,  
     Feel a glory in so rolling  
     On the human heart a stone—  
 They are neither man nor woman—  
 They are neither brute nor human—  
     They are Ghouls:  
 And their king it is who tolls;  
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
     Rolls

A pæan from the bells !  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the pæan of the bells !  
And he dances and he yells ;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the pæan of the bells—  
Of the bells :  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells—  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells—  
To the tolling of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

---

LAKE LEMAN BY NIGHT.

LORD BYRON.

[With Byron rose a new, more lofty, and more finished style of poetry than any that had preceded his, that of Shakspeare and Milton alone excepted. To the smooth versification of Pope he added the grandeur of imagery and the power of description. His first efforts, which were certainly but feeble, were sneered at by the Edinburgh Reviewers. In 1807, the "Hours of Idleness" was published; five years afterwards the opening Cantos of "Childe Harold" had "made him famous." "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Manfred," "Lament of Tasso," followed in rapid succession; then came the completion of "Childe Harold;" afterwards "Mazeppa," and the commencement of "Don Juan;" the latter defying public "proprieties," but astonishing the world by its bursts of poetic grandeur. Then came the Dramas, never intended for the stage, but which the cupidity of managers subsequently dragged upon the boards. Of Byron's ill-starred marriage and subsequent excesses, something too much has already been written. His whole life reads like a romance of the most startling kind; his death, an attack of fever, almost an inevitable consequence. He died in Greece 1824, at the age of thirty-six, and was buried in the family vault at Hucknall, near Newstead.]

CLEAR, placid Leman ! that contrasted lake,  
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing  
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction ; once I loved  
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,  
That I with stern delight's should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between  
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk yet clear,  
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
 Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear  
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;  
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
 All silently their tears of love instil,  
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
 Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!  
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,  
 That in our aspirations to be great,  
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are  
 A beauty and a mystery, and create  
 In us such love and reverence from afar,  
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still, though not in sleep,  
 But breathless as we grow when feeling most;  
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—  
 All heaven and earth are still. From the high host  
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,  
 All is concenter'd in a life intense,  
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
 But hath a part of being, and a sense  
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone;  
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt,  
 And purifies from self: it is a tone,  
 The soul and source of music, which makes known  
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,  
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
 Binding all things with beauty:—'twould disarm  
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
 His altar the high places and the peak

Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take  
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
 The spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,  
 Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare  
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,  
 With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,  
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

---

 ELIHU.

ALICE CAREY.

"O SAILOR, tell me, tell me true,  
 Is my little lad—my Elihu—  
 A sailing in your ship?"  
 The sailor's eyes were dimmed with dew.  
 "Your little lad? your Elihu?"  
 He said with trembling lip;  
 "What little lad—what ship?"

What little lad?—as if there could be  
 Another such a one as he!

"What little lad, do you say?"  
 "Why, Elihu, that took to the sea  
 The moment I put him off my knee.  
 It was just the other day  
 The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

The other day? The sailor's eyes  
 Stood wide open with surprise.

"The other day?—the *Swan*?"  
 His heart began in his throat to rise.  
 "Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies  
 The jacket he had on."  
 "And so your lad is gone!—

"Gone with the *Swan*." "And did she stand  
 With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,  
 For a month, and never stir?"  
 "Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,  
 Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,  
 The wild sea kissing her—  
 A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know,  
 All this was twenty years ago?  
 I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,  
 And to that lad I saw you throw—  
 Taking it off, as it might be so—

The kerchief from your neck ;  
Ay, and he'll bring it back.

"And did the little lawless lad,  
That has made you sick, and made you sad,  
Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?"  
"Lawless! the man is going mad;  
The best boy mother ever had;  
Be sure, he sailed with the crew—  
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,  
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,  
To say he was alive?"  
"Hold—if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;  
Besides, he may be in the brine;  
And could he write from the grave?  
Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years! a long, long cruise;  
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;  
But if the lad still live,  
And come back home, think you you can  
Forgive him?" "Miserable man!  
You're mad as the sea; you rave—  
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,  
And from within his bosom drew  
The kerchief. She was wild:  
"My Child!—my Father!—is it true?  
My little lad—my Elihu?  
And is it?—is it?—is it you?  
My blessed boy—my child—  
My dead—my living child!"

---

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

ROBERT BURNS.

[Born in 1733, and dying in 1796, "more," says Mr. Allan Cunningham, "of a broken heart than any other illness." Robert Burns's birth stands on the threshold of the Centenary of British Bards whose writings are most familiar to the present generation. The most convincing proof that the gift of poesy is not the result of "learning overmuch," is found in the fact that Burns was born a peasant, and that his education was only in accordance with his station. He threshed in the barn, reaped, mowed, and held the plough before he was fifteen. Burns's fugitive pieces naturally passed from hand to hand, and attracted the attention of a few discerning individuals: by their aid he was enabled, in 1786, to publish his first volume. The result was, his name and fame flashed like sunshine over the land: the shepherd on the hill, the maiden at her wheel, learnt his songs by heart, and the first scholars of Scotland

courted his acquaintance. He was taken to Edinburgh, fêted, petted—and spoiled. Lords and ladies who had invited him to their houses soon neglected him, or, when they met him, passed over to the other side of the street. What wonder, then, that in the bitterness of disappointed hope, he should speak too freely about freedom, and be voted as one who was to be kept down! When he failed in that farm for which, by their toadyism, they unfitted him, they made him an exciseman, and told him if he would only lick-spittle their order, he might hope to rise to the rank of a supervisor. He couldn't do it; the natural dignity of his genius prevented him. Burns did not "boo and boo" himself into favour, as he might have done; his true genius soared above even this nationality, and he was given to understand that his hopes of preferment were blasted—nay, his continuance in office was made dependent on his silence. He did not survive this degradation long; he never held up his head again. He died in the summer of 1796; and *then*—the lion dead, uprose the chorus of repentant asses! All Scotland claimed him for her own.]

THOU lingering star with lessening ray  
That lov'st to greet the early morn!  
Again thou usherest in the day,  
My Mary from my soul was torn!  
O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?—  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr, we met  
To live one day of parting love?  
ETERNITY will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past!  
Thy image at our last embrace—  
Ah! little thought we, 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,  
O'er-hung with wild woods, thickening green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.  
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed;  
The birds sang love on every spray;  
Till, too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression deeper makes,—  
As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy blissful place of rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?



## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

JOHN KEATS.

[See page 167.]

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :  
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thy happiness—  
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
     In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !  
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
     And purple-stained mouth ;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret,  
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;  
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
     And leaden-eyed despairs ;  
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,  
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :  
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,  
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
     Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;  
     But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

---

### THE COMET.

JAMES HOGG.

[James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was born on the anniversary of the natal day of Robert Burns, a coincidence he was proud of referring to, January 25, 1782; fortunately for the young poet, some of his fugitive pieces, written at the age of eighteen, were submitted to Sir Walter Scott, who encouraged him to proceed. A volume of ballads, "The Forest Minstrel," was sub-

sequently published; but it was not until he produced his "Queen's Wake" that his fame was established. He became a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," and John Wilson, by introducing him frequently into the "Noctes," put the key-stone upon his popularity. Hogg wrote some magnificent songs. His taste, however, led him more to romance and legendary story: to fairy lore and the realms of fancy. These subjects he treated with the feeling of a poet and the imagination of a painter. His "Kilmeny" is a fairy tale worthy of Spenser. If he had not the strength of Burns, he was more playful and inventive, and as a master of rhythm he was unequalled. He died at Altrive Lake on the Yarrow, November, 1835.]

STRANGER of Heaven! I bid thee hail!  
 Shred from the pall of glory riven,  
 That flashest in celestial gale,  
 Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,  
 From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?  
 Art thou the standard of His wrath,  
 Waved o'er a sordid, sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,  
 That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,  
 No latent evil we can deem,  
 Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,  
 Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—  
 Or peace to man, or judgment dire,  
 Stranger of Heaven! I give thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?  
 Why sought these polar paths again,  
 From wilderness of glowing spheres,  
 To fling thy vesture o'er the Wain?

And when thou scal'st the milky way—  
 And vanishest from human view,  
 A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray  
 Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

O! on thy rapid prow to glide!  
 To coast through fields of air with thee,  
 And plough the twinkling stars aside—  
 Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the sun,  
 The icicles from off the pole;  
 Then far to other systems run,  
 Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of Heaven! O let thine eye  
 Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;  
 Eccentric as thy course on high,  
 And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray  
Our northern arch at eve adorn;  
Then, wheeling to the east away,  
Light the grey portals of the morn.

---

## THE MINISTRY OF MAY.

T. K. HERVEY.

[Thomas Kibble Hervey was a native of Manchester, born 1804. For many years he was the editor of the *Athenæum*. He was a frequent contributor to the annuals, and published "Australia, and other Poems," 1824; "The Poetical Sketch Book," 1829, "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture," 1832, "The English Helicon," 1841, &c. Died 1859.]

THE earth is one great temple, made  
For worship everywhere;  
And its flowers are the bells, in glen and glade,  
That ring the heart to prayer.  
A solemn preacher is the breeze,  
At noon or twilight dim—  
The ancient trees give homilies,  
The river hath a hymn.  
For the city bell takes seven days  
To reach the townsman's ear,  
But he who kneels in Nature's ways  
Hath Sabbath all the year.  
A worship with the cowslip born,  
For March is Nature's Sabbath morn—  
And hawthorn-chimes, with higher day,  
Call up the votaries of May!

Out, then, into her holy ways!  
The lark is far on high;  
Oh! let no other song than thine  
Be sooner in the sky!  
If beauty to the beautiful  
Itself be gladness, given,  
No happier being should move than thou  
Beneath the vault of heaven.  
With thee 'tis spring, as with the world,—  
When hopes make sport of fears,  
And clouds that gather round the heart  
Fall off at once in tears,  
And in thy spirit, one by one,  
The flowers are gathering to the sun.

Away unto the woodland paths!  
And yield that heart of thine  
To hear the low, sweet oracles  
At every living shrine!

The very lowest of them all  
 Doth act an angel's part,  
 And bear a message home from God  
 Unto the listening heart.  
 And thou may'st hear—as Adam heard  
 In Eden's flowery shades,  
 When angels talked, at falling eve,  
 Amid its silent glades—  
 The hallowing rush of spirit-wings,  
 And murmur of immortal strings :—

Truths such as guide the comet cars  
 On fiery mission driven,  
 Or in their beauty light the stars  
 Along the floor of heaven :  
 One choral theme, below, above,  
 One anthem near and far—  
 The daisy singing in the grass,  
 As through the cloud the star—  
 And to the wind that sweeps the sky  
 The roses making low reply.  
 For the meanest wild-bud breathes to swell,  
 Upon immortal ears—  
 So hear it, *thou*, in grove or dell !—  
 The music of the spheres.

---

### AN OLD MAN'S IDYLL.

RICHARD REALF.

[Richard Realf was born at Uckfield, in Sussex, in 1835. His poetical talents attracting the attention of a lady at Brighton, in whose service he resided, she was induced to publish for him a volume of his poems, "Guesses at the Beautiful," by which he obtained some local repute. Since then he appears to have led a roving life ; he was with John Brown at Harper's Ferry, was reported dead, returned to England, and after being seen at several places in his native county, suddenly disappeared.]

By the waters of Life we sat together,  
 Hand in hand, in the golden days  
 Of the beautiful early summer weather,  
 When skies were purple and breath was praise—  
 When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,  
 And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran  
 Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,  
 And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,  
 I and my darling, unafraid ;  
 And lighter than any linnet's feather  
 The burdens of Being on us weighed.

And love's sweet miracles o'er us threw  
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,  
And up from the rosy morrows grew  
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together,  
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,  
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather  
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.  
And under the trees the angels walked,  
And up in the air a sense of wings  
Awed us tenderly while we talked  
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,  
Watching the waving harvests grow;  
And under the benison of the Father  
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro  
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,  
Brodered fairer the emerald banks:  
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,  
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,  
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;  
Only we knew that something crowned us  
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;  
Only we knew that something bright  
Lingered lovingly where we stood,  
Clothed with the incandescent light  
Of something higher than humanhood.

O the riches love doth inherit!  
Ah, the alchemy which doth change  
Dross of body and dregs of spirit  
Into sanctities rare and strange!  
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,  
My darling's beautiful hair is grey;  
But our elixir and precious gold  
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,  
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;  
But we have a secret which doth show us  
Wonderful rainbows in the rain.  
And we hear the tread of the years move by,  
And the sun is setting behind the hills;  
But my darling does not fear to die,  
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,  
 Dreaming the dreams of long ago;  
 Then it was balmy summer weather,  
 And now the valleys are laid in snow.  
 Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,  
 The wind blows cold, 'tis growing late;  
 Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,  
 I and my darling, and we wait.

---

### GILDEROY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[Born, 1777; died, 1844.]

THE last, the fatal hour is come,  
 That bears my love from me;  
 I hear the dead-note of the drum,  
 I mark the gallows-tree!

The bell has toll'd—it shakes my heart—  
 The trumpet speaks thy name;  
 And must my Gilderoy depart  
 To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom,  
 No mourner wipes a tear;  
 The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,  
 The sledge is all thy bier!

Oh! Gilderoy, bethought we then  
 So soon, so sad, to part,  
 When first in Roslin's lovely glen  
 You triumphed o'er my heart!

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,  
 Your hunter-garb was trim,  
 And graceful was the ribbon green  
 That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore  
 Those limbs in fetters bound;  
 Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,  
 The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined  
 The guiltless to pursue!  
 My Gilderoy was ever kind,  
 He could not injure you!

A long adieu!—but where shall fly  
Thy widow all forlorn,  
When every mean and cruel eye  
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes, they will mock thy widow's tears,  
And hate thy orphan boy!  
Alas! his infant beauty wears  
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound  
That wraps thy mouldering clay,  
And weep and linger on the ground  
And sigh my heart away!

---

### THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[The Rev. Charles Kingsley was born, 1819, at Holme Vicarage, near Dartmoor. He was educated at King's College, London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge. From the rector of Eversley, Hampshire, he became, in 1859, Canon of Chester Cathedral, and, four years later, of Westminster Abbey. His writings include "The Saint's Tragedy," 1848; "Alton Locke," a novel, 1850; "Yeast, a Problem," 1851; "Westward Ho," a novel; "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore;" "Andromeda," and other poems (1858), &c. &c. He was editor of "Macmillan's Magazine," and professor of Literature in Cambridge University. Died, 1875.]

THREE fishers went sailing out into the West,  
Out into the West as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town:  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;  
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out in the shining sands,  
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,  
For those who will never come home to the town.  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.



## THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

[See page 153.]

My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor,  
 And lone in the sunshine I sit by our cabin door;  
 When evening falls quiet and calm over land and sea,  
 My darling, my darling, I think of past times and thee.

Here, while on this cold shore, I wear out my lonely hours,  
 My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with flowers:  
 All weary my bosom is grown of this friendless clime,  
 But I long not to leave it; for that were a shame and crime.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in their health away,  
 I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for the grave than they;  
 But I wish not for death, for my spirit is all resigned,  
 And the hope that stays with me, gives peace to my aged mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my feeble age  
 A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my pilgrimage:  
 My darling, my darling, God takes back his gift again—  
 And my heart may be broken, but ne'er shall my will complain.

---

 NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

MERY AND BARTHELEMY.

At midnight, from his grave,  
 The drummer woke and rose,  
 And beating loud the drum,  
 Forth on his rounds he goes.

Stirred by his faithful arms,  
 The drumsticks patly fall,  
 He beats the loud retreat,  
 Reveillé and roll-call.

So grandly rolls that drum,  
 So deep it echoes round,  
 Old soldiers in their graves,  
 Start to life at the sound.

Both they in farthest North  
 Stiff in the ice that lay,  
 And who too warm repose  
 Beneath Italian clay;

Below the mud of Nile,  
And 'neath Arabian sand;  
Their burial place they quit,  
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight, from his grave,  
The trumpeter arose;  
And mounted on his horse,  
A loud shrill blast he blows.

On æry coursers then,  
The cavalry are seen,  
Old squadrons erst renowned,  
Gory and gashed, I ween.

Beneath the casque their blanchèd skulls  
Smile grim, and proud their air,  
As in their iron hands,  
Their long sharp swords they bear.

And at midnight from his tomb  
The chief awoke, and rose;  
And followed by his staff,  
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,  
A coat quite plain has he,  
A little sword for arms  
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain, the moon  
A solemn lustre threw;  
The man with the little hat  
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms,  
Deep roll the drums the while;  
Recovering then—the troops  
Before the chief defile.

Marshals and generals round  
In circle formed appear:  
The chief to the first a word  
Then whispers in his ear.

The word goes down the ranks,  
Resounds along the Seine;  
That word they give, is France,  
The answer—Saint Hélène:

'T is there, at midnight hour,  
The Grand Review, they say,  
Is by dead Cæsar held,  
In the Champs Elysées,

## THE LAST MAN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[See p. 216.]

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
 The sun himself must die,  
 Before this mortal shall assume  
 Its immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep  
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
 Adown the gulf of Time !  
 I saw the last of human mould,  
 That shall creation's death behold,  
 As Adam saw her prime !

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
 The earth with age was wan,  
 The skeletons of nations were  
 Around that lonely man !  
 Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
 Still rusted in their bony hands ;  
 In plague and famine some !  
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;  
 And ships were drifting with the dead  
 To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
 With dauntless words and high,  
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
 As if a storm pass'd by—  
 Saying, We are twins in death, proud sun,  
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
 'Tis mercy bids thee go ;  
 For thou ten thousand thousand years  
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
 His pomp, his pride, his skill ;  
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
 The vassals of his will ;—  
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
 Thou dim discrown'd king of day :  
 For all those trophied arts  
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
 Heal'd not a passion or a pang  
 Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
 Upon the stage of men,

Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again.  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe;  
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Test of all sunless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—  
The majesty of darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,  
When thou thyself art dark!  
No! it shall live again and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recall'd to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robb'd the grave of victory,—  
And took the sting from death!

Go, sun, whilst mercy holds me up  
On nature's awful waste,  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste—  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race  
On earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!

---

## THE SWORD SONG.

THEODORE KÖRNER.

[Theodore Körner, the eminent German poet, was born at Dresden in 1791. After studying at Leipsic he became secretary to the Court Theatre of Vienna, and commenced as a dramatist. In 1812 he entered the Prussian army and signalized himself equally by his bravery and his martial songs. For his conduct at the battle at Lützen he was promoted, and afterwards, having been

twice wounded, was made a lieutenant. He was killed in a skirmish with the French at Mecklenburg, August 26th, 1813. His lyrical poems were published after his death under the appropriate title of "The Lyre and the Sword," and his dramas, poems, and literary remains have since been published in Germany.]

Thou sword upon my belted vest,  
What means thy glittering polished crest?  
Thou seem'st within my glowing breast  
To raise a flame—Hurrah!

"A horseman brave supports my blade,  
The weapon of a freeman made;  
For him I shine, for him I'll wade  
Through blood and death—Hurrah!"

Yes, my good sword, behold me free,  
I fond affection bear to thee,  
As though thou wert betrothed to me,  
My earliest bride—Hurrah!

"Soldier of Fortune, I am thine,  
For thee alone my blade shall shine—  
When, Soldier, shall I call thee mine,  
Joined in the field—Hurrah!"

Soon as our bridal morn shall rise,  
While the shrill trumpet's summons flies,  
And the red cannon rends the skies,  
We'll join our hands—Hurrah!

"O sacred union!—haste away,  
Ye tardy moments of delay—  
I long, my bridegroom, for the day  
To be thy bride—Hurrah!"

Why cling'st thou in the scabbard—why?  
Thou iron fair of destiny,  
So wild—so fond of battle-cry,  
Why cling'st thou so?—Hurrah!

"I hold myself in dread reserve,  
Fierce—fond in battle-fields to serve,  
The cause of freedom to preserve—  
For this I wait—Hurrah!"

Rest—still in narrow compass rest—  
Ere a long space thou shalt be blest,  
Within my ardent grasp compressed—  
Ready for fight—Hurrah!

"Oh let me not too long await—  
I love the gory field of fate,  
Where death's rich roses grow elate  
In bloody bloom—Hurrah!"

Come forth! quick from thy scabbard fly,  
Thou pleasure of the Soldier's eye—  
Now to the scene of slaughter hie,  
Thy native home—Hurrah!

"O glorious thus in nuptial tie,  
To join beneath heaven's canopy—  
Bright as a sunbeam of the sky,  
Glitters your bride—Hurrah!"

Then out, thou messenger of strife,  
Thou German soldier's plighted wife—  
Who feels not renovated life  
When clasping thee?—Hurrah!

When in thy scabbard on my side,  
I seldom glanced on thee, my bride;  
Now Heaven has bid us ne'er divide,  
For ever joined—Hurrah!

Thee glowing to my lips I'll press,  
And all my ardent vows confess—  
O cursed be he, without redress,  
Who thee forsakes!—Hurrah!

Let joy sit in thy polished eyes,  
While radiant sparkles flashing rise—  
Our marriage-day dawns in the skies,  
My Bride of Steel—Hurrah!

---

### CHILDE HAROLD'S FAREWELL.

LORD BYRON.

[See page 205.]

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land—good night!

"A few short hours and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!

Why dost thou weep and wail?

Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,

Or tremble at the gale?

But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;

Our ship is swift and strong:

Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly

More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,

I fear not wave nor wind:

Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I

Am sorrowful in mind;

For I have from my father gone,

A mother whom I love,

And have no friend, save these alone,

But thee—and One above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,

Yet did not much complain;

But sorely will my mother sigh

Till I come back again."

"Enough, enough, my little lad,

Such tears become thine eye;

If I thy guileless bosom had,

Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman

Why dost thou look so pale?

Or dost thou dread a French foeman?

Or shiver at the gale?"

"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?

"Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;

But thinking on an absent wife

Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hal'

Along the bordering lake,

And when they on their father call,

What answer shall she make?"

"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,

Thy grief let none gainsay;

But I, who am of lighter mood,

'Will laugh to flee away.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go

Athwart the foaming brine;

Nor care what land thou bears't me to,

So not again to mine.

Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!

And when you fail my sight,

Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!

My native land! good night!"

## THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

A. A. WATTS.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes  
 When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard thy feeble cries;  
 For I thought of all that I had borne as I bent me down to kiss  
 Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born bud of bliss!

I turned to many a withered hope, to years of grief and pain,  
 And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o'er my boding brain;  
 I thought of friends, grown worse than cold—of persecuting foes,  
 And I asked of heaven if ills like these must mar thy youth's repose.

I gazed upon thy quiet face, half-blinded by my tears,  
 Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on my fears;  
 Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds of gloom that  
     bound them,  
 As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight skies are  
     round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,  
 And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever thee no more!  
 And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes, that blossomed at thy birth,  
 They, too, have fled, to prove how frail are cherished things of  
     earth!

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child; but though brief thy  
     span below,  
 To me it was a little age of agony and woe;  
 For, from thy first faint dawn of life, thy cheek began to fade,  
 And my lips had scarce thy welcome breathed, ere my hopes were  
     wrapt in shade.

Oh! the child in its hours of health and bloom, that is dear as thou  
     wert then,  
 Grows far more prized, more fondly loved, in sickness and in pain!  
 And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope was lost,  
 Ten times more precious to my soul, for all that thou hadst cost!

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched thee day by day,  
 Pale like the second bow of heaven, as gently waste away;  
 And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we dared not breathe aloud,  
 Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's coming cloud

It came at length: o'er thy bright blue eye the film was gathering  
     fast,  
 And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow, the deepest and the last:  
 In thicker gushes strove thy breath—we raised thy drooping head:  
 A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of the dead!



Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face from me,  
And murmured low of heaven's behests, and bliss attained by thee;  
She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so blest as thine,  
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as mine!

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine infant brow  
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair, our only solace now:  
Then placed around thy beauteous corse flowers, not more fair and  
sweet—

Twin rosebuds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,  
With all the beauty of thy cheek, the sunshine of thy brow,  
They never can replace the bud our early fondness nurst:  
They may be lovely and beloved, but not like thee, the first!

The first! How many a memory bright that one sweet word can bring,  
Of hope that blossom'd, droop'd, and died, in life's delight fulspring—  
Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds of bliss  
That germinate in hearts unseared by such a world as this!

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest and my first!  
When I think of what thou mightst have been, my heart is like to  
burst;  
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their soothing radiance  
dart,  
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when I turn to what  
thou art!

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of earth,  
With not a taint of mortal life, except thy mortal birth,  
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many thirst,  
And bliss, eternal bliss is thine, my fairest and my first!

---

### THE ALMA.

THE RIGHT REV. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.,  
LATE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

[The late Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Richard Chenevix Trench, was the author of "Justin Martyr and other Poems," a work which, beyond the Christian piety inculcated in its pages, is marked by strong poetic power and command of versification. When Dean of Westminster, Dr. Trench afforded valuable aid to the cause of education by lecturing to the members of various literary institutions on "The Study of Words," and the language of our Saxon ancestors. His works on this subject abound with curious and instructive information. Born, 1807; died, 1886.]

THOUGH till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,  
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea:  
Yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar known—  
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four corners blown.

In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless name,  
 And a star for ever shining in the firmament of fame.  
 Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower and  
 shrine,  
 Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like thine,  
 Cannot shed the light thou sheddest round many a living head,  
 Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead.  
 Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning,  
 say—  
 When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away—  
 "He has pass'd from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with them  
 that died  
 By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side."  
 Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as those  
 Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,  
 Thou on England's banners blazon'd with the famous fields of old,  
 Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and  
 bold;  
 And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be  
 done,  
 By that Twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights were  
 won.  
 Oh! thou river! dear for ever to the gallant, to the free—  
 Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.

*(By permission of the Author.)*

## SKIPPER BEN.

LUCY LARCOM.

SAILING away!

Losing the breath of the shores in May,  
 Dropping down from the beautiful bay,  
 Over the sea slope vast and grey!  
 And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind;  
 For thoughts rush up on the rising wind  
 Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,  
 And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,  
 Thinking of him.

Far into night  
 He watches the gleam of the lessening light,  
 Fixed on the dangerous island height  
 That bars the harbour he loves from sight;  
 And he wishes at dawn he could tell the tale  
 Of how they had weathered the south-west gale,  
 To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale  
 With a sleepless night among spectres grim,  
 Terrors for him.

Yo—heave—yo!

Here's the bank where the fishermen go!  
Over the schooner's sides they throw  
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.  
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,  
When its ripples curl to the light land-breeze,  
Something that stirs like his apple-trees,  
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim  
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,  
And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!  
“Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,—  
Then hark to the Beverley bells once more!”  
And each man worked with the will of ten;  
While up in the rigging, now and then,  
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,  
Turned to the black horizon's rim,  
Scowling on him.

Into his brain  
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,  
Into thoughts that grapple, and eyes that strain,  
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain!  
Never again shall he walk at ease  
Under his blossoming apple-trees,  
That whisper and sway in the sunset breeze,  
While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,  
Gazing with him

How they went down  
Never was known in the still old town;  
Nobody guessed how the fisherman Brown,  
With the look of despair that was half a frown,  
Faced his fate in the furious night—  
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,  
Just within hail of the beacon light,  
That shone on a woman neat and trim,  
Waiting for him.

Beverley bells  
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!  
His was the anguish a moment tells,—  
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells;  
But the wearing wash of a lifting woe  
Is left for the desolate heart to know  
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,  
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,  
Thinking of him.

## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[See page 161.]

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
 The day was just begun,  
 And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
 And the white sails of ships;  
 And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
 Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover,  
 Were all alert that day,  
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
 When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
 Their cannon, through the night,  
 Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,  
 The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
 On every citadel;  
 Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
 That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
 Replied the distant forts,  
 As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
 And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
 No drum-beat from the wall,  
 No morning gun from the black fort's embrazure,  
 Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial  
 The long line of the coast,  
 Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal  
 Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
 In sombre harness mailed,  
 Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
 The rampart wall has scaled,

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
 The dark and silent room,  
 And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
 The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
 But smote the Warden hoar :  
 Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble  
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
 The sun rose bright o'erhead ;  
 Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
 That a great man was dead.

## THE GOLDEN MADNESS: AN APOLOGUE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

[Mr. Charles Mackay is a poet of worth and fancy. Many of his ballads, as for example, "Cheer, boys, cheer," "There's a Good Time Coming," and others of a like class, have achieved a popularity that will scarcely ever die. His collected works, published by Frederick Warne & Co., exhibit the thoughts of fifty years' poetic cultivation.]

By the road-side there sat an aged man,  
 Who all day long, from dawn into the night,  
 Counted with weary fingers heaps of stones.  
 His red eyes dropp'd with rheum, his yellow hands  
 Trembled with palsy, his pale sunken cheeks  
 Were mark'd with deep and venerable seams,  
 His flat bold brow was ever bent to earth,  
 His few grey hairs waved to the passing winds,  
 His straggling teeth, blacken'd and carious,  
 Rattled and tumbled from his bloodless gums ;—  
 I spake him kindly, saying, " Why this toil  
 At task like this, cracking thy rotten bones,  
 To gain nor health, nor recompense, nor thanks ? "

He made no answer, but went counting on,  
 Mumbling and muttering slowly to himself,  
 Chinking the stones with melancholy sound  
 Piece after piece ; looking nor right nor left,  
 Nor upwards, but aye down upon the heap.

I ask'd again, " What is it that thou dost,  
 Wasting the remnant of thy days in toil,  
 Without fruition to thyself or kind,  
 As earnestly as if these stones were gold,  
 And all thine own to spend and to enjoy ? "

He look'd upon me with a vacant eye,

And stopp'd not in his task : " Gold ! didst thou say ?  
 They *are* gold—precious, ready-coin'd and pure,  
 And all mine own to spend and to enjoy  
 When I have counted them. So, get thee gone ;  
 Thou art a borrower, or perchance a thief !"  
 And aye he chink'd the flints and chips of slate,  
 One after one, muttering their numbers o'er,  
 At every hundred stopping for a while  
 To rub his wither'd palms, and eye the heap  
 With idiot happiness, ere he resumed.

There came a stranger by the way. I ask'd  
 If he knew aught of this forlorn old man ?  
 " Right well," he said ; " the creature is insane,  
 And hath been so ever since he had a beard.  
 He first went mad for greediness of gold."

" Know you his story ? " " Perfectly," said he ;  
 " Look how he counts his miserable flints  
 And bits of slate. Twelve mortal hours each day  
 He sits at work, summer and winter both ;  
 'Mid storm or sunshine, heat or nipping frost,  
 He counts and counts ; and since his limbs were young,  
 Till now that he is crook'd and stiffen'd old,  
 He hath not missed a day. The silly wretch  
 Believes each stone a lump of shining gold,  
 And that he made a bargain with the Fiend  
 That if he'd count one thousand million coins  
 Of united gold, audibly, one by one,  
 The gold should be his own the very hour  
 When he had told the thousand millionth piece,  
 Provided always, as such bargains go,  
 The Fiend should have his soul in recompense. .

" Unskill'd in figures, but brimful of greed,  
 He chuckled at his bargain and began ;  
 And for a year reckon'd with hopeful heart.  
 At last a glimpse of light broke on his sense,  
 And show'd the fool that millions—quickly said—  
 Were not so quickly counted as he thought.  
 And still he plies his melancholy task,  
 Dreaming of boundless wealth and curbless power,  
 And slavish worship from his fellow-men.

" If he could reckon fifty thousand stones  
 Daily, and miss no day in all the year,  
 'Twould take him five-and-fifty years of life  
 To reach the awful millions he desires.  
 He has been fifty of these years or more  
 Feeding his coward soul with this conceit.

Exposed to every blast, starved, wretched, old,  
Toothless, and clothed with rags and squalidness,  
He eyes his fancied treasure with delight,  
And thinks to cheat the devil at the last.

“Look at his drivelling lips, his bloodshot eyes,  
His trembling hands, his loose and yellow skin,  
His flimsy rottenness, and own with me  
That this man’s madness, though a piteous thing,  
Deserves no pity, for the avarice  
So mean and filthy that was cause of it.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I gazed once more upon his wrinkled face,  
Vacant with idiotcy, and went my way  
Fill’d with disgust and sorrow, for I deem’d  
That his great lunacy was but a type  
Of many a smaller madness as abject  
That daily takes possession of men’s hearts  
And blinds them to the uses of their life.

Poor fool! he gathers stones—they gather gold,  
With toil and moil, thick sweat and grovelling thought.  
He has his flints, and they acquire their coin,  
And who’s the wiser? Neither he nor they.

(By permission of the Publishers.)

## MEMORY.

WALTER P. BEARPARK.

“Lord! keep my memory green.”—DICKENS.

Thou art not less a friend, oh! Memory,  
That care is writ with gladness on thy brow;  
Not less a friend if smiling hope on pain,  
Or looking colder on the pulse of joy!  
Nay, truly, thou art more, for thou art wise,  
And in thy friendship dost essay to join  
The breath of Reason with the breath of Love!  
Friend and preceptor both, thy measured voice  
Comes softly thro’ the avenues of Time,  
With counsel fashioned to the changeful mood,  
And moves the doubtful heart, or sad or gay,  
With now a song, and now a holy psalm!  
A word—a sign! and slumb’ring echoes wake  
To thrill the soul with half-forgotten chords;  
And countless odours from the flower’d past  
Come gently, like the breath of distant fields!  
To warn in evil, and to urge in good,

To cheer in grief—in joy to sanctify;  
 In thee these offices are nobly blent,  
 Whose hand has writ the record of our days.  
 Act after act its proper place assumes,  
 Which every added word makes more remote,  
 Till Death completes the record with his name,  
 And lays the volume at the feet of God!  
 Aye, thou art friend indeed, if others fail—  
 Ambition, Love, and striving passions all—  
 May languish with the life that lit the flame—  
 Thy calm is but the sweeter that they die!  
 Oh! be thou still my solace and my guide,  
 Till Time shall leave me in the arms of Death,  
 For not enough is brightest Hope above,  
 If thou desert me here, oh Memory!

*(By permission of the Author.)*

## POPE'S WILLOW.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

[James Montgomery was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4, 1771. He commenced his literary career at the age of twenty as a newspaper editor. His principal poems are, "The Ocean," "The West Indies," "The World before the Flood," "Greenland," and "The Pelican Island." In his later years he wrote a number of very beautiful "Original Hymns." Died at Sheffield, 1854.]

ERE Pope resign'd his tuneful breath,  
 And made the turf his pillow,  
 The minstrel hung his harp in death  
 Upon the drooping willow;  
 That willow, from Euphrates' strand,  
 Had sprung beneath his training hand.

Long, as revolving seasons flew,  
 From youth to age it flourish'd,  
 By vernal winds and star-light dew,  
 By showers and sunbeams nourish'd;  
 And while in dust the poet slept,  
 The willow o'er his ashes wept.

Old Time beheld its silvery head,  
 With graceful grandeur towering,  
 Its pensile boughs profusely spread,  
 The breezy lawn embowering,  
 Till arch'd around, there seem'd to shoot,  
 A grove of scions from one root.

Thither, at summer noon, he view'd  
 The lovely Nine retreating,



Beneath its twilight solitude  
 With songs their poet greeting;  
 Whose spirit in the willow spoke,  
 Like Jove's from dark Dodona's oak.

By harvest moonlight there he spied  
 The fairy bands advancing;  
 Bright Ariel's troop, on Thames's side,  
 Around the willow dancing;  
 Gay sylphs among the foliage played,  
 And glow-worms glitter'd in the shade.

One morn, while Time thus mark'd the tree,  
 In beauty green and glorious,  
 "The hand," he cried, "that planted thee,  
 O'er mine was oft victorious;  
 Be vengeance now my calm employ,—  
 One work of Pope's I *will* destroy."

He spake, and struck a silent blow  
 With that dread arm whose motion  
 Lays cedars, thrones, and temples low,  
 And wilds o'er land and ocean  
 The unremitting axe of doom,  
 That fells the forest of the tomb.

Deep to the willow's root it went,  
 And cleft the core asunder,  
 Like sudden secret lightning, sent  
 Without recording thunder:  
 From that sad moment, slow away  
 Began the willow to decay.

In vain did Spring those bowers restore.  
 Where loves and graces revell'd,  
 Autumn's wild gales the branches tore,  
 The thin gray leaves dishevell'd,  
 And every wasting winter found  
 The willow nearer to the ground.

Hoary, and weak, and bent with age,  
 At length the axe assail'd it:  
 It bow'd before the woodman's rage;  
 The swans of Thames bewail'd it,  
 With softer tones, with sweeter breath,  
 Than ever charm'd the ear of death.

Oh! Pope, hadst thou, whose lyre so long  
 The wondering world enchanted,  
 Amidst thy paradise of song  
 This weeping willow planted;  
 Among thy loftiest laurels seen,  
 In deathless verse for ever green,—

Thy chosen tree had stood sublime,  
The storms of ages braving,  
Triumphant o'er the wrecks of time  
Its verdant banner waving,  
While regal pyramids decay'd,  
And empires perish'd in its shade.

An humbler lot, oh, tree ! was thine ;—  
Gone down in all thy glory :  
The sweet, the mournful task be mine,  
To sing thy simple story ;  
Though verse like mine in vain would raise  
The fame of thy departed days.

Yet, fallen willow ! if to me  
Such power of song were given,  
My lips should breathe a soul through thee,  
And call down fire from heaven,  
To kindle in this hallow'd urn,  
A flame that would for ever burn.

---

## THE PHANTOM.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[An American writer and traveller. Born, 1825; died, 1878.]

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,  
In the old familiar seat ;  
And shade and sunshine chase each other,  
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet briar's arms have wrestled upwards  
In the summers that are past,  
And the willow trails its branches lower  
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly  
From out the haunted room—  
To fill the house that once was joyful,  
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces  
Within the doorway come—  
Voices that make the sweetest music  
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing in tones as glad as ever,  
The songs she loved to hear ;  
They braid the rose in summer garlands,  
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footstep in the passage,  
 Her blushes at the door,  
 Her timid words of maiden welcome,  
 Come back to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow,  
 Unmindful of my pain,  
 I think she has but newly left me,  
 And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance a moment,  
 To dress her dark brown hair;  
 I hear the rustle of her garments—  
 Her light step on the stair!

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,  
 Lest eyes profane should see  
 My cheeks betray the rush of rapture  
 Her coming brings to me.

She tarries long, but lo! a whisper,  
 Beyond the open door—  
 And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,  
 A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,  
 The vine whose shadow strays:  
 And my patient heart must still await her,  
 Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,  
 As many a time before:  
 Her foot is ever at the threshold,  
 Yet never passes o'er.

---

### THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

[Thomas Haynes Bayly was born at Bath, 1797. The failure of a coal-mine, in which his fortune was invested, together with the mismanagement, by his agent, of some property in Ireland, obliged Mr. Bayly to rely for a living upon that which had previously been a source of intellectual recreation—his pen. He produced a number of burlettas; among which, "Perfection" and "Tom Noddy's Secret," still keep possession of the stage. Many of his fugitive poems appeared in "Blackwood" and the "New Monthly" magazines. He died 1839.]

THE matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,  
 Sits gazing on her lovely face—ay, lovely even now:  
 Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care?  
 Why steals that tear across her cheek?—She sees her first grey  
 hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace ;  
 His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face ;  
 Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip,  
 So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow more than years ;  
 The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears ;  
 The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,  
 And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But *She* hath been a happy wife ;—the lover of her youth  
 May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth ;  
 A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath never banished sleep ;  
 Her life hath been a cloudless one ;—then, wherefore doth she weep ?

She look'd upon her raven locks ;—what thoughts did they recall ?  
 Oh ! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet or for ball ;—  
 They brought back thoughts of early youth, ere she had learned to  
 check,

With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,  
 And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there ;  
 She seem'd to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch  
 That sometimes feign'd to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And *now* she sees her first grey hair ! oh, deem it not a crime  
 For her to weep—when she beholds the first footmark of Time !  
 She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will increase,  
 And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

'Tis *not* the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane—  
 Yet though the blossom may *not* sigh to bud and bloom again,  
 It cannot but remember with a feeling of regret,  
 The Spring for ever gone—the Summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, Lady ! heed the monitor ! Thy mirror tells the truth,  
 Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth ;  
 Go !—bind it on thy daughter's brow, in *her* thou'lt still look fair ;  
 'Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold *the first grey hair* !

---

## PHANTOMS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

[See page 161.]

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died  
 Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
 The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
 With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;  
He but perceives what is; while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires;  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations, the perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of that unseen star,  
That undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud;  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd,  
Into the realm of mystery and night;

So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

---

## THE POET AND THE ROSE.

JOHN GAY.

[John Gay, one of the most genial, gentle, and worthiest of our poets and dramatists was born at Barnstaple, Devon, in 1668. He came of a good, but greatly reduced family; and both parents dying when he was but six years of

age, he was apprenticed to a silk-mercator in London. Disliking the drudgery of a retail shop, he obtained the cancelling of his indentures, and devoted himself to literature. In 1708 he published a poem, in blank verse, called "Wine;" and in 1711 "Rural Sports," a descriptive poem, which he dedicated to Pope, through life his admirer and friend, and became domestic-secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth. In 1714 he published his "Shepherd's Week," a pastoral, and obtained the post of secretary to Lord Clarendon on his appointment of Envoy-Extraordinary to Hanover; but Gay was totally unfitted for public employment, and held the situation for two months only. On his return, he produced several dramatic pieces, with but slight success; but in 1727 his "Beggars' Opera" came out, ran for sixty-two successive nights, and not only became the rage at the time, but has remained ever since one of the most popular pieces ever produced on the British stage. He soon amassed 3000*l.* by his writings. This he determined to keep "entire and sacred," being at the same time received into the house of his early patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. Here he amused himself by adding to his "Fables." He died, suddenly, of fever, December 4, 1732, aged 44, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

I HATE the man who builds his name  
On ruins of another's fame;  
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,  
Imagine that they raise their own;  
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,  
Think slander can transplant the bays.  
Beauties and bards have equal pride,  
With both all rivals are decried:  
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,  
Must call her sister "awkward creature;"  
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,  
When we some other nymph disarm.  
As in the cool of early day,  
A poet sought the sweets of May,  
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,  
And every stalk with odour bends,  
A rose he pluck'd, he gazed, admired,  
Thus singing as the muse inspired:  
"Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace!  
How happy should I prove,  
Might I supply that envied place  
With never-fading love!  
There, phoenix-like, beneath her eye,  
Involved in fragrance, burn and die!  
Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find  
More fragrant roses there,  
I see thy withering head reclined  
With envy and despair:  
One common fate we both must prove,  
You die with envy, I with love."  
"Spare your comparisons," replied  
An angry rose, who grew beside.  
"Of all mankind you should not flout us;  
What can a poet do without us?"

In every love-song roses bloom ;  
 We lend you colour and perfume.  
 Does it to Chloe's charms conduce  
 To found her praise on our abuse ?  
 Must we, to flatter her, be made  
 To wither, envy, pine, and fade ?"

## THE MOURNING MOTHER OF THE DEAD BLIND.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

[See page 142.]

### I.

Dost thou weep, mourning mother,  
 For thy blind boy in the grave ?  
 That no more with each other  
 Purest counsel ye can have ?  
 That *he*, left dark by nature,  
 Can never more be led  
 By thee, maternal creature,  
 Along smooth paths instead ?  
 That thou can'st no more show him  
 The sunshine, by the heat ;  
 The river's silver flowing,  
 By murmurs at his feet ?  
 The foliage, by its coolness ;  
 The roses, by their smell ;  
 And all creation's fulness,  
 By Love's invisible ?  
 Weepst thou to behold not  
 His meek blind eyes again—  
 Closed doorways which were folded,  
 And prayed against in vain—  
 And under which sate smiling  
 The child-mouth evermore,  
 As one who watcheth, willing  
 The time by, at a door ?  
 And weepst thou to feel not  
 His clinging hand on thine—  
 Which, now at dream-time, will not  
 Its cold hands disentwine ?  
 And weepst thou still oft,  
 Oh, never more to mark  
 His low, soft words, made softer  
 By speaking in the dark ?  
 Weep on, thou mourning mother !

### II.

But since to him when living,  
 Thou wert both sun and moon,

Look o'er his grave, surviving,  
From a high sphere alone!  
Sustain that exaltation—  
Expend the tender light,  
And hold in mother-passion,  
Thy Blessed, in thy sight.  
See how he went out straightway  
From the dark world he knew;  
No twilight in the gateway  
To mediate 'twixt the two;  
Into the sudden glory,  
Out of the dark he trod,  
Departing from before thee  
At once to light and GOD!  
For the first face, beholding  
The Christ's in its divine;  
For the first place, the golden  
And tideless hyaline:  
With trees, at lasting summer,  
That rock to tuneful sound,  
While angels, the new comer,  
Wrap a still smile around.  
Oh, in the blessed psalm, now,  
His happy voice he tries,  
Spreading a thicker palm-bough,  
Than others, o'er his eyes;  
Yet still, in all his singing,  
Thinks highly of thy song  
Which, in his life's first springing,  
Sang to him all night long,  
And wishes it beside him,  
With kissing lips that cool  
And soft did overglide him,  
To make the sweetness full.  
Look up, O mourning mother,  
Thy blind boy walks in light!  
Ye wait for one another,  
Before God's infinite!  
But *thou* art now the darkest,  
Thou mother left below—  
*Thou*, the sole blind—thou markest,  
Content that it be so,—  
Until ye two give meeting  
Where heaven's pearl-gate is,  
And *he* shall lead thy feet in,  
As once thou leddest *his*!  
Wait on, thou mourning mother!

(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)



## THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

[Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander is well known as the authoress of some of the most beautiful sacred songs in the language. She is the wife of a learned divine, resident at Strabane.]

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab  
There lies a lonely grave,  
And no man knows that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth :  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth—  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes back when night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves ;  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown,  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,  
On grey Beth-Peor's height,  
Out of his lonely eyrie,  
Look'd on the wondrous sight ;  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drum,  
Follow his funeral car ;

They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
We lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honour'd place,  
With costly marble drest,  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings  
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior  
That ever buckled sword,  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breath'd a word ;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—  
The hill-side for a pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall,  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand in that lonely land,  
To lay him in the grave ?

In that strange grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffin'd clay  
Shall break again, O wondrous thought !  
Before the Judgment day,  
And stand with glory wrapt around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life,  
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !  
O dark Beth-Peor's hill !  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell ;  
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep  
Of him He loved so well.

## A DREAM.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[Mr. Allingham, one of our sweetest and most successful poets, is a native of Ireland, and is a resident of Ballyshannon, his native town. His "Day and Night Songs" were published in 1854, and his "Music Master, and other Poems," 1855.]

I HEARD the dogs howl in the moonlight night,  
And I went to the window to see the sight;  
All the dead that ever I knew  
Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd;  
Townsfellows all from first to last;  
Born in the moonlight of the lane,  
And quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd  
At soldiers once—but now more staid;  
Those were the strangest sight to me  
Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak too;  
And some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to;  
Some but a day in their churchyard bed;  
And some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,  
And yet of them all there was one, one only,  
That rais'd a head or look'd my way;  
And she seem'd to linger, but might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face!  
Ah, mother dear, might I only place  
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,  
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made  
Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade  
Young and old, women and men;  
Many long-forgot, but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;  
And a sound of tears a moment after;  
And then a music so lofty and gay,  
That every morning, day by day,  
I strive to recal it if I may.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

GERALD MASSEY.

[Mr. Massey was born at Tring, 1828, his father being a canal boatman, earning the humble wages of ten shillings a week. The youthful Gerald was employed in a silk-mill, and afterwards became a straw-plaiter. At the age of fifteen he had read but few books, and came to London as an errand boy. Here he read all the books that came in his way, and before he was eighteen he had taken to making verses. In 1858 he published his "Babe Christabel, and other Lyrical Poems," and the critics and reading public hailed him as a new poet. Mr. Massey is now identified with the daily press, and holds an acknowledged position.]

HIGH hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,

Go down i' the heavens of freedom;

And true hearts perish in the time

We bitterliest need 'em!

But never sit we down and say

There's nothing left but sorrow;

We walk the wilderness to-day—

The promised land to-morrow!

Our birds of song are silent now,

There are no flowers blooming,

Yet life holds in the frozen bough,

And freedom's spring is coming;

And freedom's tide comes up alway,

Though we may strand in sorrow:

And our good bark aground to-day,

Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long, long night of years

The people's cry ascendeth,

And earth is wet with blood and tears:

But our meek sufferance endeth!

The few shall not for ever sway—

The many moil in sorrow;

The powers of hell are strong to-day,

But Christ shall rise to-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes

With smiling futures glisten!

For lo! our day bursts up the skies

Lean out your souls and listen!

The world rolls freedom's radiant way,

And ripens with her sorrow;

Keep heart! who bear the Cross to-day,

Shall wear the Crown to-morrow!

O youth! flame-earnest, still aspire

With energies immortal!

To many a heaven of desire

Our yearning opes a portal;

And though age wearies by the way,  
 And hearts break in the furrow—  
 We'll sow the golden grain to-day—  
 The harvest reap to-morrow!

Build up heroic lives, and all  
 Be like a sheathen sabre,  
 Ready to flash out at God's call—  
 O chivalry of labour!  
 Triumph and toil are twins; and ay  
 Joy suns the cloud of sorrow,  
 And 'tis the martyrdom to-day  
 Brings victory to-morrow!

---

### THE SANDS OF DEE.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[See page 217.]

“Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands of Dee.”  
 The western wind was wild and dark with foam,  
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,  
 And o'er and o'er the sand,  
 And round and round the sand  
 As far as eye could see.  
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land,  
 And never home came she.

“Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
 A tress of golden hair,  
 A drowned maiden's hair,  
 Above the nets at sea?”  
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
 Among the stakes of Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
 The cruel crawling foam,  
 The cruel hungry foam,  
 To her grave beside the sea,  
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands of Dee.

*(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)*

# ORATORY:

## FORENSIC AND SENATORIAL.

---

### BENJAMIN DISRAELI ON THE CHARACTER OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

[The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli was born in London, 1805. He was early articled to a solicitor, and became an author before completing his majority. In 1825 his novel of "Vivian Grey" made a sensation, and it was followed by "The Young Duke," "Henrietta Temple," "Contarini Fleming," and other brilliant fictions. He entered parliament in 1837 as M.P. for Maidstone, and adhered to Sir Robert Peel until that minister became an advocate for free trade; following which event Mr. Disraeli led the Conservative party in the House of Commons. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Derby's administration, and on the retirement of that minister became premier. In August, 1876, he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Lord Beaconsfield; from which date, until February, 1878, he held, with the office of First Lord of the Treasury, that of Lord of the Privy Seal. He died in 1881.]

No person can be insensible of the fact that the House meets to-night under circumstances very much changed from those which have attended our assembling for many years. Of late, indeed for more than twenty years past, whatever may have been our personal rivalries and our party strifes, there was at least one sentiment in which we all acquiesced, and in which we all shared, and that was a sentiment of admiring gratitude to that throne whose wisdom and goodness so frequently softened the acerbities of our free public life, and so majestically represented the matured intelligence of an enlightened people. All that has changed. He is gone who was the comfort and support of that throne. It has been said that there is nothing which England so much appreciates as the fulfilment of duty. The prince whom we have lost not only was eminent for the fulfilment of his duty, but it was the fulfilment of the highest duty; and it was the fulfilment of the highest duty under the most difficult circumstances. Prince Albert was the consort of his Sovereign. He was the father of one who might be his Sovereign. He was the prime councillor of a realm, the political constitution of which did not even recognise his political existence. Yet, under these circumstances, so difficult and so delicate, he elevated even the throne by the dignity and purity of his domestic life. He framed, and partly accomplished, a scheme of education for the heir of England which proves how completely its august projector had contemplated the office of an English king. In the affairs of state, while his serene spirit and elevated position

Digitized by Google

bore him above all the possible bias of our party life, he showed, upon every great occasion, all the resources, all the prudence, and all the sagacity of an experienced and responsible statesman. I have presumed, sir, to touch upon three instances in which there was, on the part of Prince Albert, the fulfilment of duty of the highest character, under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. I will venture to touch upon another point of his character, equally distinguished by the fulfilment of duty; but in this instance the duty was not only fulfilled, but it was created. Although Prince Albert was adopted by this country, he was, after all, but a youth of tender years; yet such was the character of his mind that he at once observed that, notwithstanding all those great achievements which long centuries of internal concord and of public liberty had permitted the energy and enterprise of Englishmen to accomplish, there was still a great deficiency in our national character, and which, if neglected, might lead to the impairing not only of our social happiness, but even the sources of our public wealth,—and that was a deficiency of culture. But he was not satisfied in detecting the deficiency, he resolved to supply it. His plans were deeply laid; they were maturely considered; and notwithstanding the obstacles which they encountered, I am prepared to say they were eminently successful. What might have been his lot had his term completed that which is ordained as the average life of man, it may be presumption to predict. Perhaps he would have impressed upon his age not only his character but his name; but this I think posterity will acknowledge, that he heightened the intellectual and moral standard of this country, that he extended and expanded the sympathies of all classes, and that he most beneficially adapted the productive powers of England to the inexhaustible resources of science and art. It is sometimes deplored by those who loved and admired him, that he was thwarted occasionally in his enterprises, and that he was not duly appreciated in his works. These, however, are not circumstances for regret but for congratulation. They prove the leading and original mind which so long and so advantageously laboured for this country. Had he not encountered these obstacles, had he not been subject to occasional distrust and misrepresentation, it would only have proved that he was a man of ordinary mould and temper. Those who move must change, and those who change must necessarily disturb and alarm prejudices; and what he encountered was only a demonstration that he was a man superior to his age, and admirably adapted to carry out the work he had undertaken. Sir, there is one point, and one point only, on which I would presume for a moment to dwell; and it is not for the sake of you, sir, whom I am now addressing, or for the generation to which we belong, but it is that those who come after us may not misapprehend the nature of this illustrious man. Prince Albert was not a patron. He was not one of those who, by their smiles and by their gold, reward excellence or stimulate exertion. His contributions to the cause of progress and improvement were far more powerful and far more

precious. He gave to it his thought, his time, his toil : he gave to it his life. I see in this House many gentlemen—on both sides, and in different parts of it—who occasionally entered with the Prince at those council boards where they conferred and decided upon the great undertakings with which he was connected ; and I ask them, without the fear of a denial, whether he was not the leading spirit—whether his was not the mind that foresaw the difficulty, and his the resources that supplied the remedy—whether his was not the courage to overcome apparently insurmountable obstacles, and whether every one who worked with him did not feel that he was the real originator of those great plans of improvement which they contributed to carry out. Sir, we have been asked to-night to condole with the Crown in this great calamity. That is no easy office. To condole in general is the office of those who, without the pale of sorrow, feel for the sorrowing ; but in this instance the country is as heart-stricken as its Queen. Yet, in the mutual sensibilities of a Sovereign and a people there is something ennobling, something that elevates the spirit beyond the ordinary claim of earthly sorrow. The counties, and cities, and corporations of the realm, and those illustrious institutions of learning, of science, of art, and of skill, of which he was the highest ornament and the inspiring spirit, have bowed before the throne under this great calamity. It does not become the Parliament of the country to be silent. The expression of our feelings may be late, but even in that lateness some propriety may be observed if to-night we sanction the expression of the public sorrow, and ratify, as it were, the record of a nation's woe. It is with these feelings that I shall support the address in answer to the speech from the throne.

---

### VICTOR HUGO ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

[Marie-Victor, Vicomte Hugo, was born at Besançon, Feb. 26, 1802 : his father was a colonel in the army of Napoleon. He commenced his literary career, as a poet, in 1819. In 1827 he produced a drama called "*Cromwell*," and in 1829 his singular work, "*Last Days of a Condemned Criminal*." M. Hugo introduced political allusions into the dramas he subsequently wrote, and was long at war with the authorities. In January, 1832, his play, "*Le Roi s'amuse*," was produced at the Théâtre Français, and next day interdicted by the Government. He then went still deeper into politics ; was created a peer of France by Louis Philippe, and elected President of the Peace Congress in 1849. His celebrated novel, "*Notre Dame de Paris*," has been translated into most European languages. After 1852 Victor Hugo, exiled from France, resided in Jersey and Guernsey, where he completed his works, "*Napoleon le Petit*," and "*Les Châtiments*." He was much respected in his exile-home, and was very charitable to the poor of the islands. Died 1885.]

"GENTLEMEN,—My emotion cannot be expressed. You will be indulgent if words fail me. If I had only to reply to the honourable chief magistrate of Brussels, my task would be easy ; I would only have to repeat what is in all your minds ; I need only be an echo. But how can I thank the other eloquent and cordial voices which



have spoken of me? By the side of those great publishers to whom we owe the fruitful idea of a universal publishing house—a kind of preparatory bond between nations—I see journalists, philosophers, eminent writers, the honour of literature, the honour of the civilized continent. I am troubled and confused at finding myself the centre of such a fête of intellect, and at seeing so much honour reflected upon me, who am but a conscience accepting a duty, a heart resigned to sacrifice. How can I thank you? how shake hands with you all together? The means are simple. What do you all—writers, journalists, publishers, printers, publicists, thinkers—represent? All the energy of intelligence, all the forms of publicity; you are mind—Legion—you are the new organ of a new society—you are the press. I propose a toast to the press—to the press of all nations—to a free press—to a press powerful, glorious, and fertile. Gentlemen, the press is the light of the social world, and wherever there is light there is something of Providence. Thought is something more than a right; it is the very breath of man. He who fetters thought strikes at man himself. To speak, to write, to print, to publish are in point of right identical things. They are circles constantly enlarging themselves from intelligence into action. They are the sounding waves of thought. Of all these circles—of all these rays of the human mind—the widest is the press. The diameter of the press is the diameter of civilization itself. With every diminution of the liberty of the press there is a corresponding diminution of civilization. When the free press is checked we may say that the nutrition of the human family is withheld. Gentlemen, the mission of our time is to change the old bases of society, to create true order, and to substitute everywhere realities for fictions. During this transition of social bases, which is the colossal work of our time, nothing can resist the press, applying its power of traction to catholicism, to militarism, to absolutism, to the dense blocks of facts and ideas. The press is force. Why? Because it is intelligence. It is the living clarion; it sounds the *réveille* of nations; it loudly announces the advent of justice; it holds no account of night, except to salute the dawn; it becomes day and warns the world. Sometimes, however, strange occurrence! it is it that gets warnings. This is like the owl reprimanding the crow of the cock. Yes, in certain countries, the press is oppressed. Is it a slave? No, an enslaved press is an impossible junction of words. Besides, there are two modes of being enslaved—that of Spartacus and that of Epictetus. The one breaks his chains; the other shows his soul. When the fettered writer cannot have recourse to the first method, the second remains for him. No; let despots do what they will; I call on all those free men who hear me to witness—there is no slavery for the mind. Gentlemen, in the age in which we live there is no salvation without liberty of the press, but, on the contrary, misdirection, shipwreck, disaster everywhere. There are at present certain questions which are the questions of the age, which are before us, and are inevitable. There is no medium; we must break upon them or take refuge in

them. Society is irresistibly sailing on this stream. These questions are the subject of the painful book of which such splendid mention has been made just now. Pauperism, parasitism, the production and distribution of wealth, money, credit, labour, wages, the extinction of proletarianism, the progressive decrease of punishments, the rights of women, who constitute half the human race, the right of a child who demands—I say demands—gratuitous and compulsory education, the right of soul, which implies religious liberty—these are the problems. With a free press they have light thrown upon them; they are practicable; we see the precipices about them, and the issues from them; we may attack them and solve them. Attacked and solved they will save the world. Without the press there is profound darkness. All these problems become immediately formidable. We can only distinguish sharp outlines; we may fail of finding the entrance, and society may founder. Quench the pharos, and the port becomes a rock. Gentlemen, with a free press error is not possible; there is no vacillation, no groping about in the progress of man. In the midst of social problems, of the dark cross-paths, the press is the indicating finger. There is no uncertainty. Advance to the ideal, to justice and to truth; for it is not enough to walk, you must walk forward. How are you going? That is the whole question. To counterfeit movement is not to accomplish progress. To make a footprint without advancing may do for passive obedience. To walk about for ever in the path is but a mechanical movement, unworthy of man. Let us have an aim. Let us know where we are going. Let us proportion the effort to the result. Let an idea guide us in each step we take. Let every step be logically connected with the other. Let the solution come after the idea, and let the victory come after the right. Never step backwards. Indecision in movement shows emptiness of the brain. What is more wretched than to wish and not to wish? He who hesitates, falls back, and totters, does not think. Gentlemen, who are the auxiliaries of the patriot? The press. What is the terror of the coward and the traitor? The press. I know it: the press is hated, and this is a great reason for loving it. Every indignity, every persecution, every fanaticism, denounces, insults, and wounds it as far as they can. I recollect a celebrated encyclical, some remarkable words of which have remained on my memory. In this encyclical a Pope, our contemporary Gregory XVI., the enemy of his age, which is somewhat the misfortune of Popes—and having ever present in his mind the old dragon and beast of the Apocalypse, thus described the press in his monkish and barbarous Latin—*gula ignea, caligo, impetus immanis cum strepitu horrendo*—(a fiery throat, darkness, a fierce rush with a horrid noise). I dispute nothing of the description. The portrait is striking. A mouth of fire, smoke, prodigious rapidity, formidable noise. Just so. It is a locomotive which is passing; it is the press, the mighty and holy locomotive of progress. Where is it going; where is it dragging civilization? Where is this powerful pilot engine carrying nations? The tun-

nel is long, obscure, and terrible, for we may say that humanity is yet underground, so much matter envelopes and crushes it, so many superstitions, prejudices, and tyrannies form a thick vault around it, and so much darkness is above it. Alas! since man's birth the whole of history has been subterranean. We see nowhere the divine ray; but in the 19th century, after the French revolution, there is hope, there is certainty. Yonder, far in a distance, a luminous point appears. It increases, it increases every moment; it is the future; it is realization; it is the end of woe, the dawn of joy: it is the Canaan, the future land where we shall only have around us brethren and above us Heaven. Strength to the sacred locomotive! Courage to thought; courage to science; courage to philosophy. Courage to the press; courage to all of you writers! The hour is drawing nigh when mind delivered at last from this dismal tunnel of 6000 years, will suddenly burst forth in all its dazzling brightness. I drink to the press, to its power, to its glory, to its efficiency, to its liberty in Belgium, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, in Spain, in England, in America, and to its emancipation elsewhere."

---

### HENRY IRVING ON THE ART OF ACTING.

[Mr. Irving was born Feb. 6, 1838. His début was made at the Sunderland theatre, Sept. 29, 1856. His first great impression upon the public was achieved in the character of Matthias in the "Bells," at the Lyceum Theatre, Nov. 20, 1871, under the management of Mrs. Bateman; since which date he has held his own as the most painstaking and artistic actor on the English stage.]

(Extract from an Address delivered to the students at Harvard University, March 30, 1885.)

WE are sometimes told that to read the best dramatic poetry is more educating than to see it acted. I do not think this theory is very widely held, for it is in conflict with the dramatic instinct, which everybody possesses in a greater or less degree. You never met a playwright who could conceive himself willing—even if endowed with the highest literary gifts—to prefer a reading to a play-going public. He thinks his work deserving of all the rewards of print and publisher, but he will be much more elated if it should appeal to the world in the theatre as a skilful representation of human passions. In one of her letters George Eliot says: "In opposition to most people who love to *read* Shakespeare, I like to see his plays acted better than any others; his great tragedies thrill me, let them be acted how they may." All this is so simple and intelligible, that it seems scarcely worth while to argue that in proportion to the readiness with which the reader of Shakespeare imagines the attributes of the various characters, and is interested in their personality, he will, as a rule, be eager to see their tragedy or comedy in action. He will then find that very much which he could not imagine with any definiteness presents new images every moment—the eloquence of look and gesture, the inexhaustible significance of the human voice. There are people

(as I have said elsewhere) who fancy they have more music in their souls than was ever translated into harmony by Beethoven or Mozart. There are others who think they could paint pictures, write poetry—in short, do anything, if they only made the effort. To them what is accomplished by the practised actor seems easy and simple. But as it needs the skill of the musician to draw the full volume of eloquence from the written score, so it needs the skill of the dramatic artist to develop the subtle harmonies of the poetic play. In fact, to *do* and not to *dream*, is the mainspring of success in life. The actor's art is to act, and the true acting of any character is one of the most difficult accomplishments. I challenge the acute student to ponder over Hamlet's renunciation of Ophelia—one of the most complex scenes in all the drama—and say that he has learned more from his meditations than he could be taught by players whose intelligence is equal to his own. To present the man thinking aloud is the most difficult achievement of our art. Here the actor who has no real grip of the character, but simply recites the speeches with a certain grace and intelligence, will be untrue. The more intent he is upon the words, and the less on the ideas that dictated them, the more likely he is to lay himself open to the charge of mechanical interpretation. It is perfectly possible to express to an audience all the involutions of thought, the speculation, doubt, wavering, which reveal the meditative but irresolute mind. As the varying shades of fancy pass and repass the mirror of the face, they may yield more material to the studious playgoer than he is likely to get by a diligent poring over the text. In short, as we understand the people around us much better by personal intercourse than by all the revelations of written words,—for words, as Tennyson says, “half reveal and half conceal the soul within,”—so the drama has, on the whole, infinitely more suggestion when it is well acted than when it is interpreted by the unaided judgment of the student. It has been said that acting is an unworthy occupation because it represents feigned emotions, but this censure would apply with equal force to poet or novelist. Do not imagine that I am claiming for the actor sole and undivided authority. He should himself be a student, and it is his business to put into practice the best ideas he can gather from the general current of thought with regard to the highest dramatic literature. But it is he who gives body to those ideas—fire, force, and sensibility, without which they would remain for most people mere airy abstractions.

It is often supposed that great actors trust to the inspiration of the moment. Nothing can be more erroneous. There will, of course, be such moments, when an actor at a white heat illumines some passage with a flash of imagination (and this mental condition, by the way, is impossible to the student sitting in his arm-chair); but the great actor's surprises are generally well weighed, studied, and balanced. We know that Edmund Kean constantly practised before a mirror effects which startled his audience by their apparent spontaneity. And it is the accumulation of such

effects which enables an actor, after many years, to present many great characters with remarkable completeness.

I do not want to overstate the case, or to appeal to anything that is not within common experience, so I can confidently ask you whether a scene in some great play has not been vividly impressed on your minds by the delivery of a single line, or even of one forcible word. Has not this made the passage far more real and human to you than all the thought you have devoted to it? An accomplished critic has said that Shakespeare himself might have been surprised had he heard the "Fool, fool, fool!" of Edmund Kean. And though all actors are not Keans, they have in varying degree this power of making a dramatic character step out of the page, and come nearer to our hearts and our understandings.

\* \* \* \* \*

You will see that the limits of an actor's studies are very wide. To master the technicalities of his craft, to familiarize his mind with the structure, rhythm, and the soul of poetry to be constantly cultivating his perceptions of life around him and of all the arts—painting, music, sculpture—for the actor who is devoted to his profession is susceptible to every harmony of colour, form, and sound—to do all this is to labour in a very large field of industry. But all your training, bodily and mental, is subservient to the two great principles in tragedy and comedy—passion and geniality. Geniality in comedy is one of the rarest gifts. Think of the rich unction of Falstaff, the mercurial fancy of Mercutio, the witty vivacity and manly humour of Benedick—think of the qualities, natural and acquired, that are needed for the complete *pourtraval* of such characters, and you will understand how difficult it is for a comedian to rise to such a sphere. In tragedy, passion or intensity sweeps all before it, and when I say passion, I mean the passion of pathos as well as wrath or revenge. These are the supreme elements of the actor's art, which cannot be taught by any system, however just, and to which all education is but tributary.

Now, all that can be said of the necessity of a close regard for nature in acting applies with equal or greater force to the presentation of plays. You want, above all things, to have a truthful picture which shall appeal to the eye without distracting the imagination from the purpose of the drama.

To what position in the world of intelligence does the actor's art entitle him, and what is his contribution to the general sum of instruction? We are often told that the art is ephemeral: that it creates nothing, that when the actor's personality is withdrawn from the public eye, he leaves no trace behind. Granted that his art creates nothing; but does it not often restore? It is true that he leaves nothing like the canvas of the painter and the marble of the sculptor, but has he done naught to increase the general stock of ideas? The astronomer and naturalist create nothing, but they contribute much to the enlightenment of the world. I am taking the highest standard of my art, for I maintain that in judging any

calling you should consider its noblest and not its most ignoble products. All the work that is done on the stage cannot stand upon the same level, any more than all the work that is done in literature. You do not demand that your poets and novelists shall all be of the same calibre. An immense amount of good writing does no more than increase the gaiety of mankind; but when Johnson said that the gaiety of nations was eclipsed by the death of Garrick, he did not mean that a mere barren amusement had lost one of its professors. When Sir Joshua Reynolds painted Mrs. Siddons as the *Tragic Muse*, and said he had achieved immortality by putting his name on the hem of her garment, he meant something more than a pretty compliment, for her name can never die. To give genuine and wholesome entertainment is a very large function of the stage, and without that entertainment very many lives would lose a stimulus of the highest value. If recreation of every legitimate kind is invaluable to the worker, especially so is the recreation of the drama, which brightens his faculties, enlarges his vision of the picturesque, and by taking him for a time out of this work-a-day world, braces his sensibilities for the labours of life. The art which does this may surely claim to exercise more than a fleeting influence upon the world's intelligence. But in its highest developments it does more; it acts as a constant medium for the diffusion of great ideas, and by throwing new lights upon the best dramatic literature, it largely helps the growth of education. It is not too much to say that the interpreters of Shakespeare on the stage have had much to do with the widespread appreciation of his works. Some of the most thoughtful students of the poet have recognised their indebtedness to actors, while for multitudes the stage has performed the office of discovery. Thousands who flock to-day to see a representation of Shakespeare, which is the product of much reverent study of the poet, are not content to regard it as a mere scenic exhibition. Without it Shakespeare might have been for many of them a sealed book; but many more have been impelled by the vivid realism of the stage to renew studies which other occupations or lack of leisure have arrested. Am I presumptuous, then, in asserting that the stage is not only an instrument of amusement, but a very active agent in the spread of knowledge and taste? Some forms of stage work, you may say, are not particularly elevating. True; and there are countless fictions coming daily from the hands of printer and publisher which nobody is the better for reading. You cannot have a fixed standard of value in any art; and though there are masses of people who will prefer an unintelligent exhibition to a really artistic production, that is no reason for decrying the theatre, in which all the arts blend with the knowledge of history, manners, and customs of all people, and scenes of all climes, to afford a varied entertainment to the most exacting intellect. I have no sympathy with people who are constantly anxious to define the actor's position, for, as a rule, they are not animated by a desire to promote his interests. "Tis in ourselves that we are thus and

thus;" and whatever actors deserve, socially and artistically, they are sure to receive as their right. I found the other day in a well-circulated little volume a suggestion that the actor was a degraded being because he has a closely shaven face. This is, indeed humiliating, and I wonder how it strikes the Roman Catholic clergy. However, there are actors who do not shave closely, and though, alas! I am not one of them, I wish them joy of the spiritual grace which I cannot claim.

It is admittedly unfortunate for the stage that it has a certain equivocal element, which, in the eyes of some judges, is sufficient for its condemnation. The art is open to all, and it has to bear the sins of many. You may open your newspaper, and see a paragraph headed, "Assault by an Actress." Some poor creature is dignified by that title who has not the slightest claim to it. You look into a shop-window, and see photographs of certain people who are indiscriminately described as actors and actresses, though their business has no pretence to be art of any kind.

The fierce light of publicity that beats upon us makes us liable, from time to time, to dissertations upon our public and private lives, our manners, our morals, and our money. Our whims and caprices are descanted on with apparent earnestness of truth, and seeming sincerity of conviction. There is always some lively controversy concerning the influence of the stage. The battle between old methods and new in art is waged everywhere. If an actor were to take to heart everything that is written and said about him, his life would be an intolerable burden. And one piece of advice I should give to young actors is this: Don't be too sensitive; receive praise or censure with modesty and patience. Good, honest criticism is, of course, most advantageous to an actor, but he should save himself from the indiscriminate reading of a multitude of comments, which may only confuse instead of stimulating. And here let me say to young actors in all earnestness: Beware of the loungers of our calling, the camp-followers who hang on the skirts of the army, and who inveigle the young into habits that degrade their character and paralyse their ambition. Let your ambition be ever precious to you, and, next to your good name, the jewel of your souls. I care nothing for the actor who is not always anxious to rise to the highest position in his particular walk; but this ideal cannot be cherished by the young man who is induced to fritter away his time and his mind in thoughtless company.

But in the midst of all this turmoil about the stage, one fact stands out clearly: the dramatic art is steadily growing in credit with the educated classes. It is drawing more recruits from those classes. The enthusiasm for our calling has never reached a higher pitch. There is quite an extraordinary number of ladies who want to become actresses, and the cardinal difficulty in the way is not the social deterioration which some people think they would incur, but simply their inability to act. Men of education who become actors do not find that their education is useless. If

they have the necessary aptitude, the inborn instinct for the stage, all their mental training will be of great value to them. It is true that there must always be grades in the theatre; that an educated man who is an indifferent actor can never expect to reach the front rank. If he do no more than figure in the army at Bosworth Field, or look imposing in a doorway; if he never play any but the smallest parts; if in these respects he be no better than men who could not pass an examination in any branch of knowledge—he has no more reason to complain than the highly educated man who longs to write poetry, and possesses every qualification save the poetic faculty. There are people who seem to think that only irresistible genius justifies any one in adopting the stage as a vocation. They make it an argument against the profession that many enter it from a low sphere of life, without any particular fitness for acting, but simply to earn a livelihood by doing the subordinate and mechanical work which is necessary in every theatre. And so men and women of refinement—especially women—are warned that they must do themselves injury by passing through the rank and file during their term of probation in the actor's craft. Now, I need not remind you that on the stage everybody cannot be great, any more than students of music can all become great musicians; but very many will do sound artistic work which is of enormous value. As for any question of conduct, Heaven forbid that I should be dogmatic; but it does not seem to me logical that while genius is its own law in the pursuit of a noble art, all inferior merit or ambition is to be deterred from the same path by appalling pictures of its temptations.

If our art is worth anything at all, it is worth the honest, conscientious self-devotion of men and women who, while they may not achieve fame, may have the satisfaction of being workers in a calling which does credit to many degrees of talent. We do not claim to be any better than our fellows in other walks of life. We do not ask the jester in journalism whether his quips and epigrams are always dictated by the loftiest morality; nor do we insist on knowing that the odour of sanctity surrounds the private lives of lawyers and military men before we send our sons into law and the army. It is impossible to point out any vocation which is not attended by temptations that prove fatal to many; but you have simply to consider whether a profession has in itself any title to honour, and then—if you are confident of your capacity—to enter it with a resolve to do all that energy and perseverance can accomplish. The immortal part of the stage is its nobler part. Ignoble accidents and interludes come and go, but this lasts on for ever. It lives, like the human soul, in the body of humanity—associated with much that is inferior and hampered by many hindrances—but it never sinks into nothingness, and never fails to find new and noble work in creations of permanent and memorable excellence. And I would say, as a last word, to the young men in this assembly who may at any time resolve to enter the dramatic profession, that they ought always to fix their minds upon the highest examples;



that in studying acting they should beware of prejudiced comparisons between this method and that, but learn as much as possible from all; that they should remember that art is as varied as nature, and as little suited to the shackles of a school; and, above all, that they should never forget that excellence in any art is attained only by arduous labour, unswerving purpose, and unfailing discipline. This discipline is, perhaps, the most difficult of all tests, for it involves the subordination of the actor's personality in every work which is designed to be a complete and harmonious picture. Dramatic art nowadays is more coherent, systematic, and comprehensive than it has sometimes been. And to the student who proposes to fill the place in this system to which his individuality and experience entitles him, and to do his duty faithfully and well, ever striving after greater excellence, and never yielding to the indolence that is often born of popularity—to him I say, with every confidence, that he will choose a career in which, if it does not lead him to fame, he will be sustained by the honourable exercise of some of the best faculties of the human mind.

*(Inserted by the courtesy of Mr. Irving.)*



### LORD MACAULAY'S SPEECH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

[From his Inaugural Address, on his election as Lord Rector, March 21, 1849. Born 1800. Died 1859.]

Look at the world a hundred years after the seal of Pope Nicholas the Fifth had been affixed to the instrument which called your College into existence. We find Europe, we find Scotland especially, in the agonies of that revolution which we emphatically call the Reformation. The liberal patronage which Nicholas, and men like Nicholas, had given to learning, and of which the establishment of this seat of learning is not the least remarkable instance, had produced an effect which they had never contemplated. Ignorance was the talisman on which their power depended, and that talisman they had themselves broken. They had called in knowledge as a hand-maid to decorate superstition, and their error produced its natural effect. I need not tell you what a part the votaries of classical learning, and especially the votaries of Greek learning, the Humanists, as they were then called, bore in the great movement against spiritual tyranny. They formed in fact the vanguard of that movement. Almost every eminent Humanist in the north of Europe was, according to the measure of his uprightness and courage, a Reformer. In a Scottish University I need hardly mention the names of Knox, of Buchanan, of Melville, of Secretary Maitland. In truth, minds daily nourished with the best literature of Greece and Rome necessarily grew too strong to be trammelled by the cobwebs of the scholastic divinity; and the influence of such

minds was now rapidly felt by the whole community ; for the invention of printing had brought books within the reach of yeomen and of artisans. From the Mediterranean to the Frozen Sea, therefore, the public mind was everywhere in a ferment ; and nowhere was the ferment greater than in Scotland. It was in the midst of martyrdoms and proscriptions, in the midst of a war between power and truth, that the first century of the existence of your University closed.

Pass another hundred years, and we are in the midst of another revolution. The war between Popery and Protestantism had, in this island, been terminated by the victory of Protestantism. But from that war another war had sprung, the war between Prelacy and Puritanism. The hostile religious sects were allied, intermingled, confounded with hostile political parties. The monarchical element of the constitution was an object of almost exclusive devotion to the Prelatist. The popular element of the constitution was especially dear to the Puritan. At length an appeal was made to the sword. Puritanism triumphed ; but Puritanism was already divided against itself. Independency and Republicanism were on one side, Presbyterianism and limited Monarchy on the other. It was in the very darkest part of that dark time ; it was in the midst of battles, sieges, and executions ; it was when the whole world was still aghast at the awful spectacle of a British king standing before a judgment seat, and laying his neck on a block ; it was when the mangled remains of the Duke of Hamilton had just been laid in the tomb of his house ; it was when the head of the Marquis of Montrose had just been fixed on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, that your University completed her second century.

A hundred years more, and we have at length reached the beginning of a happier period. Our civil and religious liberties had, indeed, been bought with a fearful price. But they had been bought. The price had been paid. The last battle had been fought on British ground. The last black scaffold had been set up on Tower Hill. The evil days were over. A bright and tranquil century, a century of religious toleration, of domestic peace, of temperate freedom, of equal justice, was beginning. That century is now closing. When we compare it with any equally long period in the history of any other great society, we shall find abundant cause for thankfulness to the Giver of all good. Nor is there any place in the whole kingdom better fitted to excite this feeling than the place where we are now assembled. For in the whole kingdom we shall find no district in which the progress of trade, of manufactures, of wealth, and of the arts of life, has been more rapid than in Clydesdale. Your University has partaken largely of the prosperity of this city and of the surrounding region. The security, the tranquillity, the liberty, which have been propitious to the industry of the merchant, and of the manufacturer, have been also propitious to the industry of the scholar. To the last century belong most of the names of which you justly boast. The time would fail me if I attempted to do justice to the memory of all the illustrious men who during that period,

taught or learned wisdom within these ancient walls; geometricians, anatomists, jurists, philologists, metaphysicians, poets; Simpson and Hunter, Millar and Young, Reid and Stewart; Campbell, whose coffin was lately borne to a grave in that renowned transept which contains the dust of Chaucer, of Spenser, and of Dryden; Black, whose discoveries form an era in the history of chemical science; Adam Smith, the greatest of all the masters of political science; James Watt, who perhaps did more than any single man has done, since the "New Atlantis" of Bacon was written, to accomplish that glorious prophecy.

Another secular period is now about to commence. There is no lack of alarmists, who will tell you that it is about to commence under evil auspices. But from me you must expect no such gloomy prognostications. I have heard them too long and too constantly to be scared by them. Ever since I began to make observations on the state of my country, I have seen nothing but growth, and heard of nothing but decay. The more I contemplate our noble institutions, the more convinced I am that they are sound at heart, that they have nothing of age but its dignity, and that their strength is still the strength of youth. The hurricane which has recently overthrown so much that was great, and that seemed durable, has only proved their solidity. They still stand, august and immovable, while dynasties and churches are lying in heaps of ruin all around us. I see no reason to doubt that, by the blessing of God on a wise and temperate policy, on a policy of which the principle is to preserve what is good by reforming in time what is evil, our civil institutions may be preserved unimpaired to a late posterity, and that under the shade of our civil institutions our academical institutions may long continue to flourish.

---

### LORD PALMERSTON ON COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, more remarkable in the progress of the country than the advance which of late years has been made in the diffusion and in the quality of education. The advance which England has made in population, in wealth, in everything that constitutes in common opinion the greatness of a country, is well known and most extraordinary. But we should, indeed, have been wanting in our duties as a nation if we had not accompanied that progress in wealth and population by a corresponding progress in the development of the intellectual faculties of the people. There was a time, now long gone by, when envious critics, who wanted to run down the Universities of the land, said they might be likened to hulks moored in a rapid current, where they served only to mark the rapidity of the stream. That has long since ceased to be a true representation of our Universities. They have improved the course, the object, and the direction of their studies, and they may now fearlessly vie with the academical institutions of any country in

the world. Certain objections have been made to the system of competitive examinations. Some people say it leads to cramming. It often happens that when mankind seize upon a word they imagine that word to be an argument, and go about repeating it, thinking they have arrived at some great and irresistible conclusion. So, when they pronounce the word "cramming," they think they have utterly discredited the system to which that word is by them applied. Some people seem to imagine that the human mind is like a bottle, and that when you have filled it with anything you pour it out again and it becomes as empty as it was before. That is not the nature of the human mind. The boy who has been crammed, to use the popular word, has, in point of fact, learned a great deal, and that learning has accomplished two objects. In the first place the boy has exercised the faculties of his mind in being crammed, and in the next place there remains in his mind a great portion of the knowledge so acquired, and which probably forms the basis of future attainment in different branches of education. Depend upon it that the boy who is crammed, if he is crammed successfully, not only may succeed in the examination for which he is preparing, but is from that time forward more intellectual, better informed, and more disposed to push forward the knowledge which by that cramming he has acquired. It is also said that you are teaching young men a great variety of things which will be of no use to them in the career which they are destined to pursue, and that you are pandering to their vanity by making them believe they are wiser than they really are. These objections, also, are in my opinion utterly futile. As to vanity and conceit, those are most vain and conceited who know the least. The more a man knows, the more he acquires a conviction of the extent of that which he does not know. A man ought to know a great deal to acquire a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance. If competitive examination is not liable to objection upon the score that it tends to raise undue notions of superiority on the part of those who go through it, so also it is a great mistake to imagine that a range of knowledge disqualifies a man for the particular career and profession to which he is destined. Nothing can be more proper than that a young man, having selected a particular profession, should devote the utmost vigour of his mind to qualify himself for it by acquiring the knowledge which is necessary for distinction in that line of life; but it would be a great mistake for him to confine himself to that study alone, and you may be sure that the more a young man knows of a great variety of subjects, and the more he exercises his faculties in acquiring a great range of knowledge, the better he will perform the duties of his particular profession. That sort of general knowledge may be likened to the gymnastic exercises to which soldiers are accustomed. It is not that it can be expected that these particular movements would be of any use to them on the day of battle; but these gymnastic exercises render their muscles flexible, strengthen their limbs, invigorate their health, and make them better able to undergo fatigue, and to adapt themselves to all cir-

circumstances. So with a wide range of study; it sharpens the wits; it infuses general knowledge into the mind; it sets a young man thinking; it strengthens the memory and stores it with facts; and in this way makes him a better and more able man in the particular profession which he is intended to pursue. It has been well said that in this happy land there is no barrier between classes, and that the highest positions are attainable by persons starting from the most humble origin. If he has only talent, if he has only acquirements, if he has only perseverance and good conduct, there is nothing within the range of the institutions of the country to which any man may not aspire, and which any man may not obtain. It is the peculiar character of this country as distinguished from many others, that whereas in some countries, unfortunately for them, men strive to raise the level on which they stand by pulling others down, in England men try to raise the level on which they stand, not by pulling others down but by elevating themselves. Having stated the advantages which the system of competitive examination confers upon those who are successful, I would take leave to say a word of encouragement to those who may have failed to obtain certificates. Let not these young men, and let not their parents, think that they, the unsuccessful competitors, have gained nothing by the struggle in which they have engaged. Depend upon it, that although they may not have succeeded in obtaining the distinction at which they aimed, they have succeeded in acquiring a great deal of useful knowledge; they have succeeded in acquiring habits of mind and powers of thought, and of application, which will be of use to them during the rest of their lives. You all know the old story of the father who upon his deathbed told his sons that he had a treasure buried in a certain field, and that if they dug the whole field through they would find it. The sons, acting upon this advice, dug the field, but no gold was there. In the next year, however, there was that which was to them a treasure—a most abundant and valuable harvest. That was the treasure which the father wished them to seek for and which they found. So it is with the unsuccessful competitors. They have not found the treasure which they sought for—namely, a certificate of attainments from the examiners—but they have gained a treasure which to them will be of infinite value—those habits of mind, those powers of thought, and that amount of knowledge upon which a larger building may be erected; and they therefore will have reason to thank their parents for having sent them to a competitive examination, thus rendering them better able to struggle through life in whatever career they may choose to pursue.

---

### MR. O'CONNELL IN DEFENCE OF MR. MAGEE.

(THE LAW OF LIBEL.)

[The great Irish "agitator," Daniel O'Connell, was born in the county of Kerry, 1776. He was educated at the Catholic College of St. Omer and at the school at Douay. In 1794 he became a student of Lincoln's Inn and was

admitted a barrister in 1798. His practice yielded him a large income, but in 1809 he became connected with the associations for the emancipation of the Catholics, and soon became their idol. In 1828 he was returned to parliament by the electors of Clare, and presenting himself at the table of the House, expressed his willingness to take the oath of allegiance, but refused to take the other oaths. On this he was ordered to withdraw. The Catholic Relief Bill, passed in 1829, enabled him to sit. The last years of his life were devoted to the unprofitable agitation for the repeal of the union. As an orator he stood in the first rank; his only literary work is his "Memoirs of Ireland." He died in 1847, aged 72.]

GENTLEMEN, you are now to pronounce upon a publication, the truth of which is not controverted. The case is with you: it belongs to you exclusively to decide it. His Lordship may advise, but he cannot control your decision; and it belongs to you alone to say, whether or not, upon the entire matter, you conceive it to be evidence of guilt, and deserving of punishment. The Statute-law gives or recognises this your right, and imposes it on you as your duty. No judge can dictate to a jury—no jury ought to allow itself to be dictated to.

If the contrary doctrine were established, see what oppressive consequences might result. At some future period, some man may attain the first place on the bench, through the reputation which is so easily acquired—by a certain degree of church-wardening piety, added to a great gravity and maidenly decorum of manners. Such a man *may* reach the bench—for I am putting a mere imaginary case:—He may be a man without passions, and therefore without vices; he may be, my lord, a man superfluously rich, and therefore, not to be bribed with money, but rendered partial by his bigotry, and corrupted by his prejudices: such a man, inflated by flattery and bloated in his dignity, may hereafter use that character for sanctity which has served to promote him, as a sword to hew down the struggling liberties of his country:—such a judge may interfere before trial, and at the trial be a partisan!

Gentlemen, should an honest jury—could an honest jury (if an honest jury were again found) listen with safety to the dictates of such a judge? I repeat, that the law does not and cannot require such submission as has been preached: and at all events, gentlemen, it cannot be controverted that, in the present instance—that of an alleged libel;—the decision of all law and fact belongs to you. I am then warranted in directing to you some observations on the law of libel; and in doing so, my intention is to lay before you a short and rapid view of the causes which have introduced into courts the monstrous assertion—that *truth is crime*!

It is to be deeply lamented that the art of Printing was unknown at the earlier periods of our history. If, at the time the barons wrung the simple but sublime charter of liberty from a timid, perfidious sovereign—from a violator of his word—from a man covered with disgrace, and sunk in infamy; if at the time when that charter was confirmed and renewed, the Press had existed; it would, I think, have been the first care of those friends of freedom to have established a principle of liberty for it to rest upon, which might

resist every future assault. Their simple and unsophisticated understandings could never be brought to comprehend the legal subtleties by which it is now argued that *falsehood* is useful and innocent, and *truth*, the emanation and the type of heaven, a crime. They would have cut with their swords the cobweb links of sophistry in which truth is entangled; and they would have rendered it impossible to re-establish this injustice, without violating a principle of the constitution.

When the art of Printing was invented, its value to every sufferer, its terror to every oppressor, was soon obvious; therefore means were speedily adopted to prevent its salutary effects. The Star-Chamber—the odious Star-Chamber—was either created, or at least, enlarged and brought into activity. Its proceedings were arbitrary, its decisions were oppressive, and injustice and tyranny were formed into a system. To describe it in one sentence, it was a *prematurely packed jury*. The Star-Chamber was particularly vigilant over the infant struggles of the Press. A code of laws became necessary to govern this new enemy to prejudice and oppression. The Star-Chamber adopted, for this purpose, the civil law as it is called—the law of Rome:—not the law at the periods of her liberty and her glory, but the law which was promulgated when she fell into slavery and disgrace, and recognised this principle—that the will of the prince was the rule of the law. The civil law was adopted by the Star-Chamber as its guide in proceeding against and in punishing libellers; but, unfortunately, only part of it was adopted—and that, of course, was the part least favourable to freedom. So much of the civil law as assisted to discover the concealed libeller, and to punish him, when discovered, was carefully selected; but the civil law allowed truth to be a defence—and that part was carefully rejected.

From the Star-Chamber, gentlemen, the prevention and punishment of libels descended to the courts of common law: and, with the power, they seem to have inherited much of the spirit of that tribunal. Servility at the bar, and profligacy on the bench, have not been wanting to aid every construction unfavourable to freedom: and, at length, it is taken as granted, and as clear law, that truth or falsehood is quite immaterial, constituting no part of either guilt or innocence.

I would wish to examine this revolting doctrine; and, in doing so, I am proud to tell you that it has no other foundation than in the oft-repeated assertions of lawyers and judges. One servile writer has stated this doctrine, from time to time, after another—and one overbearing judge has re-echoed the assertion of a time-serving predecessor—and the public have, at length, submitted. I do therefore feel not only gratified in having the occasion, but bound to express my opinion on the real law of this subject. I know that opinion is but of little weight. I have no professional rank or station to give it importance; but it is an honest and conscientious opinion, and it is this;—that, in the discussion of *public subjects*,

and of the administration of *public men*, truth is a duty and not a crime.

For my part, I frankly avow that I shudder at the scenes around me. I cannot, without horror, view this interfering and intermeddling with judges and juries: it is vain to look for safety to person or property, whilst this system is allowed to pervade our courts: the very fountain of justice may be corrupted at its source; and those waters which should confer health and vigour throughout the land, can then diffuse nought but mephitic and pestilential vapours to disgust and to destroy. If honesty, if justice be silent, yet prudence ought to check these practices. We live in a new era,—a melancholy era—in which perfidy and profligacy are sanctioned by high authority: the base violation of plighted faith, the deep stain of dishonour, infidelity in love, treachery in friendship, the abandonment of every principle, and the adoption of every frivolity and of every vice that can excite hatred combined with ridicule,—all, all this, and more, may be seen around us; and yet it is believed, it is expected, that this system is fated to be eternal. Gentlemen, we shall all weep the insane delusion; and, in the terrific moments of retaliation, you know not, you cannot know, how soon or how bitterly “the ingredients of your poisoned chalice may be commended to your own lips.”

Is there amongst you any one friend to freedom? Is there amongst you one man who esteems equal and impartial justice—who values the people's rights as the foundation of private happiness, and who considers life as no boon without liberty? Is there amongst you one friend to the constitution—one man who hates oppression? If there be, Mr. Magee appeals to his kindred mind, and expects an acquittal.

There are amongst you men of great religious zeal—of much public piety. Are you sincere? Do you believe what you profess? With all this zeal, with all this piety, *is* there any conscience amongst you? *Is* there any terror of violating your oaths? Are ye hypocrites, or does genuine religion inspire you? If you are sinners, if you have consciences, if your oaths can control your interests, then Mr. Magee confidently expects an acquittal.

If amongst you there be cherished one ray of pure religion—if amongst you there glow a single spark of liberty—if I have alarmed religion, or roused the spirit of freedom in one breast amongst you, Mr. Magee is safe, and his country is served; but, if there be none, if you be slaves and hypocrites—he will await your verdict—and despise it!

---

### ROBERT HALL'S PERORATION ON WAR.

[The Rev. Robert Hall, M.A., the eminent dissenting minister, was born at Arnsley, near Leicester, 1764. He was educated at Bristol and King's College, Aberdeen. His works on Divinity and political economy, which are numerous,



are remarkable for profound thought, elegance of style, and for the splendour of their imagery. As a preacher he was unrivalled, his congregation were, it is said, "entranced by his fervid eloquence, and melted by the awe and fervour with which he dwelt on the mysteries of death and eternity." His complete works have been published in six volumes. Died 1831.]

As far as the interests of freedom are concerned,—the most important by far of sublunary interests,—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders: it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go, then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms. While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction, the purest allotted to man, of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead; while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period

—and they will incessantly revolve them—shall turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious mortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready “to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever,” they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, “gird on Thy sword, Thou Most Mighty;” go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from Thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with Thine own; and, while led by Thine hand, and fighting under Thy banners, open Thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire and horses of fire! “Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.”

---

### GEORGE CANNING ON THE LATENT POWER OF ENGLAND.

[The Right Hon. George Canning was born in London 1770, and educated at Winchester (Hyde Abbey School), Eton, and Oxford. He entered the bar at Lincoln's Inn, but abandoned law for politics, and was appointed by Mr. Pitt Under-Secretary of State. After filling most of the high offices of State he became Premier. Died 1827.]

LET it not be said that we cultivate peace, either because we fear, or because we are unprepared for war; on the contrary, if eight months ago the Government did not hesitate to proclaim that the country was prepared for war, if war should be unfortunately necessary, every month of peace that has since passed has but made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an

animated thing, instinct with life and motion; how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage, how quickly would it put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might, such is England herself, while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise. After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century, sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arrayed at times against her, or at her side, England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction. Long may we be enabled, gentlemen, to improve the blessings of our present situation, to cultivate the arts of peace, to give to commerce, now reviving, greater extension, and new spheres of employment, and to confirm the prosperity now generally diffused throughout this island. Of the blessings of peace, gentlemen, I trust that this borough, with which I have now the honour and happiness of being associated, will receive an ample share. I trust the time is not far distant, when that noble structure (*i.e. the breakwater*), of which, as I learn from your Recorder, the box with which you have honoured me, through his hands, formed a part, that gigantic barrier against the fury of the waves that roll into your harbour, will protect a commercial marine not less considerable in its kind, than the warlike marine of which your port has been long so distinguished an asylum; when the town of Plymouth will participate in the commercial prosperity as largely as it has hitherto done in the naval glories of England.

---

### KOSSUTH'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY.

[Louis Kossuth, ex-governor of Hungary, was born in 1807. The events of his life belong to history rather than literary biography. At present he is in exile.]

FAREWELL, my beloved country! Farewell, land of the Magyar! Farewell, thou land of sorrow! I shall never more behold the summit of thy mountains. I shall never again give the name of my country to that cherished soil where I drank from my mother's bosom the milks of justice and liberty. Pardon, oh! pardon him who is henceforth condemned to wander far from thee, because he combated for thy happiness. Pardon one who can only call free that spot of thy soil where he now kneels with a few of the faithful children of conquered Hungary! My last looks are fixed on my country, and I see thee overwhelmed with anguish. I look into the future; but that future is overshadowed. Thy plains are covered with blood, the redness of which pitiless destruction will change to black, the emblem of mourning for the victories thy sons have gained over the sacrilegious enemies of thy sacred soil.

How many grateful hearts have sent their prayers to the throne of the Almighty! How many tears have gushed from their very depth to implore pity! How much blood has been shed to testify that the Magyar idolizes his country, and that he knows how to die for it! And yet, land of my love, thou art in slavery. From thy very bosom will be forged the chains to bind all that is sacred, and to aid all that is sacrilegious. Oh, Almighty Creator, if thou lovest thy people to whom thou didst give victory under our heroic ancestor, Arapad, I implore thee not to sink them in degradation. I speak to thee, my country, thus from the abyss of my despair, and whilst yet lingering on the threshold of thy soil. Pardon me that a great number of thy sons have shed their blood for thee on my account. I pleaded for thee—I hoped for thee, even in the dark moment when on thy brow was written the withering word “despair.” I lifted my voice in thy behalf when men said, “Be thou a slave.” I girt the sword about my loins, and I grasped the bloody plume, even when they said, “Thou art no longer a nation on the soil of the Magyar.”

Time has written thy destiny on the pages of thy story in yellow and black letters—death. The Colossus of the North has set his seal to the sentence. But the glowing iron of the East shall melt that seal.

For thee, my country, that has shed so much blood, there is no pity; for does not the tyrant eat his bread on the hills formed of the bones of thy children?

The ingrate, whom thou hast fattened with thy abundance, rose against thee; he rose against thee, the traitor to his mother, and destroyed thee utterly. Thou hast endured all; thou hast not cursed thine existence, for in thy bosom, and far above all sorrow, hope has built her nest.

Magyars, turn not aside your looks from me, for at this moment my eyes flow with tears for you, for the soil on which my tottering steps still wander is named Hungary.

My country, it is not the iron of the stranger that hath dug thy grave; it is not the thunder of fourteen nations, all arrayed against thee, that hath destroyed thee; and it is not the fifteenth nation, traversing the Carpathians, that has caused thee to drop thy arms. No! thou hast been betrayed—thou hast been sold, my country; thy death sentence hath been written, beloved of my heart, by him whose love for thee I never dared to doubt. Yes! in the fervour of my boldest thoughts I should have almost as soon doubted of the existence of the Omnipotent, as have believed that he could ever be a traitor to his country. Thou hast been betrayed by him into whose hands I had but a little space before deposited the power of our country, which he swore to defend, even to the last drop of his heart's blood. He hath done treason to his mother; for the glitter of gold hath been for him more seductive than that of the blood shed to save his country. Base gain had more value in his eyes than his country, and his God has abandoned him, as he had abandoned his God for his allies of hell.

My principles have not been those of Washington; nor yet my acts those of Tell. I desired a free nation, free as man cannot be made but by God. And thou art fallen; faded as the lily, but which in another season puts forth its flower still more lovely than before. Thou art dead; for hath not thy winter come on? but it will not endure so long as that of thy companion under the frozen sky of Siberia. No. Fifteen nations have dug thy tomb. But the hosts of the sixteenth will come to save thee. Be faithful, as thou hast been even to the present. Lift up thy heart in prayer for the departed: but do not raise thy own hymn until thou hearest the thunders of the liberating people echo along thy mountains, and bellow in the depth of thy valleys.

Farewell, beloved companions! Farewell, comrades, countrymen! May the thought of God, and may the angels of liberty for ever be with you! I will proclaim you to the civilized world as heroes; and the cause of an heroic people will be cherished by the freest nation on earth, the freest of all free people!

Farewell, thou land dyed with the blood of the brave! Guard those red marks, they will one day bear testimony on thy behalf.

And thou, farewell, O youthful monarch of the Hungarians! Forget not that my nation is not destined for thee. Heaven inspires me with the confidence that the day will dawn when it shall be proved to thee even on the ruined walls of Buda.

May the Almighty bless thee, my beloved country! Believe, hope, and love!

### THE REV. NEWMAN HALL ON THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

THERE is dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labour that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labour that is honest, is honourable too.

What a concurrent testimony is given by the entire universe to the dignity of toil. Things inanimate and things irrational combine with men and angels to proclaim the law of Him who made them all. The restless atmosphere, the rolling rivers, and the heaving ocean, nature's vast laboratory never at rest; countless agencies in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; the unwearied sun coming forth from his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race: the changeful moon, whose never slumbering influence the never-resting tides obey; the planets, never pausing in the mighty sweep of their majestic march; the sparkling stars, never ceasing to show forth the handiwork of Him who bade them shine; the busy swarms of insect life; the ant providing her meat in the summer, and gathering her food in the harvest; the birds exuberant in their flight, pouring forth the

melody of their song; the beasts of the forest rejoicing in the gladness of activity; primeval man amid the bowers of Eden; paradise untainted by sin, yet honoured by toil; fallen man, with labour still permitted him, an alleviation of his woe, and an earnest of his recovery; redeemed man, divinely instructed, assisted, encouraged, honoured in his toil; the innumerable company of angels, never resting in their service, never wearied in their worship; the glorious Creator of the universe, who never slumbereth or sleepeth: all, all, bear testimony to the dignity of labour!

The dignity of labour! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts, in its persevering promotion of human happiness, "clamorous labour knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world! Labour clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labour drives the plough and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labour tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man. Labour gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft and warm, and beautiful—the purple robe of the prince, and the grey gown of the peasant, being alike its handiwork. Labour moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labour, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labour explores the rich veins of deeply buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labour smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle—from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead. Labour hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labour, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountains, with its dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low:" labour draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains, and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, com-

pete with the lightning,—for the Telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself. Labour, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountains' slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbour; representatives of far-off regions make it their resort; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults—for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

Working men! walk worthy of your vocation! You have a noble escutcheon; disgrace it not! There is nothing really mean and low but sin! Stoop not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labour allied with virtue, may look up to heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. You will most successfully prove the honour of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous, and godly life. Be ye sure of this, that the man of toil who works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, does no less than Cherubim and Seraphim in their loftiest flights and holiest songs!

Yes, in the search after true dignity, you may point me to the sceptred prince, ruling over mighty empires; to the lord of broad acres teeming with fertility; or the owner of coffers bursting with gold; you may tell me of them or of learning, of the historian or of the philosopher, the poet or the artist; and while prompt to render such men all the honour which in varying degrees may be their due, I would emphatically declare that neither power nor nobility, nor wealth, nor learning, nor genius, nor benevolence, nor all combined, have a monopoly of dignity. I would take you to the dingy office, where day by day the pen plies its weary task, or to the shop, where from early morning till half the world have sunk to sleep, the necessities and luxuries of life are distributed, with scarce an interval for food, and none for thought—I would descend farther—I would take you to the ploughman plodding along his furrows; to the mechanic throwing the swift shuttle, or tending the busy wheels; to the miner groping his darksome way in the deep caverns of earth; to the man of the trowel, the hammer, or the forge; and if, while he diligently prosecutes his humble toil, he looks up with a brave heart and loving eye to heaven—if in what he does he recognises his God, and expects his wages from on high—if, while thus labouring on earth, he anticipates the rest of heaven, and can say, as did a poor man once, who, when pitied on account of humble lot, said, taking off his hat, "Sir, I am the son of a King, I am a child of God, and when I die, angels will carry me from this

Union Workhouse direct to the Court of Heaven." Oh! when I have shown you such a spectacle, I will ask—"Is there not dignity in labour?"

Work! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow—  
Work! thou shalt ride over care's coming billow—  
Lie not down wearied, 'neath woe's weeping willow,—  
But work with a stout heart and resolute will!  
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly—  
Work for some hope—be it ever so lowly—  
Work! for all labour is noble and holy!

---

### BENJAMIN DISRAELI ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer rose, and while the House lent him its deepest attention, spoke as follows:—

"The House of Commons is called upon to-night to fulfil a sorrowful, but a noble duty. It has to recognise, in the face of the country, and of the civilized world, the loss of the most illustrious of our citizens, and to offer to the ashes of the great departed the solemn anguish of a bereaved nation. The princely personage who has left us was born in an age more fertile of great events than any period of recorded time. Of these vast incidents the most conspicuous were his own deeds, and these were performed with the smallest means, and in defiance of the greatest obstacles. He was therefore, not only a great man, but the greatest man of a great age. Amid the chaos and conflagration which attended the end of the last century there rose one of those beings who seem born to master mankind. It is not too much to say that Napoleon combined the imperial ardour of Alexander with the strategy of Hannibal. The kings of the earth fell before his fiery and subtle genius, and at the head of all the power of Europe, he denounced destruction to the only land that dared to be free. The Providential superintendence of this world seems seldom more manifest than in the dispensation which ordained that the French Emperor and Wellesley should be born in the same year: that in the same year they should have embraced the same profession; and that natives of distant islands, they should both have sought their military education in that illustrious land which each in his turn was destined to subjugate. During the long struggle for our freedom, our glory, I may say our existence, Wellesley fought and won fifteen pitched battles, all of the highest class—concluding with one of those crowning victories which give a colour and aspect to history. During this period that can be said of him which can be said of no other captain—that he captured three thousand cannon from the enemy, and never lost a single gun. The greatness of his exploits was only equalled by the difficulties he overcame. He had to encounter at the same time a feeble Government, a factious Opposition, and a distrustful people, scandalous allies, and the most powerful enemy in



the world. He gained victories with starving troops, and carried on sieges without tools; and, as if to complete the fatality which in this sense always awaited him, when he had succeeded in creating an army worthy of Roman legions, and of himself, this invincible host was broken up on the eve of the greatest conjuncture of his life, and he entered the field of Waterloo with raw levies and discomfited allies.

"But the star of Wellesley never paled. He has been called fortunate, for fortune is a divinity that ever favours those who are alike sagacious and intrepid, inventive and patient. It was his character that created his career. This alike achieved his exploits and guarded him from vicissitudes. It was his sublime self-control that regulated his lofty fate. It has been the fashion of late years to disparage the military character. Forty years of peace have hardly qualified us to be aware how considerable and how complex are the qualities which are necessary for the formation of a great general. It is not enough to say that he must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in managing mankind; that he must be able to perform the highest duties of a minister of state, and sink to the humblest offices of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all this knowledge and he must do all these things at the same time, and under extraordinary circumstances. At the same moment he must think of the eve and the morrow—of his flanks and of his reserves; he must carry with him ammunition, provisions, hospitals; he must calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of man; and all these elements, which are perpetually changing, he must combine amid overwhelming cold or overpowering heat: sometimes amid famine, often amid the thunder of artillery. Behind all this, too, is the ever-present image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to receive him with cypress or laurel. But all these conflicting ideas must be driven from the mind of the military leader, for he must think—and not only think—he must think with the rapidity of lightning, for on a moment more or less, depends the fate of the finest combination, and on a moment more or less, depends glory or shame. Doubtless, all this may be done in an ordinary manner by an ordinary man; as we see every day of our lives ordinary men making successful Ministers of State successful speakers, successful authors. But to do all this with genius is sublime. Doubtless, to think deeply and clearly in the recess of a Cabinet is a fine intellectual demonstration, but to think with equal depth and equal clearness amid bullets is the most complete exercise of the human faculties. Although the military career of the Duke of Wellington fills so large a space in history, it was only a comparatively small section of his prolonged and illustrious life. Only eight years elapsed from Vimiera to Waterloo, and from the date of his first commission to the last cannon-shot on the field of battle scarcely twenty years can be counted. After all his triumphs he was destined for another career, and, if not in the prime, certainly in the perfection of manhood, he commenced a civil career

scarcely less eminent than those military achievements which will live for ever in history. Thrice was he the Ambassador of his Sovereign to those great historic congresses that settled the affairs of Europe; twice was he Secretary of State; twice was he Commander-in-Chief; and once he was Prime Minister of England. His labours for his country lasted to the end. A few months ago he favoured the present advisers of the Crown with his thoughts on the Burmese War, expressed in a state paper characterized by all his sagacity and experience; and he died the active chieftain of that famous army to which he has left the tradition of his glory.

"There was one passage in the life of the Duke of Wellington which should hardly be passed unnoticed on such an occasion, and in such a scene as this. It is our pride that he was one of ourselves; it is our pride that Sir Arthur Wellesley sat upon these benches. Tested by the ambition and the success of ordinary men, his career here, though brief, was distinguished. He entered Royal Councils and held a high ministerial post. But his House of Commons success must not be measured by his seat at the Privy Council and his Irish Secretaryship. He achieved a success here which the greatest ministers and the most brilliant orators can never hope to rival. That was a parliamentary success unequalled when he rose in his seat to receive the thanks of Mr. Speaker for a glorious victory; or, later still, when he appeared at the bar of this House, and received, Sir, from one of your predecessors, in memorable language, the thanks of a grateful country for accumulated triumphs. There is one consolation which all Englishmen must feel under this bereavement. It is, that they were so well and so completely acquainted with this great man. Never did a person of such mark live so long, and so much in the public eye.

"To complete all, that we might have a perfect idea of this sovereign master of duty in all his manifold offices, he himself gave us a collection of administrative and military literature which no age and no country can rival; and, fortunate in all things, Wellesley found in his lifetime an historian whose immortal page already ranks with the classics of that land which Wellesley saved. The Duke of Wellington left to his countrymen a great legacy—greater even than his glory. He left them the contemplation of his character. I will not say his conduct revived the sense of duty in England. I would not say that of our country. But that his conduct inspired public life with a purer and more masculine tone I cannot doubt. His career rebukes restless vanity, and reprimands the irregular ebullitions of a morbid egotism. I doubt not that, among all orders of Englishmen, from those with the highest responsibilities of our society to those who perform the humblest duties, I dare say there is not a man who in his toil and his perplexity has not sometimes thought of the duke and found in his example support and solace.

"Though he lived so much in the hearts and minds of his countrymen—though he occupied such eminent posts and fulfilled such august duties—it was not till he died that we felt what a space he filled in the feelings and thoughts of the people of England.

Never was the influence of real greatness more completely asserted than on his decease. In an age whose boast of intellectual equality flatters all our self-complacencies, the world suddenly acknowledged that it had lost the greatest of men; in an age of utility the most industrious and common-sense people in the world could find no vent for their woe and no representative for their sorrow but the solemnity of a pageant; and we—we who have met here for such different purposes—to investigate the sources of the wealth of nations, to enter into statistical research, and to encounter each other in fiscal controversy—we present to the world the most sublime and touching spectacle that human circumstances can well produce—the spectacle of a Senate mourning a Hero!"

---

### LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECH ON THE REFORM BILL.

WE stand in a truly critical position. If we reject the bill through fear of being thought to be intimidated, we may lead the life of retirement and quiet, but the hearts of the millions of our fellow-citizens are gone for ever; their affections are estranged; we, and our order and its privileges, are the objects of the people's hatred, as the only obstacles which stand between them and the gratification of their most passionate desire. The whole body of the aristocracy must expect to share this fate, and be exposed to feelings such as these. For I hear it constantly said that the bill is rejected by all the aristocracy. Favour, and a good number of supporters, our adversaries allow it has among the people; the ministers, too, are for it; but the aristocracy, say they, is strenuously opposed to it. I broadly deny this assertion. What! my lords, the aristocracy set themselves in a mass against the people;—they who sprang from the people—are inseparably connected with the people—are supported by the people—are the natural chiefs of the people? *They* set themselves against the people, for whom peers are ennobled, bishops consecrated, kings anointed,—the people, to serve whom Parliament itself has an existence, and the monarchy and all its institutions are constituted, and without whom none of them could exist for an hour? This assertion of unreflecting men is too monstrous to be endured. As a member of this House, I deny it with indignation—I repel it with scorn, as a calumny upon us all. And yet there are those who, even within these walls, speak of the bill augmenting so much the strength of the democracy as to endanger the other orders of the state; and so they charge its authors with promoting anarchy and rapine. Why, my lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are members of the present cabinet who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection; and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say, I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself

I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions; and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say, that in becoming a member of your House, I staked my all on the aristocratic institutions of the state; I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the state, for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it, and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated situation of representative of Yorkshire, and a leading member of the Commons. I descended from a position quite lofty enough to satisfy any man's ambition, and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then, have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, and to desire that you will not put in jeopardy all I have now left?

But the populace only, the rabble, the ignoble vulgar, are for the bill? Then what is the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England? What the Duke of Devonshire? What the Duke of Bedford? I am aware it is irregular to name any noble lord that is a friend to the measure: its adversaries are patiently suffered to call Peers even by their Christian and surnames. Then I shall be as regular as they were, and ask, does my friend John Russell, my friend William Cavendish, my friend Harry Vane, belong to the mob or the aristocracy? Have they no possessions? Are they modern names? Are they wanting in Norman blood, or whatever else you pride yourselves on? The idea is too ludicrous to be seriously refuted;—that the bill is only a favourite with the democracy, is a delusion so wild as to point a man's destiny towards St. Luke's. Yet many, both here and elsewhere, by dint of constantly repeating the same cry, or hearing it repeated, have almost made themselves believe that none of the nobility are for the measure.

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat—temporary it can only be; for its ultimate and even speedy success is certain. Nothing now can stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded, that even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles that surround you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sybil; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable;—to restore the franchise which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms—her moderate terms; she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back. Again she comes, but with

diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands—in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands—it is Parliament by the year—it is vote by the ballot—it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third visit; for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may be even the mace which rests upon that woolsack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you more expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are! Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people—alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your utmost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the constitution. Therefore I pray and I exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you—I warn you—I implore you—yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you—Reject not this bill!

---

### SIR ROBERT PEEL ON THE CONSTITUTION.

[From his Speech at the Merchant Tailors' Hall, May 11th, 1835. Born 1788. Died 1850.]

GENTLEMEN, with the deep feelings of pride and satisfaction by which I must necessarily be animated, there does mix, as you may well believe, one painful feeling that springs from the consciousness that any language of mine must be totally inadequate to express the intensity of my sensations in addressing you upon the present occasion. Gentlemen, I well know that these are the trite and ordinary excuses made by all speakers on occasions like the present; but if you will only place yourselves in my situation, if you will only recollect that I was alone, as it were, in this company, that I remained seated while all the rest of you were standing, that I re-

mained silent while all the rest of you were enthusiastically vociferating your generous approbation, that I was conscious that all your kindly attention, and consideration, and deep feeling, were concentrated upon myself; if you will recollect that I am a public man, that I am a man of the people, that I derive, I will not say my chief, my only strength from public applause and public confidence, that I am moreover a man who looks forward to no reward for public services excepting only public approbation, who aspires to no dignity except in all honesty and purity the good opinion of his fellow-subjects—the sound good opinion I mean, as distinguished from the paltry and fleeting popularity which may be gained at the moment, even by the weakest and most contemptible, in pandering or succumbing to faction, or even in more meekly and gently attempting at once to flatter and inflame the people's prejudices;—I say, then, that if you will take all these considerations and circumstances into your attention, you may be well able to believe, that although the excuse I have offered you for my deficiency in power adequately to respond to your great kindness may be trite, though it may be the ordinary phraseology of speakers in complimentary assemblages: yet upon this peculiar occasion it is perfectly consistent with truth, that I am unable to do justice to my feelings, in pouring forth to you my heartfelt thanks for the honour which you have conferred upon me.

But let me not be suspected of idle egotism. Let it not be thought that I have been so misled by the suggestions of personal vanity as to attribute to myself, or any deserts of mine, the origin of this meeting, or the feelings which you have this evening expressed. I agree with our worthy chairman in thinking that the address which I received from so large a body of the merchants, bankers, and traders of this city, was a sufficient compliment and reward for any services and exertions of mine. It asserted the principle by which I was animated: it bore with it the true reward of public services—the approbation of my fellow-citizens. I wanted no other demonstration of public feeling; and if I had regarded this meeting as merely a demonstration of personal compliment, I should almost have discouraged it, as being, after the address, a superfluous token of public esteem. No, Sir, the object of this meeting is a demonstration of public feeling in the metropolis. I do think that public interests may be promoted by it. I do think that the impulse which has been given from this centre of the commercial world, the vital impulse, must thrill to every extremity of the British empire.

Gentlemen, what I shall say will be spoken by me as one of yourselves, not as one anxious for triumph as a party man—still less as a candidate for office: I shall speak to you as a British subject in a private capacity, feeling a tenfold greater interest in the cause of good government than in any emoluments or advantages he could possibly derive from office; a man who has a tenfold greater desire, on public grounds, for the maintenance of the principles he professes and conscientiously believes to be essential to the welfare of the coun-

try, than for any benefits, if benefits they can be called, which he could derive from the acquisition of office. I believe, indeed, that there is no greater mistake than that people situated as I happen to be are so very anxious for office. Some fancy that the wholesome rest of every politician is broken by his feverish longing for office. If I were to speak from my own experience, I should tell a different tale. There is to me and to many others nothing in office, so far as mere personal feelings or interests are concerned, to compensate for its labours and its annoyances, and its deep anxieties, its interruption of domestic repose and happiness. Away, then, Sir, with the ridiculous assertion that men who are really qualified for the first trusts of the state would consent to procure them by any dishonest sacrifice of opinion, by any compromise of character. We hear constantly the professions of great alarm about court intrigue and court favouritism, and base coalitions of public men for the promotion of their private ends. The country quite mistakes the real danger in this respect; the danger is, not that public men, fit for public trusts, and worthy of public confidence, will seek office by unworthy means, but that they will seek excuses for declining it—will refuse to bear the heavy sacrifices of time, and labour, and repose, which it imposes. That office holds out great advantages to the ambitious minds of some, I will not deny; but are there not out of office equal, if not greater, means of distinction in public life? For myself, in taking office, in submitting to its drudgery, I was urged by nothing but a sense of public duty, and by the desire not to shrink from that obligation which every British subject incurs when called upon to serve his king, to the utmost of his ability and power. I hope that his Majesty has not a more devoted servant than I; but this I can say with truth, that when I entered the king's service I entered it with the consciousness that I neither sought nor desired any favour, any honour, any reward which the king has in his power to bestow. Office is no doubt a legitimate object of ambition. I think it anything but a reflection on a public man to seek it, when he can hold it consistently with his public principles, and when the holding of it will advance those principles; but speaking for myself, I repeat that I do not covet it, and that nothing has reconciled me to it but the imperative sense of public duty. The chief consolation I have had in holding it, the chief reward I retain on relinquishing it, is the proud reflection that I have had the good fortune in being connected in civil life with that illustrious man\* whose fame exceeds that of any other conqueror—a man from whom I never have been one moment estranged by any difference on political subjects, and with whom my connexion never has been embittered by the slightest infusion of paltry jealousy. I am gratified by the thought, connected as I have been with him in the civil service of the Crown, I shall have my name transmitted with his to after-ages. This is the chief pride, the dearest gratification of my heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

\* The Duke of Wellington.

Allow me to speak to you, not as a party man, but as one of yourselves, and to submit to you plain opinions in plain language. I prefer this, and I am sure so will you, to that elaborate concatenation of phrases which is sometimes called eloquence, in which you have the smallest possible quantity of common sense enveloped in the greatest multitude of equivocal words. I say to you, then, that there is danger to the institutions of this country, danger to the mixed and happily balanced form of government under which we have lived and prospered. But it is in your power, and in the power of those who think with you, and fill situations in the country corresponding to yours, to avert the danger. It is in your power, by unremitting activity and by the exercise of those functions which the constitution has left to you, to mitigate, if not altogether to remove, the evil. My fixed opinion is, that the danger can only be met by your gaining for your principles an effectual influence in the popular branch of the legislature. We shall only aggravate the evil if we attempt to deceive ourselves as to the nature of the instruments we can employ. Let us not indulge in useless lamentations. Let us waste no time in regretting that which is beyond our remedy. This is quite idle. The first step towards safety is a knowledge of the real source of our strength, a just confidence in it, and a firm resolution to exert it. If we cease to take a desponding view of public affairs all will yet be well. Though you may not be able to exercise that full share of influence to which you are legitimately entitled, yet hesitate not to strain every nerve to acquire all that can be acquired. Act like Englishmen, and if you will do so, I am confident, from the national spirit and indomitable resolution, that the country will be rescued from the dangers by which it is at present threatened. The government of the country, allow me to tell you, must be mainly conducted with the goodwill and through the immediate agency of the House of Commons. The royal prerogative, the authority of the House of Lords, are most useful, nay, necessary, in our mixed and balanced constitution. But you must not strain those powers. You would not consider that to be worthy of the name of government, which is nothing but a series of jealousies and hostile collisions between two branches of the legislature. You wish to see all branches of the legislature maintaining each its independent authority, but moving, through mutual confidence, in harmonious concert towards the great end of civil society and civil government—the public good. I ask you, then, not to underrate, not to misunderstand the power and authority of the House of Commons, not to trust to the controlling checks which may theoretically exist upon that power and authority; but to secure, through the legitimate exercise of constitutional privileges, that degree of influence for your principles in the House of Commons, which will be ten times more powerful for the establishment of what is good, and the resistance of what is evil, than any extrinsic control of the Crown or the House of Lords. Let us stand by the constitution as it exists at present. Let us never hint at alteration, or by our conduct raise a secret doubt, even in the minds of the most sus-



picious. I venture to prophesy to you that the proposition for change will not come from you. If it comes, it will come from those who clamoured most loudly for the Reform Bill, who demanded the whole bill and nothing but the bill. Ay, it will come from them, and the moment, perhaps, is not far distant—the moment that they have ascertained the bill is not likely to answer the purposes they had in view—the moment they see it is not potent to exclude the influence of what we call Conservative principles.

But I have said enough upon this subject; I do not despair that if we continue to exert ourselves, if we here set an example to the empire, it will, in all its parts, be before long animated by the constitutional and truly English feelings which are here displayed. How, it will be asked, are you to regain your influence in the House of Commons? Not, let me tell you, as your enemies would impute to you, by bribery and corruption and unworthy means, but by going forth with a frank exposition of your principles, and by showing that there is nothing selfish in your support of the institutions under which you live, and your defence of the rights which you inherited. Let us disclaim all interest in the maintenance of any abuse—let us declare that we are willing to redress any real grievance, and to concur in the application of the best remedy which can possibly be devised for that purpose. We hold that no public office ought to be maintained for the mere purpose of patronage; that public appointments can only be vindicated on the ground of their being necessary to the public service. We want no sinecures. We want no greater amount of salary for the reward of public officers than that which may be sufficient for securing integrity and competence in the discharge of important official duties. Above all, we deny that we are separated by any fancied line of interest, or of pride, or of privilege, from the middling classes of the country. If we ourselves don't belong to the middling classes of society, I want to know how wide the interval may be that is presumed to separate us? Speaking in behalf of nine-tenths at least of those assembled within these walls, I say we disclaim any separation from the middling classes of society in this country. O no, we are bound to them by a thousand ramifications of direct personal connexion, and common interests and common feelings. If circumstances may appear to have elevated some of us above the rest, to what, I venture to ask, is that elevation owing? It is owing to nothing else but to the exercise, either on our own part or on the part of our immediate forefathers, of those qualities of diligence, of the love of order, of industry, of integrity in commercial dealings, which have hitherto secured to every member of the middle class of society the opportunities of elevation and distinction in this great community; and it is because we stand in our present situation—it is because we owe our elevation in society to the exercise of those qualities, and because we feel that so long as this ancient form of government, and the institutions connected with it, and the principles and feelings which they engender, shall endure, the same elevation will be secured by the same means, that we are resolved, with the blessing

of God, to keep clear for others those same avenues that were opened to ourselves, that we will not allow their course to be obstructed by men who want to secure the same advantages by dishonest means—to reach, by some shorter cut, that goal which can be surely attained, but can only be attained through industry, and patient perseverance, and strict integrity. Gentlemen, what was the charge against myself? It was this, that the king had sent to Rome for the son of a cotton-spinner, in order to make him prime minister of England. Did I feel that a reflection? Did it make me discontented with the state of the laws and institutions of the country? No; but does it not make me, and ought it not to make you, gentlemen, anxious to preserve that happy order of things under which the same opportunities of distinction may be ensured to other sons of other cotton-spinners, provided they can establish a legitimate claim on the confidence of their king and country?

At the same time, consistently with these feelings, consistently with the determination to correct real abuses, and, to promote real economy, we do not disguise that it is our firm resolution to maintain, to the utmost of our power, the limited monarchy of this country, to respect the rights of every branch of the legislature, to maintain inviolate the united Church of England and Ireland, to maintain it as a predominant establishment, meaning by predominance, not the denial of any civil right to other classes of the community, but maintaining the Church in the possession of its property and of all its just privileges. Such is our firm resolution; we will submit to no compromise, and we will exercise every privilege which the constitution has intrusted to us for the legitimate maintenance and support of the constitution in Church and State. This is the appeal we make to the middle classes of the community—to those who are mainly the depositaries of the elective franchise.

\* \* \* \* \*

We tell all, in whatever class of life they may be, that they ought to feel as deep an interest in the maintenance of those principles as any of the politicians or men of property who are now within my hearing. The encouragement of industry, the demand for productive labour, depends on the maintenance of those principles. The preservation of order depends on them, the maintenance of that security which has hitherto led men through honest industry to accumulate property in this country, depends upon them. And now that the feelings excited by political contests and great changes in the electoral system have subsided, I cannot help entertaining a sincere hope and belief, disclaiming any intention of interfering improperly with the political franchise, that there is still that fund of good sense in this community that will enable us, if not to gain a predominating influence in the Commons House of Parliament, still to acquire that degree of influence that shall control and prevent many bad projects.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gentlemen, in conclusion, let me call on you to recollect the associations connected with the place where we are now assembled.

From this place a voice\* issued in 1793 of memorable moment—a voice in support of the ancient principles of the British monarchy—a voice which encouraged and enabled the ministers of that day to check the contagion of democratic and French principles, then in their ascendant. I call on you to remember the motto under which you are now assembled, *Concordiâ parvæ res crescunt*: to bear in mind, that by acting on the advice which it involves, small as your influence in the public councils may now be, it is capable, by unity of purpose, by cordial concert, and good understanding—by common exertions directed to a common end, it is capable of vast expansion and increase. By your example you will rally around you a thousand hearts to fight in the same righteous cause. Proclaim to the country from this, the metropolis of commerce, that, entertaining principles of moderation in public affairs, you will still stand firm in defence of the ancient walls, and guard the ancient landmarks of the constitution; that you will rally round the monarchy and protect its just prerogatives; that you will defend the independent exercise of the authority of the House of Lords, and maintain firm and inviolate the rights of the Established Church; that you will stand by, in the emphatic language of the most solemn Acts of Parliament, the Protestant government and the Protestant religion of this country. Yes, elevate that voice in the cause of those principles—principles so moderate, so just, so necessary—and depend upon it, it will be re-echoed from every part of this country, and the pulsation of the heart of the great corporate community will vibrate through every artery of this mighty empire.

---

### THE MARCH TO MAGDALA.

[From the Chamberlain's Oration on the Presentation of the Freedom of the City to Lord Napier.]

The pages of history have been vainly appealed to for a precise parallel to the Abyssinian expedition, which has been, in turn, compared with the successful extrication by Xenophon of his 10,000 Greeks from an unknown and hostile region; to the passage of the Alps and the invasion of Gaul by the African Hannibal, and to the advance of Cortez into Mexico. While in some respects these and other expeditions bear some resemblance to the Abyssinian campaign, yet that undertaking possesses leading features so original and unique that it will undoubtedly leave upon history a mark entirely its own. The advance upon Magdala, if we could divest our minds and memories of the sanguinary episode at its close, looks more like a grand geographical exploration, a philanthropic expedition—such as that undertaken by Livingstone—on a gigantic scale, rather than the march of a hostile invader, travelling in the

---

\* That of Burke.

greatness of his strength. The method, order, and foresight displayed in its organisation, the almost mathematical precision and certainty of every step taken, the conciliatory treatment of the natives, the absence of undue delay or of excessive haste, the undeviating and unflinching pursuit of the plan laid down; until with the celerity, suddenness, and certainty of the lion's spring the great object of the war was obtained; all these mark the Abyssinian campaign as altogether exceptional of its kind. Regarded in another aspect, the Abyssinian war was remarkable. In it were brought together, by those who inaugurated and conducted it, unusual and apparently incongruous elements, all of which, however, were found helpful and contributory to the result. The army—English as well as Indian—the navy and engineers were alike represented; following the example of old Rome in her days of conquest, territories were used as auxiliaries; three continents furnished their respective contingents—the soldiers of Europe, Mohammedans and Hindoos of Asia, as well as African mule drivers, made up the motley array, which acted with as much unanimity as gallantry, and which your lordship so successfully handled. A port of debarkation had to be constructed, a base of supply and operation had to be formed, railway and telegraph to be laid down, two chains of Alpine mountains to be surmounted, and water to be sought for and obtained at every post along that “bridge of 400 miles which the soldier constructed as he passed on to victory.” To these ends the science of the present was laid under contribution, as well as the ruder methods of the past, and the most scientifically conducted expedition was accompanied by thousands of eastern beasts of burden,—elephants, camels, bullocks, and mules—causing it to resemble more the progress of some great patriarchal Sheik, than that of an army despatched by a State of Western Europe. The absolute success of the expedition, and the complete attainment of all its ends, justify, however, the exceptional incidents of its inception and conduct. Not one object of the war remained unsatisfied, not a captive was left behind, sixty Europeans in all being delivered from a despotic and arbitrary tyrant, whose forces were scattered, whose inaccessible “mountain of prey” was spoiled, and whose oppressive rule was brought to an end. And, as it regards the moral aspects of the war, all was alike admirable. Undertaken by the Government on the highest ground of civilization and humanity—a war of liberation rather than of retribution or acquisition—it was so conducted as to leave leader and followers covered with renown. There have been wars dictated by lower motives, in which success brought no honour; there have been struggles against greater odds; but they have been unduly sanguinary, and humanity has decided that they were not worth their cost. Friendly intervention has sometimes resulted in oppressive occupation; license has been granted to the soldier as the reward of valour, and severity has sometimes been permitted to degenerate into cruelty; thus the scutcheon of many a successful leader is disfigured by the black-sinister; but of the Abyssinian expe-

dition it may be said with perfect truth, the men, officers, and leader alike are absolutely "*sans peur et sans reproche*." Our motives, also, were justified and honoured in the eyes of foreign nations, no policy of annexation sullyng the military triumph; for when victory was announced, and the captives were liberated, there came the simultaneous telegram, "The army is on its return." For the forethought, good judgment, discretion, gallantry, and moderation which your lordship so remarkably manifested, for the combination of skilful administration, of soldierly daring, and of diplomatic firmness, which, under Providence, secured the result, this Court tenders you, in the name of the citizens of London, the highest compliment at its disposal.

---

### PATRICK HENRY'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

[Henry was an American patriot, who distinguished himself by speeches opposing Great Britain, at the breaking out of the revolutionary war.]

MR. PRESIDENT,—It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope; we are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir, it will prove a snare to your feet; suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains

which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held it up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight—I repeat it, Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, Sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supine on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest: there is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston: the war is inevitable, and let it come; I repeat it, Sir—let it come! It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! why stand we here idle! What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life

so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty, or give me death!

### LORD CHATHAM'S PROTEST AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR.

[William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was born at Boconock, in Cornwall, 1708. His grandfather, Thomas Pitt (born 1653) went to the East Indies as governor of Fort St. George, where he realized a large fortune, partly by the purchase of a diamond for 20,400*l.*, which he sold to the King of France for more than five times that sum. He sat in four parliaments, and died in 1726. His eldest son, father of the great Lord Chatham, died in 1727. William Pitt was educated at Eton and Oxford. On the conclusion of his studies he entered the army, but being returned to Parliament for Old Sarum, he soon made himself conspicuous as an orator, and the Duchess of Marlborough, who had a hatred of the minister he opposed, left him a legacy of 10,000*l.* In 1756 he was appointed Secretary of State, and in 1766 elevated to the peerage. On April 8, 1778, he fell down in a convulsive fit as he was speaking in the House of Lords in advocacy of a reconciliation with the American States, the cause in which he had long laboured. He died on the 11th of the following month, and after lying in state, was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a superb monument was erected to his memory by the nation.]

I RISE, my lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove; but which impels me to endeavour its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

In the first part of the address I have the honour of heartily concurring with the noble earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulation on every accession of strength to the Protestant succession. But I must stop here. My courtly complaisance will carry me no further. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavours to sanctify, the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail; cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelope it: and display, in its full danger and true colours, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

This, my lords, is our duty. It is the proper function of this noble assembly, sitting, as we do, upon our honours in this House, the hereditary council of the crown. *Who* is the minister, *where* is the minister, that has dared to suggest to the throne the contrary, unconstitutional language this day delivered from it? The accursed language from the throne has been application to Parlia-

ment for advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance. As it is the right of Parliament to give, so it is the duty of the crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels! no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care of Parliament! but the crown, from itself and by itself, declares an *unalterable determination to pursue measures—and what measures, my lords?* The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty, as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? to give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt?

“But yesterday,  
And England might have stood against the world:  
Now none so poor to do her reverence.”

I use the words of a poet; but though it be poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth, that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honour, and substantial dignity are sacrificed. France, my lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies are in Paris; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honour, and the dignity of the State, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England! The people whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility; this people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy! and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. Is this the honour of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who “but yesterday” gave law to the house of Bourbon? My lords, the dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this.



My lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honour, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of Majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honour the English troops. I know their virtues and their valour. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. My lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are for ever vain and impotent; doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the constitution. I believe it is against law.

But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; for, said Lord Suffolk, "it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that *God and nature put into our hands*!"

I AM ASTONISHED!—shocked! to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. "That *God and nature put into our hands*!" I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and

humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating; literally, my lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the *Protestant religion*, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? Against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—*hell-hounds, I say, of savage war*. Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty: we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion; endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the State, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House, and this country, from this sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more;

but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

---

### EDMUND BURKE'S PERORATION ON THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

[Burke was born in Dublin 1730, and educated at Trinity College in that city. After completing his education he came to London, and entered himself as a law student in the Temple. At first he applied himself to letters, and published his "Vindication of Natural Society" and his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful;" these works introduced him to the best society, and he then determined to devote himself to politics. An an orator he was almost without a rival. Died 1797.]

MY LORDS—What is it that we want here to do a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community; all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do you want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the heir apparent of the crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir apparent of the crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject, offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage

here ; those who have their own honour, the honour of their ancestors and of their posterity to guard ; and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun ; we have those who, by various civil merits, and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favour of their sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high, though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge, and to strengthen with their votes, those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion ; you have the bishops of England. My lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says, that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity ; a religion which so much hates oppression, that, when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle, that their welfare was the object of all government, since the person who was the Master of Nature chose to appear in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression ; knowing that He, who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made himself " the servant of all."

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this house. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons (*i.e. the people*) of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

### LORD BROUGHAM ON NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

MY LORDS,—I have had my attention directed, within the last two hours, to the new mass of papers laid on our table from the West Indies. The bulk I am averse to break, but a sample I have culled of its hateful contents. Eleven females were punished by severe flogging—and then put on the treadmill, where they were compelled to ply until exhausted nature could endure no more;—when faint and about to fall off, they were suspended by the arms in a manner that has been described to me by a most respectable eye-witness of similar scenes, but not so suspended as that the mechanism could revolve clear of their persons; for the wheels at each turn bruised and galled their legs, till their sufferings had reached the pitch when life can no longer even glimmer in the socket of the weary frame. In the course of a few days these wretched beings languished, to use the language of our law—that law which is thus so constantly and systematically violated—and “languishing died.”

Ask you if crimes like these, murderous in their legal nature, as well as frightful in their aspect, passed unnoticed—if inquiry was neglected to be made respecting these deaths in a prison? No such thing! The forms of justice were on this head peremptory, even in the West Indies—and at those forms, the handmaids of justice were present, though their sacred mistress was far away. The coroner duly attended—the jury were regularly empanelled—eleven inquisitions were made in order—and eleven verdicts returned—Murder? Manslaughter? Misdemeanour? Misconduct? No—but “DIED BY THE VISITATION OF GOD!” Died by the Visitation of God! A lie! a perjury! a blasphemy! The Visitation of God! Yes, for it is among the most awful of those visitations by which the inscrutable purposes of His will are mysteriously accomplished, that He sometimes arms the wicked with power to oppress the guiltless; and if there be any visitation more dreadful than another; any which more tries the faith and vexes the reason of erring mortals, it is when Heaven showers down upon the earth the plague—not of scorpions, or pestilence, or famine, or war—but of unjust judges and perjured jurors, wretches who pervert the law to wreak their personal vengeance, or compass their sordid ends, forswearing themselves on the Gospels of God, to the end that injustice may prevail, and the innocent be destroyed!

I hasten to a close; there remains little to add. It is, my lords, with a view to prevent such enormities as I have feebly pictured

before you, to correct the administration of justice, to secure the comforts of the negroes, to restrain the cruelty of the tormentors, to amend the discipline of prisons, to arm the governors with local authority over the police; it is with these views that I have formed the resolutions now on your table. These improvements are, however, only to be regarded as temporary expedients, as mere palliatives of an enormous mischief, for which the only effectual remedy is the complete emancipation which I have demonstrated by the unerring and incontrovertible evidence of facts, as well as the clearest deductions of reason, to be safe and practicable, and, therefore, proved to be our imperative duty at once to proclaim.

From the instant that glad sound is wafted across the ocean, what a blessed change begins; what an enchanting prospect unfolds itself! The African placed on the same footing with other men, becomes in reality our fellow-citizen—to our feelings, as well as in his own nature our equal, our brother. No difference of origin or colour can now prevail to keep the two castes apart. Where the driver and the gaoler once bore sway, the lash resounds no more; nor does the clank of the chain any more fall upon the troubled ear; the fetter has ceased to gall the vexed limb, and the very mark disappears which for awhile it had left. I do not deny that danger exists—I admit it to be not far distant from our path. You have gone too far if you stop here and go no further; you are in imminent hazard if, having loosened the fetters, you do not strike them off—if, leaving them ineffectual to restrain, you let them remain to gall, to irritate, and to goad. Beware of that state, yet more unnatural than slavery itself—liberty bestowed by halves—the power of resistance given—the inducement to submission withheld.

You have let the slave taste of the cup of freedom; while intoxicated with the draught, beware how you dash the cup away from his lips. You have produced the progeny of liberty, see the prodigious hazard of swathing the limbs of the gigantic infant, you know not the might that may animate it. Have a care, I beseech you have a care, how you rouse the strength that slumbers in the sable peasant's arm! Every tribe, every shade of the Negro race will combine, from the fiery Koramantin to the peaceful Eboe, and the ghastly shape of colonial destruction meets the astonished eye.

I turn away from the horrid vision that my eye may rest once more on the prospect of enduring empire, and peace founded upon freedom. I regard the freedom of the Negro as accomplished and sure. Why? because it is his right; because he has shown himself fit for it; because a pretext, or a shadow of a pretext, can no longer be devised for withholding that right from its possessor. My reliance is firm and unflinching upon the great change which I have witnessed—the education of the people, unfettered by party or by sect, witnessed from the beginning of its progress. I may say from the hour of its birth; I watched over its cradle, I marked its growth. I rejoiced in its strength, I witnessed its maturity, I

have been spared to see it ascend the very height of supreme power, directing the councils of state, accelerating every great improvement, uniting itself with every good work, propping all useful institutions, extirpating abuses in all our institutions, passing the bounds of our European dominions, and in the new world, as well as the old, proclaiming that freedom is the birthright of man, that distinction of colour gives no title to oppression, that the chains now loosened must be struck off, and even the marks they have left effaced, proclaiming this by the same eternal law of our nature which makes nations the masters of their own destiny, and which in Europe has caused every tyrant's throne to quake.

But they need feel no alarm at the progress of light who defend a limited monarchy and support popular institutions; who place their chief pride not in ruling over slaves, be they white or be they black, but in wearing a constitutional crown, in holding the sword of justice with the hand of mercy, in being the first citizen of a country whose air is too pure for slaves to breathe, and on whose shores, if the captive's foot but touch, his fetters of themselves fall off.

The time has come, the trial has been made, the hour is striking; you have no longer a pretext for hesitation, faltering, or delay. I demand his rights. I demand his liberty without stint. In the name of justice and of law, in the name of reason, in the name of God, who has given you no right to work injustice, I demand that your brother be no longer trampled upon as your slave! I make my appeal to the Commons who represent the free people of England, and I require at their hands the performance of that condition for which they have paid so enormous a price, that condition which all their constituents are in breathless anxiety to see fulfilled! I appeal to this house. Hereditary judges of the first tribunal in the world, to you I appeal for justice. Patrons of all the arts that humanize mankind, under your protection I place humanity herself. To the merciful sovereign of a free people I call aloud for mercy to the hundreds of thousands for whom half a million of her Christian sisters have supplicated, I ask that their cry may not have risen in vain.

But first I turn my eye to the throne of all justice, and devoutly humbling myself before Him who is of purer eyes than to behold such vast iniquities, I implore that the curse hovering over the head of the unjust and the oppressor be averted from us, that your hearts may be turned to mercy, and that over all the earth His will may at length be done.

---

### MR. SHERIDAN'S PANEGYRIC ON JUSTICE.

[Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin 1751, and educated at Harrow School. He adorned every branch of literature to which he applied himself, and was equally famous as an orator. His fine comedy, "The Rivals," was produced

in 1775, and subsequently "The School for Scandal." In 1780 he entered Parliament for the borough of Stafford, obtained official employment, distinguished himself by his eloquence and was made a privy councillor. He died "in debt and difficulties," July 6, 1816.]

JUSTICE is not a halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffective haubt of an Indian pagod; it is not the portentous phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords.

In the happy reverse of all these, I turn from this disgusting caricature, to the *real image*,—*Justice!* I have now before me, august and pure, the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirations of men;—where the mind rises; where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favourite attitude is—to stoop to the unfortunate; to hear their cry, and to help them; to rescue and relieve; to succour and save! Majestic from its mercy; venerable from its utility; uplifted, without pride; firm, without obduracy; beneficent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!

On that *justice* I rely, deliberate and sure; abstracted from all party purpose and political speculation; not in words, but in facts. You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure, by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings, which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the original compact of our nature, our controlling rank in the creation! This is the call on all to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves, with the most exalted bliss possible or conceivable for our nature—the self-approving consciousness of virtue, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world.

---

### DANIEL WEBSTER AT THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON.

[Daniel Webster, one of the greatest statesmen and orators of the United States, was born on the Merrimac River in 1782, and for many years held the first rank at the American bar. He was elected to Congress in 1813, and in 1827 became a member of the Senate. He visited England in 1839, in 1840 became Secretary of Foreign Affairs under President Harrison, and again in 1850 under President Fillmore, which office he retained to his death in 1852.]

I RISE, gentlemen, to propose to you the name of that great man, in commemoration of whose birth, and in honour of whose character and services, we have here assembled.

I am sure that I express a sentiment common to every one present when I say, that there is something more than ordinarily solemn and affecting on this occasion.



We are met to testify our regard for him, whose name is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-thronging public disasters and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's friends; its flame, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spread over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will for ever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name.

All experience evinces, that human sentiments are strongly affected by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered round with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow either with power in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is immaterial. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks

it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. The voluntary out-pouring of public feeling made to-day, from the north to the south, and from the east to the west, proves this sentiment to be both just and natural. In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices to-day bespeak grateful hearts, and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the father of his country. And it will be so, in all time to come, so long as public virtue is in itself an object of regard. The ingenuous youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision, as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars till they saw them form into clusters and constellations, overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

If the prediction of the poet, uttered a few years before his birth, be true; if indeed it be designed by Providence that the proudest exhibition of human character and human affairs shall be made on this theatre of the western world; if it be true that

"The first four acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last,"

how could this imposing, swelling, final scene be appropriately opened; how could its intense interest be adequately sustained, but by the introduction of just such a character as our Washington?

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles: it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of

thought and action, but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from *beneath* governments, to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men, and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

---

### MAZZINI TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS OF COSENZA.

[Joseph Mazzini was born at Genoa in 1809. He was educated for the law, but devoted himself to political life. In 1857 he made an attempt to revolutionize Italy; but the scheme proving abortive, he escaped in disguise. Died 1872.]

WHEN I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer, in this temple, a few words consecrated to the memory of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some one of those who heard me might perhaps exclaim with noble indignation, "Why thus lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honoured by winning the battle they have begun; Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved: Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt with strangers. Let us emancipate them, and until that moment let no words pass our lips save those of war."

But another thought arose and suggested to me, "Why have we not conquered? Why is it that whilst they fight for independence in the North of Italy, liberty is perishing in the South? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion, has dragged itself along for four months with the slow uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by the circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly arisen to life been converted into the weary helpless effort of the sick man turning from side to side?" Ah! had we all risen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died: had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we reached that unity of life which was in them so powerful, and made of our every thought an action, and of our every action a thought; had we devoutly gathered up their last words in our hearts, and learned from them that Liberty and independence are one; that God and the People, Country and Humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation; that Italy can only exist, one and holy, in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of eternal Truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the peoples of Europe—we should not now have war, but victory; Cosenza would not be

compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honouring them with a monument; and we here gathered together might gladly invoke those sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows, and might say to those precursor souls, "Rejoice, for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren, and they are worthy of you."

The idea which they worshipped, young men, does not as yet shine forth in its full purity and integrity upon your banner. The sublime programme which they dying bequeathed to the rising Italian generation, is yours; but mutilated, broken up into fragments by the false doctrines which, elsewhere overthrown, have taken refuge amongst us. I look around, and I see the struggles, of desperate populations, an alternation of generous rage and of unworthy repose; of shouts for freedom and of formulæ of servitude, throughout all parts of our peninsula; but the heart of the country, where is it? What unity is there in this unequal and manifold movement—where is the word which should dominate the hundred diverse and opposing counsels which mislead or seduce the multitude? I hear words usurping the national omnipotence—"the Italy of the North"—"the League of the States"—"federative compacts between princes;" but ITALY, where is it? Where is the common country—the country which the Bandiera hailed as thrice initiator of a new era of European civilization? Intoxicated with our first victories, improvident for the future, we forgot the idea revealed by God to those who suffer; and God has punished our forgetfulness by deferring our triumph. The Italian movement, my brethren, is, by decree of Providence, that of Europe. We arise to give a pledge of moral progress to the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandizements, nor theories of expediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and moves through faith; great principles are the guiding stars of Europe towards the future. Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs, and ask from the inspiration of those who died for us all, the secret of victory in the adoration of a principle of faith. The Angel of Martyrdom and the Angel of Victory are brothers; but the one looks up to heaven, the other looks down to earth, and it is only when, from epoch to epoch, their eyes meet between earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new life, and a people arises, evangelist or prophet, from the cradle or the tomb.

I will now, young men, sum up to you, in a few words, the faith of our martyrs: their external life is known to you all, it is now matter of history; I need not recall it to you.

The faith of the brothers Bandiera, which was and is our own, was based upon a few simple incontrovertible truths, which few indeed venture to declare false, but which are, nevertheless, forgotten or betrayed by most.

God and the people,—God at the summit of the social edifice; the people, the universality of our brethren, at the base. God, the

Father and the educator ; the people, the progressive interpreter of his law.

No true society can exist without a common belief and a common aim. Religion declares the belief and the aim. Politics regulate society in the practical realization of that belief, and prepare the means of attaining that aim. Religion represents the principle, politics the application.

There is but one sun in heaven for all the earth. There is but one law for those who people the earth. It is alike the law of the human being, and the law of collective humanity. We are placed here below, not for the capricious exercise of our own individual faculties—faculties and liberty are *the means*, and not *the end*—not to work out our own happiness upon earth ; happiness can only be reached elsewhere, and there God works for us ; but to consecrate our existence to the discovery of a portion of the divine law ; to practise it as far as our individual faculties and circumstances allow, and to diffuse the knowledge and the love of it among our brethren. We are here below to endeavour fraternally to build up the unity of the human family, so that the day may come when it may represent “a single sheepfold, with a single shepherd ;” the Spirit of God, the law. To aid our search after truth, God has given to us tradition, the voice of anterior humanity, and the voice of our own conscience. Wheresoever these accord is truth, wheresoever they are opposed is error. To attain a harmony and consistency between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great. Family, city, country, and humanity are but different spheres in which to exercise our activity and our power of sacrifice towards this great aim. God watches from above the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time He raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of His truth, and guides to the multitude on their way.

These principles, indicated in their letters, in their proclamations, and in their conversation, with a profound consciousness of the mission entrusted by God to the individual and to humanity, were to Attilio and Emilio Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs the guide and comfort of a weary life ; and, when men and circumstances had alike betrayed them, sustained them in death, in religious serenity and calm, and in the certainty of their immortal hopes in the future of Italy. The immense energy of their souls arose from the intense love which informed their faith. And could they now rise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that which is given to me, in counsel not unlike this which I now offer to you.

Love ! Love is the flight of the soul towards God, towards the great, the sublime and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys and sorrows, the dead who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. But let your love be the love taught you by Dante and by us, the love of souls that aspire together ; and do not grovel on the earth in search of a felicity

which it is not the destiny of the creature here to reach; do not yield to a delusion which inevitably would degrade you into egotism. To love, is to promise, and to receive a promise for the future. God has given us love, that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower which springs up on the path of duty, but which cannot change its course. Purify, strengthen, and improve yourselves by loving. Ever act—even at the price of increasing her earthly trials—so that the sister soul united to your own may never need, here or elsewhere, to blush through you or for you. The time will come when from the height of a new life, embracing the whole past and comprehending its secret, you will smile together at the sorrows you have endured, the trials you have overcome.

Love your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love; it is the house that God has given you, that by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may prepare to ascend to Him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the peoples. Give to it your thought, your counsel, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful, as foretold by our great men. And see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood, or of servitude, unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thought of God. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties, with a tradition of glory the envy of the nations of Europe; an immense future is before you, your eyes are raised to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries marked out by the finger of God for a people of giants. And you must be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-four millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond which shall join you together; let not a look be raised to that heaven, which is not that of a free man. Let Rome be the ark of your redemption, the temple of your nation. Has she not twice been the temple of the destinies of Europe? In Rome two extinct worlds, the Pagan and the Papal, meet each other like the double jewels of a diadem; and you must draw from thence a third world, greater than the other two. From Rome, the Holy City, the City of Love (Amor), the purest and wisest among you, elected by the vote, and strengthened by the inspiration of a whole people, shall give forth the pact that shall unite us in one, and represent us in the future alliance of the peoples. Until then you have no country, or you have it contaminated.

Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim placed by God before humanity at large. God has given you your country as cradle, humanity as mother, and you can only love your brethren of the cradle in loving your common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea are other peoples, now fighting or preparing to fight, the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty: other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal—~~improvement~~. association, and the foundation of an au-

thority which shall put an end to moral anarchy, and link again earth to heaven, and which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them, they will unite with you. Do not invoke their aid where your single arm can suffice to conquer; but say to them, that the hour will shortly sound for a terrible struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will ever be found with those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And love, young men, love and reverence above everything the Ideal. The Ideal is the word of God, superior to every country, superior to humanity; it is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the *principles* which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for them! and not from impatience of suffering, or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity are arms common to the peoples and their oppressors; and, even should you conquer with them to-day, you will fall again to-morrow; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose them. Adore Enthusiasm. Worship the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are the perfume of Paradise, which the soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect above all things your conscience; have upon your lips the truth that God has placed in your hearts, and, while working together in harmony in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken had they been living amongst you. And here, where perhaps, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts, and to make of them a treasure, amid the storms that yet threaten you, but which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips, and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy!

---

### RICHARD B. SHERIDAN ON TAXATION.

[Taken from a speech delivered against the second reading of Mr. Pitt's bill for the New Assessed Taxes, presented to the House of Commons in 1797.]

A WISE man, Sir, it is said, should doubt of everything. It was this maxim, probably, that dictated the amiable diffidence of the learned gentleman, who addressed himself to the chair in these remarkable words—"I rise, Mr. Speaker, *if I have risen*." Now, to remove all doubts, I can assure the learned gentleman that he *actually did rise*; and not only rose, but pronounced an able, long, and elaborate discourse, a considerable portion of which was em-

ployed in an erudite dissertation on the histories of Rome and Carthage. He further informed the House, upon the authority of Scipio, that we could never conquer the enemy until we were first conquered ourselves. It was when Hannibal was at the gates of Rome, that Scipio had thought the proper moment for the invasion of Carthage,—what a pity it is that the learned gentleman does not go with this consolation and the authority of Scipio to the lord mayor and aldermen of the city of London. Let him say, “Rejoice, my friends! Buonaparte is encamped at Blackheath! What happy tidings!” It would be whimsical to observe how they would receive such joyful news. I should like to see such faces as they would make on that occasion. Though I doubt not of the erudition of the learned gentleman, he seems to me to have somehow confounded the stories of Hanno and Hannibal, of Scipio and the Romans. He told us that Carthage was lost by the parsimony or envy of Hanno, in preventing the necessary supplies for the war being sent to Hannibal: but he neglected to go a little further, and to relate that Hanno accused the latter of having been ambitious—

“*Juvenem furentem cupidine regni;*”

and assured the senate that Hannibal, though at the gates of Rome, was no less dangerous to Hanno. Be this, however, as it may, is there any Hanno in the British Senate? If there is, nothing can be more certain than that all the efforts and remonstrances of the British Hanno could not prevent a single man, or a single guinea, being sent for the supply of any Hannibal our ministers might choose. The learned gentleman added, after the defeat of Hannibal, Hanno laughed at the senate; but he did not tell us what he laughed at. The advice of Hannibal has all the appearance of being a good one—

“*Carthaginis mœnia Romæ munerata.*”

If they did not follow his advice, they had themselves to blame for it.

From the strain of declamation in which the learned gentleman launched out, it seems as if he came to this House as executor to a man whose genius was scarcely equalled by the eccentricities he sometimes indulged. He appears to come as executor, and in the House of Commons, to administer to Mr. Burke's fury without any of his fire. It is, however, in vain for him to attempt any imitation of those declamatory harangues and writings of the transcendent author, which, towards the latter part of his life, were, as I think, unfortunately too much applauded. When not embellished with those ornaments which Mr. Burke was so capable of adding to all he either spoke or wrote, the subject of such declamations could only claim the admiration of a school-boy. The circumstance of a great, extensive, and victorious republic, breathing nothing but war in the long exercise of its most successful operations, surrounded with triumphs, and panting for fresh laurels, to be compared, much less represented as inferior, to the military power of England, is



childish and ridiculous. What similitude is there between us and the great Roman republic in the height of its fame and glory? Did you, Sir, ever hear it stated, that the Roman bulwark was a naval force? And if not, what comparison can there be drawn between their efforts and power? This kind of rodomontade declamation is finely described in the language of one of the Roman poets—

“I, demens, curre per Alpes,  
Ut pueris placeas, et DECLAMATIO fias.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The proper ground upon which this bill should be opposed, I conceive to be neither the uncertainty of the criterion, nor the injustice of the retrospect, though they would be sufficient. The tax itself will be found to defeat its own purposes. The amount which an individual paid to the assessed taxes last year can be no rule for what he shall pay in future. All the articles by which the gradations rose must be laid aside, and never resumed again. Circumstanced as the country is, there can be no hope, no chance whatever, that, if the tax succeeds, it ever will be repealed. Each individual, therefore, instead of putting down this article or that, will make a final and general retrenchment; so that the minister cannot get at him in the same way again, by any outward sign which might be used as a criterion of his wealth. These retrenchments cannot fail of depriving thousands of their bread; and it is vain to hold out the delusion of modification or indemnity to the lower orders. Every burthen imposed upon the rich in the articles which give the poor employment, affects them not the less for affecting them circuitously. It is as much cant, therefore, to say, that by bearing heavily on the rich, we are saving the lower orders, as it is folly to suppose we can come at real income by arbitrary assessment, or by symptoms of opulence. There are three ways of raising large sums of money in a State: First, by voluntary contributions; secondly, by a great addition of new taxes; and thirdly, by forced contributions, which is the worst of all, and which I aver the present plan to be. I am at present so partial to the first mode that I recommend the further consideration of this measure to be postponed for a month, in order to make an experiment of what might be effected by it. For this purpose let a bill be brought in, authorizing the proper persons to receive voluntary contributions; and I should not care if it were read a third time to-night. I confess, however, that there are many powerful reasons which forbid us to be too sanguine in the success even of this measure. To awaken a spirit in the nation, the example should come from the first authority, and the higher departments of the State. It is, indeed, seriously to be lamented, that whatever may be the burthens or distresses of the people, the Government has hitherto never shown a disposition to contribute anything; and this conduct must hold out a poor encouragement to others. Heretofore all the public contributions were made for the benefit and profit of the contributors, in a manner unacceptable

to more simple nations. If a native inhabitant of Bengal or China were to be informed, that in the west of Europe there is a small island, which in the course of one hundred years contributed four hundred and fifty millions to the exigencies of the State, and that every individual, on the making of a demand, vied with his neighbour in alacrity to subscribe, he would immediately exclaim, "Magnanimous nation! you must surely be invincible." But far different would be his sentiments, if informed of the tricks and jobs attending these transactions, where even loyalty was seen cringing for its *bonus*! By a calculation I have made, which I believe cannot be controverted, it appears, from the vast increase of our burthens during the war, that if peace were to be concluded to-morrow, we should have to provide taxes annually to the amount of 28,000,000*l*. To this is further to be added, the expense of that system, by which Ireland is not governed, but ground, insulted, and oppressed. To find a remedy for all these incumbrances, the first thing to be done is, to restore the credit of the Bank, which has failed, as well in credit as in honour. Let it no longer, in the minister's hands, remain the slave of political circumstances. It must continue insolvent till the connection is broken off.

\* \* \* \*

It is, Sir, highly offensive to the decency and sense of a commercial people, to observe the juggle between the minister and the Bank. The latter vauntingly boasted itself ready and able to pay; but that the minister kindly prevented, and put a *lock and key* upon it. There is a liberality in the British nation which always makes allowance for inability of payment. Commerce requires enterprise, and enterprise is subject to losses. But I believe no indulgence was ever shown to a creditor, saying, "I can, but will not pay you." Such was the real condition of the Bank, together with its accounts, when they were laid before the House of Commons; and the chairman reported from the committee, stating its prosperity, and the great increase of its cash and bullion. The minister, however, took care to verify the old saying, "Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is better."—"Ah!" said he, "my worthy chairman, this is excellent news, but I will take care to secure it." He kept his word, took the money, gave exchequer bills for it, which were no security, and there was then an end to all our public credit. It is singular enough, Sir, that the report upon this bill stated that it was meant to secure our public credit from the avowed intentions of the French to make war upon it. This was done most effectually. Let the French come when they please, they cannot touch our public credit at least. The minister has wisely provided against it, for he has previously destroyed it. The only consolation besides that remains to us, is *his* assurance that all will return again to its former state at the conclusion of the war. Thus we are to hope, that though the Bank now presents a *meagre spectre*, as soon as peace is restored the *golden bust* will make its reappearance.

Though, Sir, I have opposed the present tax, I am still conscious that our existing situation requires great sacrifices to be made, and

that a foreign enemy must at all events be resisted. I behold in the measures of the minister nothing except the most glaring incapacity, and the most determined hostility to our liberties; but we must be content, if necessary for preserving our independence from foreign attack, *to strip to the skin*. "It is an established maxim," we are told, that men must give up a part for the preservation of the remainder. I do not dispute the justice of the maxim. But this is the constant language of the gentleman opposite me. We have already given up part after part, nearly till the whole is swallowed up. If I had a pound, and a person asked me for a shilling, to preserve the rest I should willingly comply, and think myself obliged to him. But if he repeated that demand till he came to my *twentieth shilling*, I should ask him,—“Where is the *remainder*? Where is my *pound* now? Why, my friend, that is no *joke* at all.” Upon the whole, Sir, I see no salvation for the country but in the conclusion of a peace and the removal of the present ministers.

---

### THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE ON THE FRANCHISE.

[Mr. Gladstone was born at Liverpool, Dec. 20, 1809. He entered the House of Commons in 1832 as a member for Newark. In 1866, on the death of Lord Palmerston, he became Prime Minister; since which time he has maintained his position as leader of the Liberal party.]

I AM not prepared to discuss admission to the franchise as it was discussed fifty years ago when Lord John Russell had to state with almost bated breath that he expected to add in the three kingdoms half a million to the constituencies. It is not now a question of nicely calculated less or more. I take my stand on the broad principle that the enfranchisement of capable citizens be they few or be they many,—and if they be many so much the better—gives an addition of strength to the State. The strength of the modern State lies in the representative system. I rejoice to think that in this happy country and under this happy Constitution we have other sources of strength in the respect paid to various orders of the State, and in the authority they enjoy, and in the unbroken course which has been allowed to most of our national traditions; but still, in the main, it is the representative system which is the strength of the modern State in general, and of the State in this country in particular. Sir, I may say—it is an illustration which won't occupy more than a moment—that never has this great truth been so vividly illustrated as in the war of the American Republic. The convulsion of that country between 1861 and 1865 was perhaps the most frightful which ever assailed a national existence. The efforts which were made on both sides were marked. The exertions by which alone the movement was put down were not only extraordinary, they were what would antecedently have been called impossible, and they were only rendered possible by the fact that they proceeded from a nation where every capable citizen was enfranchised and had a direct and an energetic interest in the well-being and the unity of the State. Sir, the only question

that remains in the general argument is, who are capable citizens? And, fortunately, that is a question which, on the present occasion, need not be argued at length, for it has been already settled—in the first place by a solemn legislative judgment acquiesced in by both parties in the State, and in the second place by the experience of the last more than fifteen years. Who, Sir, are the capable citizens of the State, whom it is proposed to enfranchise? It is proposed in the main to enfranchise the county population on the footing, and according to the measure, that has already been administered to the population of the towns. What are the main constituents of the county population? First of all, they are the minor tradesmen of the country, and the skilled labourers and artisans in all the common arts of life, and especially in connection with our great mining industry. Is there any doubt that these are capable citizens? You have yourselves asserted it by enfranchising them in the towns, and we can only say that we heartily subscribe to the assertion. But besides the artisans and the minor tradesmen scattered throughout our rural towns we have also to deal with the peasantry of the country. Is there any doubt that the peasantry of the country are capable citizens, qualified for enfranchisement, qualified to make good use of their power as voters? This is a question which has been solved for us by the first and second Reform Bills, because many of the places which under the name of towns are now represented in this House are really rural communities, based upon a peasant constituency. For my part I should be quite ready to fight the battle of the peasant upon general and argumentative grounds. I believe the peasant generally to be, not in the highest sense, but in a very real sense, a skilled labourer. He is not a man tied down to one mechanical exercise of his physical powers. He is a man who must do many things, and many things which require in him the exercise of active intelligence. But as I say, it is not necessary to argue on that ground, first of all because we have got his friends here, from whom we must anticipate great zeal for his enfranchisement; and secondly, because the question has been settled by legislative authority in the towns, and by practical experience. If he has a defect it is that he is too ready, perhaps, to work with and to accept the influence of his superiors—superiors, I mean, in worldly station. But that is the last defect that you will be disposed to plead against him, and it is a defect that we do not feel ourselves entitled to plead, and that we are not at all inclined to plead. We are ready to take him as he is and joyfully bring him within the reach of this last and highest privilege of the Constitution. There is only one other word, Sir, to add on this part of the subject. The present position of the franchise is one of greater and grosser anomaly than any in which it has been heretofore placed, because the exclusion of persons of the same class and the same description is more palpable and more pervading than before, being, in fact, spread over the whole country, persons being excluded in one place while the same persons are admitted in another. I wish

just to call the attention of the House to an important fact connected with this part of the question which is of frequent occurrence. It is a thing which the house detests, and which we in this Bill shall endeavour to avoid—namely, the infliction of personal disfranchisement. Observe how the present state of the franchise law brings this about. It is known and well understood that a labourer must follow his labour. Where his labour goes, where the works go in which he is employed, he must follow. He cannot remain at a great distance from them; and the instance I will give—and though I am not personally conversant with it, I believe there is no doubt about the fact—is an instance which I think singularly applicable. It is that of the ship-building works on the Clyde. Those works were within the precincts of the city of Glasgow, and the persons who laboured in them were able to remain within the city, being near their work, and at the same time to enjoy the franchise. But the marvellous enterprise of Glasgow, which has made that city the centre and crown of the ship-building business of the world, could not be confined within the limits of the city of Glasgow, and it moved down the river. As the trade moved down the river the artisans required to move down the river with it. That was a matter of necessity, and the obedience to that necessity involves under the present law wholesale disfranchisement. That is an argument which is sufficient for disposing of the general question. The whole population, I rejoice to think, have liberty of speech, they have liberty of writing, they have liberty of meeting in public, they have liberty of private association, they have liberty of petitioning Parliament. All these privileges are not privileges taking away from us, diminishing our power and security, they are all of them privileges on the existence of which our security depends. Without them we could not be secure. I ask you to confer upon the very same classes the crowning privilege of voting for a representative in Parliament, and then I say we who are strong now as a nation and a State shall by virtue of that change be stronger still.

\* \* \* \*

We propose to establish a new franchise, which I should call—till a better phrase be discovered—the service franchise. It will be given to persons who are inhabitants, and in the sense of inhabitancy, who are occupiers. The present law restricts, I believe, the signification of the term “occupiers” to those who are either owners or tenants. Our object is to provide a franchise for those inhabitants who are neither owners nor tenants; but they must be householders in this sense—either, in the first place, that they are actual inhabitants; or, in the second place, that there is no other inhabitant with them, superseding them or standing in the same position with them; and in the third place, they must either be inhabitants of an integral house or else of that separate part of a house which, at any rate, so far as England is concerned, has already been declared to be a house for electoral purposes. Hon. gentlemen are aware of the general reasons which may be pleaded

in favour of this enlargement. It is an enlargement absolutely required by the principle of this Bill, because the principal and central idea of this Bill is to give every householder a vote. The householder is just as much a householder, and has just as much the responsibility of a householder, whether he is in the eye of the law an owner or a tenant, or whether he is not, provided he is an inhabitant in the sense I have described. And this service franchise is a far-reaching franchise. It goes to men of high class, who inhabit valuable houses, as the officers of great institutions. It descends to men of humble class, who are the servants of the gentry, or the servants of the farmer, or the servants of some other employer of labour who are neither owners nor tenants, and who, in many cases, cannot be held as tenants, in consequence of the essential conditions intended to be realised through their labours, but who fully fulfil the idea of responsible inhabitant householders.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is a measure with results such as I have ventured to sketch them that ought to bring home to the mind of every man favourable to the extension of popular liberty, the solemn question what course he is to pursue in regard to it. I hope the House will look at it as the Liberal party in 1831 looked at the Reform Bill of that date, and determined that they would waive criticism of minute details, that they would waive particular preferences and predilections, and would look at the broad scope and general effect of the measure. Do that upon this occasion. It is a Bill worth having, and if it is worth having, again I say it is a Bill worth your not endangering. Let us enter into no byeways which would lead us off the path marked out straight before us; let us not wander on the hill-tops of speculation; let us not wander into the morasses and fogs of doubt. We are firm in the faith that enfranchisement is a good, that the people may be trusted—that the voters under the Constitution are the strength of the Constitution. What we want in order to carry this Bill, considering as I fully believe that the very large majority of this country are favourable to its principle—what we want in order to carry it is union and union only. What will endanger it is disunion and disunion only. Let us hold firmly together and success will crown our effort. You will, as much as any former Parliament that has conferred great legislative benefits on the nation, have your reward, and

“Read your history in a nation's eyes,”

for you will have deserved it by the benefits you will have conferred. You will have made this strong nation stronger still, stronger by its closer union without; stronger against its foes, if and when it has any foes without; stronger within by union between class and class, and by arraying all classes and all portions of the community in one solid, compacted mass round the ancient throne which it has loved so well, and round a Constitution now to be more than ever powerful, and more than ever free.

# DRAMATIC SCENES AND DIALOGUES.

---

## SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKESPEARE.

[William Shakspeare, the most illustrious dramatic poet of any age or country, was born at Stratford-on-Avon on the 23rd of April, 1564. He was educated at the Grammar School of his native town; but, it has been suggested, his father requiring him to assist in his business, that of a wool-dealer and butcher, he was taken early from school. At the age of eighteen he married Ann Hathaway, a farmer's daughter, and subsequently proceeded to London. The records of his early life are but scant, and too much has been written about him on mere conjecture. It is certain that in London he rapidly acquired fame and fortune, and that his genius enabled him to retire from his professional career at a comparatively early age. His imperishable works consist of thirty-seven plays, tragedies and comedies; his poems "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece," with a collection of Sonnets. He died in his native town, on his birthday, 1616.]

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—  
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.  
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty  
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But, touched with human gentleness, and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal,  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late brought down such ruin on him,  
Enough to press a royal merchant down :  
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;  
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom !  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that,  
But say, it is my humour! Is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

*Bassanio.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Antonio.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew!

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;

You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb,  
As try to melt his Jewish heart to kindness.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats, here are six.

*Shy.* If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,

I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,

Is dearly bought: 'tis mine; and I will have it

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

*Duke.* Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the cause in question?

*Por.* I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio, and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* (To Shylock.) Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* (To Antonio.) You stand within his danger, do you not?

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heav'n,

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,

It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes

The thronèd monarch better than his crown.

It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute of God himself;

And earthly pow'r doth then show likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,

That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,



And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Bass.* For once I beg the court to bend the law  
To equity. 'Tis worth a little wrong  
To curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be. There is no pow'r in Venice,  
Can alter a decree established.

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,  
And many an error by the same example  
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge! How do I honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here't is, most reverend doctor! Here it is.

*Por.* Shylock!—there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath! an oath! I have an oath in Heav'n!  
Shall I lay perjury on my soul?  
No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit,  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful,  
Take thrice thy money. Bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenor.—  
There is no power in the tongue of man,  
To alter me. I stay upon my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily do I beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why, then, thus it is;  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast;  
So saith the bond; doth it not, noble judge?  
Nearest his heart. Those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there scales to weigh the flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have here a surgeon, Shylock, at your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so expressed; but what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence! Come, prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little. There is something else—

This bond doth give you here no jot of blood.  
The words expressly are a pound of flesh.  
Then take thy bond. Take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, forfeited.

*Gratiano.* O upright judge! Mark, Jew! O learnèd judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* A learnèd judge! Mark, Jew! A learnèd judge!

*Shy.* I take his offer, then. Pay the sum thrice  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* A second Daniel! Jew.

Now, infidel, I have full hold of thee.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? Take the forfeiture

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee. Here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court.

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel.

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not barely have my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing, but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then, the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Stop him, guards.

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted by the laws of Venice,—

If it be proved against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize on half his goods. The other half

Goes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice,—

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

*Duke.* That thou may'st see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life, before thou ask it.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all. Pardon not that.  
You take my life, taking whereon I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else; for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my Lord the Duke, and all the court,  
To quit the fine for one-half of his goods;  
I shall be well contented, if I have  
The other half in use, until his death,  
Then to restore it to the gentleman  
Who lately stole his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do recant  
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

*Shy.* I pray you give me leave to go from hence,  
I am not well. Send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone. But do it.

## WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See page 312.]

*Wolsey.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man. To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root;  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
These many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!  
I feel my heart new-opened. Oh, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,  
More pangs and fears than war or women have;  
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL, standing amazed.*

Why how now, Cromwell?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What! amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder  
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,  
I'm fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your Grace?

*Wol.* Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now, and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities—  
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me,  
I humbly thank his Grace: and from these shoulders,  
These ruined pillars, out of pity taken  
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.  
Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have. I'm able now, methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest and the worst  
Is your displeasure with the King.

*Wol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden—

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him.  
What more?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is returned with welcome;  
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news, indeed!

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Ann,  
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was viewed in open as his Queen,  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down.  
O Cromwell,  
The King has gone beyond me. All my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,

Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the King.  
 That sun, I pray, may never set. I've told him  
 What and how true thou art; he will advance thee.  
 Some little memory of me will stir him,  
 I know his noble nature, not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not; make use, now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord,  
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord!  
 The King shall have my service; but my prayers  
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our tears, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee;  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in—  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
 By that sin fell the angels. How can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?  
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty:  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;  
 And—prithee, lead me in.

There, take an inventory of all I have:  
 To the last penny 'tis the King's. My robe,  
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all  
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
 I served my King, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell  
 The hopes of court. My hopes in heav'n do dwell.

## PROTEUS AND VALENTINE.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See page 312.]

*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!  
 Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest  
 Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel.  
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
 When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,  
 If ever danger do environ thee,  
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
 For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success.

*Pro.* Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love  
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love;  
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,  
 And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

*Pro.* Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

*Val.* No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.

*Pro.*

What?

*Val.*

To be

In love, when scorn is bought with groans; coy looks  
 With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,  
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.  
 If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain  
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won;  
 However, but a folly bought with wit,  
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

*Pro.* So by your circumstance, you call me fool.

*Val.* So by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you;  
 And he that is so yoked by a fool.

Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

*Pro.* Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud  
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
 Inhabits in all the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, As the most forward bud  
 Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow,  
 Even so by love the young and tender wit  
 Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,  
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee?  
 Thou art a votary to fond desire.

Once more adieu : my father at the road  
 Expects me coming, there to see me shipp'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

*Val.* As much to you at home ! and so farewell !

## SCENE FROM "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

BEN JONSON.

[Born 1574, Ben Jonson appeared as a dramatist in his twentieth year. His father was a clergyman, but died before his birth ; and his mother marrying, a second time, a bricklayer, Ben was taken from Westminster school at an early age, and put to the same employment. Disliking this occupation, he enlisted as a soldier, and served in the Low Countries, and is reported to have "killed his man" in single combat, in view of both armies. On his return to England, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge ; his stay there must have been limited, for when about twenty, he married the daughter of a London actor, making his debut at a low theatre near Clerkenwell ; at the same time he commenced writing for the stage. About this time he quarrelled with a brother actor ; they fought a duel with swords, and again Jonson killed his antagonist. He was committed to prison on a charge of murder, but discharged without a trial. In 1596 he produced his still celebrated comedy, "Every Man in his Humour ;" this was followed by "Every Man out of his Humour." In 1603 "Sejanus," a classic drama ; and, subsequently, three comedies,—viz., "Volpone," "The Alchemist," and "Epicene ; or, the Silent Woman." His second classical tragedy, "Catiline," appeared in 1611. In 1619 he was appointed Poet Laureate, and by virtue of his office he had to supply the court masques, in which he displayed much fancy, feeling, and sentiment. Jonson was a member of the Mermaid Club, founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, of which Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other poets were also members. An attack of palsy embittered Jonson's later days, and he was compelled to write when his pen had lost its vigour. Jonson died in difficulties, 1637. He was buried in Westminster Abbey—the only inscription on his grave-stone being, for long afterwards, "O RARE BEN JONSON !"]

### CHARACTERS :

CAPTAIN BOBADIL, a *Braggadocio*.      MASTER MATTHEW, a *Simpleton*.

SCENE—*The mean and obscure lodging of BOBADIL.*

BOBADIL *discovered.* Enter to him MASTER MATTHEW.

*Mat.* Save you, sir ; save you, captain.

*Bob.* Gentle Master Matthew ! Is it you, sir ? Please you to sit down.

*Mat.* Thank you, good captain, you may see I am somewhat audacious.

*Bob.* Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunk to, I assure you

*Mat.* Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain ?

*Bob.* Marry, by young Wellbred and others. Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

*Mat.* No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

*Bob.* Body o' me!—it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir?—you can tell.

*Mat.* Faith, some half hour to seven: now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

*Bob.* Ay, sir; sit down, I pray you. Mr. Matthew (in any case) possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

*Mat.* Who! I sir?—no.

*Bob.* Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are.

*Mat.* True, captain, I conceive you.

*Bob.* For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so), I could not extend thus far.

*Mat.* O Lord, sir, I resolve so.

*Bob.* I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo!

*Mat.* Ay, did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penn'd?

*Bob.* Well penn'd! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!—they'll prate and swagger and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman), read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

*Mat.* Indeed; here are a number of fine speeches in this book. "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!" There's a conceit!—fountains fraught with tears! "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" Another! "O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!" A third! "Confused and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!" A fourth! O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do like it?

*Bob.* 'Tis good.

*Mat.* "To thee, the purest object to my sense,  
The most refined essence heaven covers,  
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence  
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.  
If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude,  
Haste made the waste. Thus mildly I conclude."

*Bob.* Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

[BOBADIL is making him ready all this while.]

*Mat.* This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses! But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late. That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

*Bob.* So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

*Mat.* Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This



other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pyed and ridiculous that ever he saw.

*Bob.* Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

*Mat.* Ay, sir, he.

*Bob.* Hang him, rook, he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs!—a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

*Mat.* Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

*Bob.* How? he the bastinado? How came he by that word, trow?

*Mat.* Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so for my more grace.

*Bob.* That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word; but when? when said he so?

*Mat.* Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

*Bob.* By the foot of Pharaoh, an' twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither; you shall chartel him; I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

*Mat.* Indeed; you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

*Bob.* Of whom?—of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

*Mat.* Troth I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

*Bob.* By heav'n, no not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly: lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of action. Look you, sir, exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus (give it the gentleman, and leave us); so, sir. Come on. O twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so, indifferent; hollow your body more, sir, thus; now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. O, you disorder your point most irregularly!

*Mat.* How is the bearing of it now, sir?

*Bob.* O, out of measure ill!—a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

*Mat.* How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

*Bob.* Why, thus, sir (make a thrust at me); come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body; the best practis'd gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it!

*Mat.* Well, come, sir.

*Bob.* Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

*Mat.* But one venue, sir.

*Bob.* Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard. O, the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that; come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted—some tavern or so—and have a bit; I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction, and then I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand: you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?

*Mat.* Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

*Bob.* 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish, and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred: perhaps we shall meet the Coridon, his brother, there, and put him to the question.

[*Exeunt.*]

## CATO AND DECIVS.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[See p. 117.]

*Dec.* Cæsar sends health to Cato——

*Cato.* Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.  
Are not your orders to address the senate?

*Dec.* My business is with Cato! Cæsar sees  
The straits to which you are driven: and, as he knows  
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

*Cato.* My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.  
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.  
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato  
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

*Dec.* Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;  
Her gen'als and her consuls are no more,

Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumph :  
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend ?

*Cato.* Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

*Dec.* Cato, I've orders to expostulate,  
And reason with you as from friend to friend :  
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,  
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.  
Still may you stand high in your country's honours ;  
Do but comply and make your peace with Cæsar,  
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,  
As on the second of mankind.

*Cato.* No more :  
I must not think of life on such conditions.

*Dec.* Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,  
And therefore sets this value on your life.  
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,  
And name your terms.

*Cato.* Bid him disband his legions,  
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,  
Submit his actions to the public censure,  
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate :  
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

*Dec.* Cato, the world talks boldly of your wisdom.—

*Cato.* Nay more—tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employed  
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,  
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour  
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

*Dec.* A style like this becomes a conqueror.

*Cato.* Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

*Dec.* What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe ?

*Cato.* Greater than Cæsar : he's a friend to virtue.

*Dec.* Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,  
And at the head of your own little senate :  
You don't now thunder in the capitol,  
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

*Cato.* Let him consider that, who drives us hither ;  
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,  
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas ! thy dazzled eye  
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,  
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him ;  
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black  
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes  
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.  
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch,  
Beset with ills and cover'd with misfortunes  
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds  
Should never buy me to be like Cæsar.

*Dec.* Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,  
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship ?

*Cato.* His cares for me are insolent and vain :

Presumptuous man ! the gods take care of Cato.  
 Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,  
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,  
 And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,  
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

*Dec.* Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget  
 You are a man ; you rush on your destruction.  
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter  
 The tale of this unhappy embassy,  
 All Rome will be in tears.

# SCENE FROM VENICE PRESERVED.

THOMAS OTWAY.

[Otway was born at Trotting, Sussex, in 1651, and was educated at Winchester and Oxford. He made some ineffectual attempts to become an actor, and then commenced as a writer for the stage. In 1675 his first tragedy, "Alcibiades," was produced, followed in the next year by his "Don Carlos," which was very successful. He then served for a short time in a cavalry regiment in Flanders, but returned to resume his favourite occupation. His tragedy of "Venice Preserved" is a model for force and feeling, combined with the deep pathos that is always associated with scenes of domestic distress when touched by a master hand. He died at a publichouse in Tower-hill, where he had secreted himself from his creditors, and in a literally starving condition, in 1685 being then only in his 34th year.]

## CHARACTERS :

|                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| THE DUKE OF VENICE.    | PRIULI, a Senator. |
| JAFFIER.               | PIERRE.            |
| CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS. |                    |

## ACT IV.

SCENE II.—*The DUKE OF VENICE, PRIULI, and other Senators, sitting.*

*Duke.* Anthony, Priuli, senators of Venice,  
 Speak, why are we assembled here this night ?  
 What have you to inform us of, concerns  
 The state of Venice' honour, or its safety ?

*Pri.* Could words express the story I've to tell you,  
 Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears  
 That fall from my old eyes ; but there is cause  
 We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,  
 And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down  
 On the sad earth, and cry aloud to heav'n :  
 Heav'n knows, if yet there be an hour to come  
 Ere Venice be no more.

*Duke.* How !

*Pri.* Nay, we stand  
 Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.  
 Within this city's form'd a dark conspiracy,

To massacre us all, our wives and children,  
 Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples  
 To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fix'd;  
 The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this moment,  
 And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands  
 I had this warning; but, if we are men,  
 Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something  
 That may inform the world, in after ages,  
 Our virtue was not ruin'd, though we were.

[*A noise without.*

*Capt.* Room, room, make room for some prisoners.

[*Without.*

*Duke.* Give 'em entrance.

*Enter JAFFIER, and CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.*

Well, who are you?

*Jaf.* A villain!

Would every man, that hears me,  
 Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

*Duke.* 'Tis rumour'd that a plot has been contriv'd  
 Against this state, and you've a share in't too.  
 If you are a villain, to redeem your honour  
 Unfold the truth, and be restor'd with mercy.

*Jaf.* Think not that I to save my life came hither;  
 I know its value better; but in pity  
 To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms  
 Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,  
 The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice:  
 But use me as my dealings may deserve,  
 And I may prove a friend.

*Duke.* The slave capitulates;  
 Give him the tortures.

*Jaf.* That you dare not do;  
 Your fear wont let you, nor the longing itch  
 To hear a story which you dread the truth of:  
 Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.  
 Cowards are scar'd with threat'nings: boys are whipp'd  
 Into confessions; but a steady mind  
 Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body's counsel.  
 Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing  
 Again, by heav'n I'll shut these lips for ever.  
 Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,  
 Shall force a groan away, that you may guess at.

*Duke.* Name your conditions.

*Jaf.* For myself full pardon,  
 Besides the lives of two-and-twenty friends,  
 Whose names are here enroll'd. Nay, let their crimes  
 Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths  
 And sacred promises of this reverend council,  
 That, in a full assembly of the senate

The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,  
And I'll unfold the secret of your finger.

*Duke.* Propose the oath.

*Jaf.* By all the hopes  
Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,  
Swear. Ye swear?

*All Sen.* We swear. (*All the Council bow.*)

*Jaf.* And, as ye keep the oath,  
May you and your posterity be bless'd  
Or curs'd for ever.

*All Sen.* Else be curs'd for ever. (*They bow again.*)

*Jaf.* Then here's the list, and with't the full disclose  
Of all that threatens you. (*Delivers a paper to the Officer, who  
gives it to the DUKE.*)

Now, fate, thou hast caught me.

*Duke.* Give order that all diligent search be made  
To seize these men; their characters are public.

(*The DUKE gives the first paper to the Officer.*)

The paper intimates their rendezvous  
To be at the house of a fam'd Grecian courtezan  
Call'd Aquilina; see that place secur'd.  
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning  
To be our prisoner.

*Jaf.* Would the chains of death  
Had bound me safe ere I had known this minute!

*Duke.* Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

*Jaf.* Sir, if possible,  
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;  
Where I may doze out what I've left of life,  
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.  
Cruel remembrance! how shall I appease thee?

[*Exit, guarded.*]

*Offi.* (*Without.*) More traitors; room, room! make room there.

*Duke.* How's this? guards!

Where are your guards? Shut up the gates; the treason's  
Already at our doors.

*Enter Officer with PIERRE in fetters.*

*Offi.* My lords, more traitors,  
Seiz'd in the very act of consultation;  
Furnish'd with arms, and instruments of mischief.

*Pier.* You, my lords, and fathers  
(As you are pleas'd to call yourselves) of Venice;  
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,  
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs  
That have so often labour'd in your service?  
Are these the wreaths of triumph ye bestow  
On those that bring you conquest home, and honours?

*Duke.* Go on; you shall be heard, sir.

*Pier.* Are these the trophies I've deserv'd for fighting

Your battles with confederated powers?  
 When winds and seas conspir'd to overthrow you;  
 And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbours;  
 When you, great duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,  
 And saw your wife, the Adriatic, plough'd,  
 Like a lewd dame, by bolder prows than yours;  
 Stepp'd not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians  
 The task of honour, and the way to greatness?  
 Rais'd you from your capitulating fears  
 To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?  
 And this my recompense! If I'm a traitor,  
 Produce my charge; or show the wretch that's base  
 And brave enough to tell me I'm a traitor.

*Duke.* Know you one Jaffier?

*Pier.* Yes, and know his virtue.

His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings  
 From a hard father, taught me first to love him.

*Duke.* See him brought forth.

*Enter JAFFIER, guarded.*

*Pier.* My friend, too, bound! nay, then  
 Our fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall.  
 Why drops the man whose wellfare's so much mine,  
 They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,  
 Call us traitors; art thou one, my brother?

*Jaf.* To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave  
 That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,  
 And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.  
 All our fair hopes which morning was t' have crowned,  
 Has this curst tongue o'erthrown.

*Pier.* So, then, all's over.

Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.  
 No more: farewell!

*Duke.* Say: will you make confession  
 Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy?

*Pier.* Ours'd be your senate! curs'd your constitution:  
 The curse of growing factions and divisions  
 Still vex your counsels, shake your public safety,  
 And make the robes of government you wear  
 hateful to you, as these base chains to me.

*Duke.* Pardon, or death?

*Pier.* Death! honourable death!

*Duke.* Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.  
 Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for judgment.

[*The Captain takes off JAFFIER's chains. The DUKE  
 and Council go away. The Conspirators, all but  
 JAFFIER and PIERRE, go off, guarded.*]

*Pier.* Come, where's my dungeon? Lead me to my straw:  
 It will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard  
 To do the senate service.

*Jaf.* Hold, one moment.

*Pier.* Who's he disputes the judgment of the senate?  
Presumptuous rebel! (*Strikes JAFFIER.*) On! (*To Officer.*)

*Jaf.* By heav'n, you stir not!  
I must be heard; I must have leave to speak.  
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow:  
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?  
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me;  
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries:  
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,  
With pity and with charity behold me:  
And as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,  
Listen with mildness to my supplications.

*Pier.* What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,  
That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears,  
And can'tst thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not:  
Leave, hypocrite!

*Jaf.* Not know me, Pierre?

*Pier.* No, I know thee not. What art thou?

*Jaf.* Jaffier, thy friend; thy once-loved, valued friend;  
Though now deservedly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

*Pier.* Thou, Jaffier! thou, my once-loved, valued friend!  
By heavens, thou liest! the man so call'd, my friend,  
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;  
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;  
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:  
But thou,—a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,  
Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect!  
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.  
Prythee avoid; nor longer cling thus round me,  
Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

*Jaf.* I have not wrong'd thee; by these tears I have not.

*Pier.* Hast thou not wrong'd me? Dar'st thou call thyself  
That once-loved, valued friend of mine,  
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these chains?  
Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?  
Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

*Jaf.* All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

*Pier.* What's that?

*Jaf.* To take thy life, on such conditions  
The council have propos'd: thou and thy friends  
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

*Pier.* Life! ask my life! confess! record myself  
A villain, for the privilege to breathe!  
And carry up and down this curs'd city,  
A discontented and repining spirit,  
Burthensome to itself, a few years longer;  
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd quarrel  
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!  
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,



And cannot part on better terms than now,  
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

*Jaf.* By all that's just——

*Pier.* Swear by some other powers,  
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

*Jaf.* Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee  
Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconcil'd,  
However thy resentment deal with me.

*Pier.* Not leave me.

*Jaf.* No, thou shalt not force me from thee.  
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;  
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs  
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience  
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty:  
Lie at thy feet, and kiss 'em though they spurn me,  
Till wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,  
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

*Pier.* Art thou not——

*Jaf.* What?

*Pier.* A traitor?

*Jaf.* Yes.

*Pier.* A villain?

*Jaf.* Granted.

*Pier.* A coward, a most scandalous coward;  
Spiritless, void of honour; one who has sold  
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?

*Jaf.* All, all and more, much more: my faults are numberless.

*Pier.* And would'st thou have me live on terms like thine?  
Base as thou art false——

*Jaf.* No: 'tis to me that's granted:  
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,  
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

*Pier.* I scorn it more because preserv'd by thee;  
And, as when first my foolish heart took pity  
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,  
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from the state  
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plung'd thee,  
To rank thee in my list of noble friends,  
All I receiv'd, in surety for thy truth,  
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,  
Giv'n with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stol'n:  
So I restore it back to thee again;  
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,  
Never, from this curs'd hour, to hold communion,  
Friendship, or interest, with thee, though our years  
Were to exceed those limited the world.  
Take it; farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

*Jaf.* Say, thou wilt live then.

*Pier.* For my life, dispose it  
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

*Jaf.* Oh, Pierre.

*Pier.* No more.

*Jaf.* My eyes wont lose sight of thee,  
But languish after thee, and ache with gazing.

*Pier.* Leave me. Nay then, thus, thus I throw thee from me;  
And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

*Jaf.* Amen.

He's gone, my father, friend, preserver!  
And here's the portion he has left me:

(*Holds the dagger up.*)

This dagger. Well remember'd! with this dagger,  
I gave a solemn vow, of dire importance;  
Parted with this and Belvidera together.  
Have a care, mem'ry, drive that thought no farther:  
No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy;  
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,  
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,  
That when they meet they start not from each other.  
So, now for thinking. A blow!—call'd a traitor, villain,  
Coward, dishonourable coward! faugh!  
Oh! for a long, sound sleep, and so forget it!

## SCENE FROM THE SCHOOL OF REFORM.

THOMAS MORTON.

[Thomas Morton, the prolific and successful dramatist, was born at Durham in 1764. He entered Lincoln's Inn with the intention of following the law as a profession; but his first piece proving successful, he continued to write for the stage. Among his pieces may be named "Speed the Plough," "The School of Reform," and "A Rowland for an Oliver." He died, 1838.]

LORD AVONDALE, FERMENT, ROBERT TYKE, an OLD MAN.

*An Apartment in Avondale Castle; two chairs.*

*Enter LORD AVONDALE, R.; he pauses, then proceeds to opposite door off stage, and opens it.—TYKE enters from it.*

*Ld. A. (R.)* Come hither—How is this, Robert? When I left England you were a youth, whose example was pointed out as an object of imitation—your morals were pure, your industry exemplary—how is it, then, that I now see you an abandoned outcast?

*Tyke. (L.)* Ah, sur, it was all along wi' you.

*Ld. A.* Me! was not my bounty ample? did not I give you independence?

*Tyke.* Ah, that was it—when you sent me that little child to take care on—

*Ld. A.* Rush!

*Tyke.* Well, well;—and that big lump of money! you see, as I had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgety; I always had my

hand in my pocket, scrummeling it about like—so, as all Yorkshire lads like galloping horses, I bought one, and took't to races, up at our country side—and, ecod ! I pulled stuff into my hat as clean as ainepence. Oh, oh ! says I, I'll make short work of this : I'll go to Newmarket, where the lords do bring their cattle, and settle matters in a hurry. So I went, and mighty pleased I was ; for the jockey lords called me 'squire, you see—and clapping me on the back, in this manner, says, 'Squire, your horse will beat everything !

*Ld. A.* Indeed !

*Tyke.* Yes, yes—that was pleasant enough ; but, unluckily, the jockey lads told me a cursed heap o' lies ; for ma horse always came in lag last. Then they told ma to hedge ; but it was not the hedging I had been used to, and somehow I got intid ditch like—So what with that and playing cards at Lamb skinings (for, bless you, I could not catch them at Snitchums), I was——

*Ld. A.* Ruined.

*Tyke.* Yes ; as jockey lords said—completely cleaned out.

*Ld. A.* Did you not return to honest labour ?

*Tyke.* Oh no, I could not—my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger ;—no, I could not tak to work.

*Ld. A.* Go on.

*Tyke.* Why as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away—so I went intid stable, and, would you believe it ? the horse that beat mine somehow coaxed and contrived to get me on his back like—and, ecod, galloped off wi' me a matter of a hundred miles.—I thought no more about it myself——

*Ld. A.* But they did ?

*Tyke.* Yes, dom them, and were very cross indeed ; for they put me intid castle, and tried me at 'sizes.

*Ld. A.* What could you say to avert your fate ?

*Tyke.* Why, I told the judge—says I, my lord, I hope you'll excuse my not being used to this kind of tackle—exchange is no robbery, mistakes of this kind will happen ; but, I assure you, I've kept the best of company with the jockey lords, and such like as yourself. So they all smiled, as much as to say, he's one of us, like—and I thought all was right enough ; but the judge puts him on a black cap, and, without saying with your leave, or anything, orders me to be hanged.

*Ld. A.* Poor wretch !

*Tyke.* Don't you be frightened ! they did not hang me, man—don't believe that ; no, bless you, they sent ma to Botany Bay for fourteen years.

*Ld. A.* Where, I hope, you remained resigned to your fate.

*Tyke.* Oh ! quite resigned, for I could not get away—I daresay I tried a hundred times.

*Ld. A.* Why did not I know it—had you sent to my house——

*Tyke.* I did send to your house.

*Ld. A.* Well !

*Tyke.* Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called up to t'other house—but then I did not know where that was—and

that you was sent abroad by government : I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself like ; not that it surprised me, because I heard of your always being at Cockpit, and I guessed what that would end in.

*Ld. A.* Pshaw ! Come hither ; tell me—I dread to ask it—that child—where—hush ! we are interrupted. [*Exeunt, L.*]

**MR. FERMENT** *peeps through R., looks about, then enters.*

*Mr. F.* While his lordship is engaged, no harm in taking a peep. Charming rooms ! fit for expanded genius like mine : here I shall meander through these enchanting labyrinths till I reach the closet—the sanctum sanctorum—the—eh ! somebody in that room : it would be *mal-apropos* to stumble on the peer before I'm introduced—but he's safe with the general, so never mind. (*Re-enter TYKE, L.*) Sir, your most devoted servant.

*Tyke.* Same to you, sir ; same to you. (*crosses to R.*)

*Mr. F.* Odd figure ! Oh, I see at once who he is—great county man, in the commission—get well with him—may be useful. Sorry, sir, the robbery was not brought home to that rascal.

*Tyke.* Are you ? Now there we differ. (*Takes chair and sits R.*)

*Mr. F.* Indeed ! (*Sits L.*) You, who are used to the sessions, must know these things better than I. Your friend, Lord Avondale, is a great character, extremely popular :—Did you hear his last speech ?

*Tyke.* (*R.*) No ; I don't myself much fancy last speeches.

*Mr. F.* (*L.*) In the country, perhaps ?

*Tyke.* No : I was out of the country.

*Mr. F.* Abroad ?

*Tyke.* Yes.

*Mr. F.* What, run out a little, eh—rather out at the elbows ?

*Tyke.* A good deal.

*Mr. F.* You'll excuse me ; but I see things in a moment—What cards, hazard—ah, my dear sir, you should have got some friend to have tied you up.

*Tyke.* You think so ? Why, I could have got that done fast enough.

*Mr. F.* But I suppose you were determined to take your swing ?

*Tyke.* Not exactly ; but I did not go abroad on that account.

*Mr. F.* Oh, I know it in a moment—ill health ?

*Tyke.* Why I certainly should have died if I had stayed.

*Mr. F.* Indeed ?—Oh, my dear sir, in this world we must all have our trials, and you have had yours.

*Tyke.* I have.

*Mr. F.* Suffered much confinement ?

*Tyke.* A good deal.

*Mr. F.* You of course were properly attended : you had good judges of your case ?

*Tyke.* They were reckoned so : I did not much fancy them myself.

*Mr. F.* And they said a voyage would save you ?

*Tyke.* To a certainty.

*Mr. F.* You must have been transported at the news.

*Tyke.* I was.

*Mr. F.* What was your disorder?

*Tyke.* A galloping consumption.

*Mr. F.* Has it cured you? (*Offering a pinch of snuff.*)

*Tyke.* I don't know; I think I feel some of my old symptoms—  
(*Takes the box*)—This is a very pretty box—I've lost mine.

*Mr. F.* Do me the honour to use that till—(*Apart*)—If he would but keep it! (*Tyke puts it in his pocket.*) He has—My dear sir, you have doubtless considerable interest with Lord Avondale?

*Tyke.* Why, I believe he would not much like to offend me.

*Mr. F.* Lucky fellow! (*Apart.*) My name, sir, is Ferment; by-and-by I shall be introduced to the peer. You know business—a word thrown in by you would prevent my being thrown into the wrong box—eh? (*Tyke winks and nods.*) I apprehend you.

*Tyke.* You apprehend me, do you? (*Alarmed.*)

*Mr. F.* That is, I conceive—I understand—ah, sir, you don't know me.

*Tyke.* No, I don't, and you don't know me.

*Mr. F.* Yes I do; you are a generous, disinterested gentleman—I can see what others can't.

*Tyke.* Yes, you can.

*Enter LORD AVONDALE unobserved by FERMENT, L.*

*Ld. A.* Ah! whom have we here? (*Apart.*)

*Mr. F.* As for the peer, you'll see how I'll manage him. I'll worm into his secrets. I say, which is the weak side—where is he ticklish?

*Tyke.* Ticklish!—I'm sure I never tried.

*Mr. F.* Never mind; I know—between ourselves—see the whole man as plain as if he stood before me.

(*LORD AVONDALE has placed himself close to FERMENT's chair.*)

*Tyke.* Why, for that matter, so do I.

*Mr. F.* I'll soon find the right place to tickle him.

[*Turns round, sees LORD AVONDALE at his elbow, who eyes him with severity—FERMENT attempts to speak, but cannot—LORD AVONDALE advances—FERMENT escapes R.*

*Ld. A.* Worm into my secrets!—What does he mean? Who is he?

*Tyke.* (R.) He calls himself Ferment.

*Ld. A.* I shall remember him.

*Tyke.* He gave me this box to speak a good word for him like—he seems but a silly bad sort of chap, I think.

*Ld. A.* At present he is not worth a thought, for I have received information that alarms—distracts me. Come near—that boy (what a question for a parent!) does he survive?

*Tyke.* I don't know.

*Ld. A.* Not know?

*Tyke.* No.

*Ld. A.* Where did you leave him?

*Tyke.* Where did I leave him? Why—come, come, talk of something else. (*Seems disturbed.*)

*Ld. A.* Impossible!—Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

*Tyke.* No.

*Ld. A.* Then my secret's safe?

*Tyke.* I've said so.

*Ld. A.* Why that frown? What, not even to your father?

*Tyke.* Who? (*Starts.*)

*Ld. A.* What agitates you? You had a father.

*Tyke.* Had a father! Be quiet, be quiet.

(*Walks about greatly agitated.*)

*Ld. A.* By the name of Him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me—

*Tyke.* (*Striking his forehead.*) Say no more about that, and you shall hear all. Yes, I had a father, and when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked, wi' heavy heart, I warrant, all the way tid' gaol to see me; and he prayed up to heaven for me (*pointing, but not daring to look up*), just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart. (*Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.*)

*Ld. A.* Proceed.

*Tyke.* Presently.

*Ld. A.* Did you entrust the child to his care?

*Tyke.* I did.

*Ld. A.* Do not pause—you rack me.

*Tyke.* Rack you!—well, you shall hear the end on't.—I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak, and I could not speak—well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms—

*Ld. A.* Go on.

*Tyke.* 'Tis soon said (*collecting his fortitude*). When the signal-gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead—and somebody took up child and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire, the blood gushed out of my mouth—I saw no more. (*Sinks exhausted into chair, L.*)

*Ld. A.* Horrible!—What! record a father's death without a tear?

*Tyke.* Tear! Do you think a villain who has a father's death to answer for can cry? No, no; I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire—but I can't cry. (*A vacant stare of horror.*)

*Ld. A.* And is this desolation my work? O, repent! repent!

*Tyke.* (*Starting up.*) For what? is not father dead? an't I a thief?—cursed—hated—hunted?—Why should I be afraid of the Devil? Don't I feel him here? My mouth's parched—

*Ld. A.* Within is wine.

*Tyke.* Brandy! brandy!

*Ld. A.* Compose yourself—follow me—(*crosses, L.*)—you want sleep.

*Tyke.* Sleep! ha! ha! under the sod I may.

(*Points down, and groans heavily.* Exit, following

LORD AVONDALE

*Inside of Cottage.—Table, and a candle burning on it.—OLD MAN seated R., looking on a purse.—TYKE sitting, L.*

*O. Man.* Pray, sir, who is that generous youth?

*Tyke.* Why, he's a kind of a foreman like to Lord Avondale, my friend.

*O. Man.* Are you the friend of that worthy nobleman?

*Tyke.* Yes; between ourselves—I have him under my thumb; but I say that out of confidence—you understand. That's a smartish purse you've got there; but, I tell you what, I don't think it's very safe, just now.

*O. Man.* Indeed, sir! You alarm me!

*Tyke.* I tell you what—I'll take care of this for you. (*Takes the purse.*)

*O. Man.* Well, sir, you are very kind. You live at the castle?

*Tyke.* Yes, yes!

*O. Man.* Then, perhaps, you could aid a petition I have presented to his lordship—my name is—

*Tyke.* Well, well, let's hear your name.

*O. Man.* Robert Tyke.

*Tyke.* Eh!—what—speak—no, don't!

*O. Man.* Robert Tyke!

*Tyke.* (*Trembling violently, rushes to the table, brings down the candle, looks at the OLD MAN, dashes candle and purse on the ground, and tears his hair in agony.*) O, villain!—villain!

*O. Man.* What's the matter?

*Tyke.* Don't you know me?

*O. Man.* No, sir.

*Tyke.* I'm glad on't—I'm glad on't—Ruin my own father!

*O. Man.* Ah! did I hear rightly? Father!—what! Oh! let me see—let me see? (*TYKE, with a countenance strongly impressed with shame and sorrow, turns round.*) Ah! it's my son—my long-lost, dear profligate boy! Heaven be thanked!—Heaven be thanked!

*Tyke.* (*Groaning, strikes his breast.*) Oh! burst, burst, and ease me! Eh!—but he's alive—father's alive! ha! ha! (*Laughs hysterically.*)

*O. Man.* You terrify me! Robert, Robert, hear me. Take my forgiveness—take my blessing!

*Tyke.* What!—forgive—bless—such a rogue as—

(*Bursts into a flood of tears.*)

*O. Man.* Be composed.

*Tyke.* Let me cry; it does me good, father—it does me good.

*O. Man.* Oh! if there be holy water, it surely is the sinner's tears.

*Tyke.* But he's alive. (*Rushes into his arms.*)

*O. Man.* Ay! alive to comfort and pardon thee, my poor prodigal, and Heaven will pardon thee!

*Tyke.* No, don't say that, father, because it can't.

*O. Man.* It is all-merciful.

*Tyke.* Yes, I know it is. I know it would if it could, but not me! No, no!

*O. Man.* Kneel down, and ask its mercy.

*Tyke.* I dare not, father! I dare not! Oh, if I durst but just thank it for thy life!

*O. Man.* Angels will sing for joy.

*Tyke.* What!—may I, think you? May I—may I?

*[By degrees he tremblingly falls on his knees, and clasps his hands with energetic devotion.]*

*Scene closes.*

## SCENE FROM THE EARL OF WARWICK.

DR. FRANCKLIN.

[Dr. Thomas Francklin was born in 1721. He was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which university he subsequently became Greek professor. He translated Lucian, Sophocles, and other classic authors, and wrote "The Earl of Warwick," and other tragedies. He obtained successively the livings of Ware, Thundridge, and Brasted, and was made King's Chaplain. Died 1784.]

### CHARACTERS:

KING EDWARD.

THE EARL OF WARWICK.

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK

*Enter KING EDWARD and the EARL OF SUFFOLK.*

*K. Edw.* I fear we've gone too far: th' indignant Warwick  
Ill brook'd our steady purpose; mark'd you, Suffolk,  
With what an eye of scorn he turn'd him from us,  
And low'r'd defiance: that prophetic woman!  
Half of her curse already is fulfill'd,  
And I have lost my friend.

*Suf.* Some friends, perhaps,  
Are better lost: you'll pardon me, my liege;  
But, were it fitting, I could tell a tale  
Would soon convince you Warwick is as weak.—

*K. Edw.* As Edward, thou wouldst say.

*Suf.* But 'twill distress  
Thy noble heart too much: I dare not, sir:  
Yet one day you must know it.

*K. Edw.* Then, by thee  
Let it be told me, Suffolk! thy kind hand  
Will best administer the bitter draught:  
Go on, my Suffolk; speak, I charge thee, speak.

*Suf.* That rival whom thou wish'st me to discover—

*K. Edw.* Ay, what of him? quick, tell me hast thou found  
The happy traitor? give me but to know,  
That I may wreak my speedy vengeance on him.

*Suf.* Suppose that rival were the man whom most  
You lov'd, the man, perhaps, whom most you fear'd;  
Suppose 'twere—Warwick.

*K. Edw.* Ha! it cannot be:



I would not think it for a thousand worlds.

Warwick in love with her, impossible!

Now, Suffolk, do I fear thou speak'st from envy

And jealous hatred of the noble Warwick,

Not from the love of justice or of Edward :

Where didst thou learn this falsehood ?

*Suf.* From the lips

Of truth, from one whose honour and whose word

You will not question : from—Elizabeth.

*K. Edw.* From her ! nay, then, I fear it must be so.

*Suf.* When last I saw her, for again I went

By your command, though hopeless of success,

With all the little eloquence that I

Was master of, I urg'd your ardent passion ;

Told her how much, how tenderly you lov'd her,

And press'd with eagerness to know the cause

Of her unkind refusal ; till at length,

Reluctantly, with blushes she confess'd

There was a cause : she thank'd you for your goodness,

'Twas more, she said, much more than she deserv'd,

She ever should revere her king : and if

She had a heart to give, it should be—Edward's.

*K. Edw.* So kind, and yet so cruel : well, go on.

*Suf.* Then told me all the story of her love,

That Warwick long had woo'd her : that her hand

Was promis'd ; soon as he return'd from France,

Though once her father cruelly oppos'd it,

They were, by his consent, to be united.

*K. Edw.* Oh ! never Suffolk, may I live to see

That dreadful hour ! Designing hypocrite !

Are these his arts, is this the friend I lov'd ?

By heaven ! she shall be mine ; I will assert

A sov'reign's right, and tear her from him. What

If he rebel—another civil war !

'Tis terrible. Oh ! that I could shake off

This cumbrous garb of majesty that clings

So close around me, meet him man to man,

And try who best deserves her : but when kings

Grow mad, their guiltless subjects pay the forfeit.

Horrible thought ! Good Suffolk, for awhile

I would be private ; therefore, wait without ;

Let me have no intruders ; above all,

Keep Warwick from my sight.

[*Exit SUFFOLK*]

*Enter the EARL OF WARWICK.*

*War.* Behold him here ;

No welcome guest, it seems, unless I ask

My Lord of Suffolk's leave : there was a time

When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain

Admission here.

*K. Edw.* There was a time, perhaps,  
When Warwick more desir'd and more deserv'd it.

*War.* Never ; I've been a foolish faithful slave :  
All my best years, the morning of my life,  
Hath been devoted to your service : what  
Are now the fruits ? disgrace and infamy ;  
My spotless name, which never yet the breath  
Of calumny had tainted, made the mock  
For foreign fools to carp at : but 'tis fit  
Who trust in princes should be thus rewarded.

*K. Edw.* I thought, my lord, I had full well repaid  
Your services with honours, wealth, and pow'r  
Unlimited : thy all-directing hand  
Guided in secret ev'ry latent wheel  
Of government, and mov'd the whole machine :  
Warwick was all in all, and pow'rless Edward  
Stood like a cipher in the great account.

*War.* Who gave that cipher worth, and seated thee  
On England's throne ? thy undistinguish'd name  
Had rotted in the dust from whence it sprung,  
And moulder'd in oblivion, had not Warwick  
Dug from its sordid mine the useless ore,  
And stamp'd it with a diadem. Thou know'st,  
This wretched country, doom'd, perhaps, like Rome,  
To fall by its own self-destroying hand,  
Tost for so many years in the rough sea  
Of civil discord, but for me had perish'd.  
In that distressful hour I seiz'd the helm,  
Bade the rough waves subside in peace, and steer'd  
Your shatter'd vessel safe into the harbour.  
You may despise, perhaps, that useless aid  
Which you no longer want ; but know, proud youth,  
He who forgets a friend, deserves a foe.

*K. Edw.* Know, too, reproach for benefits receiv'd,  
Pays ev'ry debt, and cancels obligation.

*War.* Why, that, indeed, is frugal honesty,  
A thrifty saving knowledge, when the debt  
Grows burthensome, and cannot be discharg'd,  
A sponge will wipe out all, and cost you nothing.

*K. Edw.* When you have counted o'er the numerous train  
Of mighty gifts your bounty lavish'd on me,  
You may remember next the injuries  
Which I have done you, let me know them all,  
And I will make you ample satisfaction.

*War.* Thou canst not ; thou hast robb'd me of a jewel  
It is not in thy power to restore :  
I was the first, shall future annals say,  
That broke the sacred bond of public trust  
And mutual confidence ; ambassadors,  
In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,

Of venal statesmen, shall recall my name  
 To witness that they want not an example,  
 And plead my guilt to sanctify their own.  
 Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves  
 That haunt your court, could none be found but Warwick  
 To be the shameless herald of a lie?

*K. Edw.* And wouldst thou turn the vile reproach on me?  
 If I have broke my faith, and stain'd the name  
 Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels  
 That urg'd me to it, and extorted from me  
 A cold consent to what my heart abhorr'd.

*War.* I've been abus'd, insulted, and betray'd;  
 My injur'd honour cries aloud for vengeance;  
 Her wounds will never close!

*K. Edw.* These gusts of passion  
 Will but inflame them; if I have been right  
 Inform'd, my lord, besides these dang'rous scars  
 Of bleeding honour, you have other wounds  
 As deep, though not so fatal; such, perhaps,  
 As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.

*War.* Elizabeth!

*K. Edw.* Nay, start not, I have cause  
 To wonder most: I little thought, indeed,  
 When Warwick told me I might learn to love,  
 He was, himself, so able to instruct me:  
 But I've discover'd all.

*War.* And so have I;  
 Too well I know thy breach of friendship there;  
 Thy fruitless, base endeavours to supplant me.

*K. Edw.* I scorn it, sir; Elizabeth hath charm'd,  
 And I have equal right with you t' admire them:  
 Nor see I aught so godlike in the form,  
 So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,  
 That he alone should revel in the charms  
 Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.  
 I knew not of your love.

*War.* By heav'n! 'tis false;  
 You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,  
 Whilst I was busied in the noble office  
 Your grace thought fit to honour me withal,  
 To tamper with a weak, unguarded woman,  
 To bribe her passions high, and basely steal  
 A treasure which your kingdom could not purchase.

*K. Edw.* How know you that? But be it as it may,  
 I had a right, nor will I tamely yield  
 My claim to happiness, the privilege  
 To choose the partner of my throne and bed:  
 It is a branch of my prerogative.

*War.* Prerogative! what's that? the boast of tyrants:  
 A borrow'd jewel, glitt'ring in the crown

With specious lustre, lent but to betray;  
You had it, sir, and hold it from the people.

*K. Edw.* And therefore do I prize it; I would guard  
Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine:  
But when proud faction and her rebel crew  
Insult their sov'reign, trample on his laws,  
And bid defiance to his pow'r, the people,  
In justice to themselves, will then defend  
His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.

*War.* Go to your darling people, then; for soon,  
If I mistake not, 'twill be needful; try  
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them  
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,  
If I forbid them.

*K. Edw.* Is it so, my lord?  
Then mark my words: I've been your slave too long,  
And you have rul'd me with a rod of iron;  
But henceforth know, proud peer, I am thy master,  
And will be so: the king who delegates  
His pow'r to others' hands but ill deserves  
The crown he wears.

*War.* Look well, then, to your own;  
It sits but loosely on your head; for know,  
The man who injur'd Warwick never pass'd  
Unpunish'd yet.

*K. Edw.* Nor he who threaten'd Edward:  
You may repent it, sir. My guards, there; seize  
This traitor and convey him to the Tower!  
There let him learn obedience.

*Enter GUARDS.*

*War.* Slaves, stand off;  
If I must yield my sword, I'll give it him  
Whom it so long has serv'd; there's not a part  
In this old faithful steel that is not stain'd  
With English blood in grateful Edward's cause.  
Give me my chains, they are the bands of friendship,  
Of a king's friendship; for his sake, awhile,  
I'll wear them.

*K. Edw.* Hence: away with him.

*War.* 'Tis well:  
Exert your pow'r, it may not last you long;  
For know, though Edward may forget his friend,  
That England will not. [Exit the KING, R.]  
Now, sir, I attend you. [Exeunt WARWICK and GUARDS, L.]

---

## NORVAL AND GLENALVON.

THE REV. JOHN HOME.

[John Home was born in Roxburghshire in 1724. He was educated for the Church, but in the rebellion of 1745, entered the Royal army, and was taken

prisoner at the battle of Falkirk. He contrived to escape, and was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, 1750. His tragedy of "Douglas" was performed with great success in Edinburgh; but the fact of a clergyman writing a play at all so offended the presbytery, that he was compelled to resign his living. He died, aged 85, 1808.]

*Glenalvon.* His port I love: he's in a proper mood  
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. [*Aside*]  
Has Norval seen the troops?

*Norval.* The setting sun  
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;  
And, as the warriors moved, each polish'd helm,  
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.  
The hill they climb'd; and halting at its top,  
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seem'd  
An host angelic clad in burning arms.

*Glen.* Thou talk'st it well: no leader of our host  
In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.

*Norv.* If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,  
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty  
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration  
Vents itself freely, since no part is mine  
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

*Glen.* You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds  
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval:  
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth  
Above his veterans of famous service.  
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.  
Give them all honour; seem not to command;  
Else they will hardly brook your late sprung power,  
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

*Norv.* Sir, I have been accusom'd all my days  
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;  
And, though I have been told that there are men  
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,  
Yet in such language I am little skill'd,  
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,  
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind  
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power  
With such contemptuous terms?

*Glen.* I did not mean  
To gall your pride, which I now see is great.

*Norv.* My pride!

*Glen.* Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.  
Your pride's excessive. Yet for Randolph's sake,  
I will not leave you to its rash direction.  
If thus you swell and frown at high-born men,  
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

*Norv.* A shepherd's scorn!

*Glen.* Yes! if you presume  
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,

As if you took the measure of their minds,  
And said in secret, you're no match for me;  
What will become of you?

*Norv.* Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

*Glen.* Ha! dost thou threaten me?

*Norv.* Didst thou not hear?

*Glen.* Unwillingly I did: a nobler foe  
Had not been question'd thus; but such as thee—

*Norv.* Whom dost thou think me?

*Glen.* Norval.

*Norv.* So I am—

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

*Glen.* A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;  
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

*Norv.* False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

*Glen.* Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as guile  
Is the vainglorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

*Norv.* If I were chain'd, unarm'd, or bed-ridden old,  
Perhaps I should revile; but, as I am,  
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval  
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour  
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,  
I'd tell thee—what thou art; I know thee well.

*Glen.* Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command  
Ten thousand slaves like thee?

*Norv.* Villain, no more.

Draw and defend thy life. I did design  
To have defied thee in another cause:  
But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.  
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs!

*Lord Ran. (Enters.)* Hold, I command you both.  
The man that stirs makes me his foe.

*Norv.* Another voice than thine  
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

*Glen.* Hear him, my lord, he's wondrous condescending:  
Mark the humility of Shepherd Norval!

*Norv.* Now you may scoff in safety. [*Sheathes his sword*]

*Lord Ran.* Speak not thus,  
Taunting each other; but unfold to me  
The cause of quarrel; then I judge betwixt you.

*Norv.* Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,  
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.

I blush to speak, I will not, cannot speak  
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.  
To the liege lord of my dear native land  
I owe a subject's homage; but even him  
And his high arbitration—I'd reject.

Within my bosom reigns another lord;  
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.

If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,  
Revoke your favours; and let Norval go  
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd!

*Lord Ran.* Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice,—  
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land  
Now waves his banner o'er her frighted fields.  
Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms  
Repel the bold invader: then decide  
The private quarrel.

*Glen.* I agree to this.

*Norv.* And I.

*Glen.* Norval,  
Let not our variance mar the social hour;  
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.  
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,  
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow,  
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

*Norv.* Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment:  
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

## SCENE FROM THE IRON CHEST.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

[George Colman, the younger, was born 1762, and died 1836. He was the author of twenty-six plays, including "John Bull," "The Iron Chest," and "Bluebeard;" also of several volumes of comic verse. Towards the end of his career he held the office of licenser and examiner of plays.]

### CHARACTERS:

WILFORD.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.

*Sir E.* Wilford, approach me.—What am I to say,  
For aiming at your life?—Do you not scorn me,  
Despise me for it?

*Wilf.* I! Oh, sir!—

*Sir E.* You must;  
For I am singled from the herd of men,  
A vile, heart-broken wretch!

*Wilf.* Indeed, indeed, sir,  
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equal's love,  
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,  
All follow you:—and I—I owe you all!  
I am most bound to bless you.

*Sir E.* Mark me, Wilford:—  
I know the value of the orphan's tear,  
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected;  
I feel, to merit these and to obtain them,  
Is to taste here below that thrilling cordial

Which the remunerating Angel draws  
From the eternal fountain of delight,  
To pour on blessed souls that enter Heaven  
I feel this:—I!—How must my nature, then,  
Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand  
In human blood!—and yet, it seems, this day  
I sought your life.—Oh! I have suffered madness!  
None know my tortures,—pangs!—But I can end them;  
End them as far as appertains to thee.—  
I have resolved it.—Fearful struggles tear me:  
But I have pondered on't,—and I must trust thee.

Wilf. Your confidence shall not be—

Sir E.

You must swear.

Wilf. Swear, sir!—will nothing but an oath, then—

Sir E.

Listen

May all the ills that wait on frail humanity  
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose  
My fatal secret! May your body turn  
Most lazar-like and loathsome; and your mind  
More loathsome than your body! May those fiends,  
Who strangle babes for very wantonness,  
Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,  
And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth!  
And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind  
Poison your aged days! while all your nights,  
As on the earth you lay your houseless head,  
Out-horror horror! May you quit the world  
Abhorred, self-hated, hopeless for the next,  
Your life a burden, and your death a fear!

Wilf. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me!

Sir E. Hope this may fall upon thee:—swear thou hopest it,  
By every attribute which heaven or earth  
Can lend, to bind and strengthen conjuration,  
If thou betrayest me.

Wilf.

Well, I—(*Hesitating.*)

Sir E.

No retreating.

Wilf. (*After a pause.*) I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,  
Divine or human,—never to divulge!

Sir E. Remember, you have sought this secret:—Yes,  
Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.  
'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,  
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.  
Know, Wilford, that—O torture!

Wilf.

Dearest sir!

Collect yourself. This shakes you horribly:  
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,  
At Madam Helen's.

Sir E.

There it is—Her uncle—

Wilf.

Her uncle!

Sir E. Him. She knows it not;—none know it—



You are the first ordained to hear me say,  
I am——his murderer!

*Wilf.* O horror!

*Sir E.* His assassin.

*Wilf.* What! you that—mur—the murderer——I am choked.

*Sir E.* Honour! thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar  
Sit war and homicide: O! to what madness  
Will insult drive thy votaries. In truth,  
In the world's range, there does not breathe a man  
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe  
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,  
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,  
Stained me—Oh, death and shame!—the world looked on,  
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down,  
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,  
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,  
In every fibre of my brain, cried Vengeance!  
I left the room which he had quitted. Chance,  
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs,  
Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street——  
I stabbed him to the heart——and my oppressor  
Rolled lifeless at my foot.

*Wilf.* Oh! mercy on me!

How could this deed be covered?

*Sir E.* Would you think it?

E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,  
Butchered a fellow-creature in the dark,  
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,  
And my opponent's death thus linked with it,  
Demanded notice of the magistracy.  
They summoned me, as friend would summon friend,  
To act of import and communication.  
We met—and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,  
To put me on my trial. No accuser,  
No evidence appeared, to urge it on——  
'Twas meant to clear my fame.——How clear it then?  
How cover it? you say.—Why, by a lie—  
Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,  
Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie,  
This tongue to utter it;—rounded a tale,  
Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth;  
So well compacted, that the o'erthroned court  
Disturbed cool Justice in her judgment-seat,  
By shouting "Innocence!" Ere I had finished,  
The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble  
Bore me, in triumph, home. Ay!—look upon me.  
I know thy sight aches at me.

*Wilf.* Heaven forgive you! It may be wrong—  
Indeed I pity you.

*Sir E.* I disdain all pity.—

I ask no consolation. Idle boy!  
 Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence  
 Was given to move thy pity?—Love of fame  
 (For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus  
 To quash thy curious mischief in its birth.  
 Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,  
 Drove me to murder—lying:—'twould again!  
 My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all,  
 Are bartered for a name. I will maintain it.—  
 Should Slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,  
 And my soul's agency survive in death,  
 I could embody it with heaven's lightning,  
 And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit  
 Should strike the blaster of my memory  
 Dead, in the churchyard. Boy, I would not kill thee;  
 Thy rashness and discernment threatened danger!  
 To check them, there was no way left but this—  
 Save one—your death:—you shall not be my victim.  
*Wilf.* My death! What, take my life?—My life! to prop  
 This empty honour?

*Sir E.* Empty? Grovelling fool!

*Wilf.* I am your servant, sir, child of your bounty,  
 And know my obligation. I have been  
 Too curious, haply: 'tis the fault of youth—  
 I ne'er meant injury: if it would serve you,  
 I would lay down my life; I'd give it freely:  
 Could you then have the heart to rob me of it?  
 You could not—should not.

*Sir E.* How!

*Wilf.* You dare not.

*Sir E.* Dare not?

*Wilf.* Some hours ago, you durst not. Passion moved you,  
 Reflection interposed, and held your arm.  
 But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,  
 My innocence would give me strength to struggle,  
 And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.  
 How would you look to find a peasant boy  
 Return the knife you levelled at his heart;  
 And ask you which in heaven would show the best,  
 A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty?

---

THE PICTURE SALE—"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

R. B. SHERIDAN.

[See p. 296.]

CHARACTERS:

CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, CARELESS.

*Charles.* Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in; here they are, the  
 family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

*Sir O.* And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

*Charles.* Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting: no *volontier grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness; all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

*Sir O.* Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

*Charles.* I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

*Care.* Ay, ay; this will do. But, Charles, I have not a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

*Charles.* Egad! that true: (*taking pedigree down*) what parchment have we here? Oh! our genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue! this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree. [*Aside.*]

*Sir O.* What an unnatural rogue! an *ex post facto* parricide.

*Care.* Yes, yes; here's a list of your generation, indeed; 'faith! Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve for a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin: a-going, a-going, a-going!

*Charles.* Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the Battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him: there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

*Sir O.* (*Apart to Moses.*) Bid him speak.

*Moses.* Mr. Premium would have you speak.

*Charles.* Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

*Sir O.* Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! (*Aside.*) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

*Charles.* Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah; done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten: the sheep are worth the money.

*Sir O.* Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! (*Aside.*) Five pounds ten: she's mine.

*Charles.* Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless! This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?

*Moses.* Four guineas.

*Charles.* Four guineas! Gad's life! you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

*Sir O.* By all means.

*Care.* Gone!

*Charles:* And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

*Sir O.* That is very extraordinary, indeed, I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

*Care.* Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

*Charles.* Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

*Sir O.* No, no; six will do for the mayor.

*Charles.* Come, make it guineas, and I throw the two aldermen there into the bargain.

*Sir O.* They're mine.

*Charles.* Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner: do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains, on each side, in a lump.

*Care.* Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

*Sir O.* Well, well; anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

*Care.* What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee!

*Sir O.* Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

*Charles.* What that? Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

*Care.* Your uncle Oliver! Gad! then, you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a d—d disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

(*Slapping him on the shoulder*)

*Sir O.* Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive; but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

*Charles.* No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad! I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

*Sir O.* (*Aside.*) The rogue's my nephew after all. But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

*Charles.* I am sorry for it, for you certainly will not have it. Oons! haven't you got enough of them?

*Sir O.* I forgive him everything. (*Aside.*) But, sir, when I

take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

*Charles.* Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

*Sir O.* How like his father the dog is! (*Aside.*) Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance. (*Aside.*)—Here is a draught for your sum.

*Charles.* Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

*Sir O.* You will not let Sir Oliver go?

*Charles.* Zounds! no; I tell you once more.

*Sir O.* Then never mind the difference; we'll balance that another time; but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

*Charles.* Egad! this is a whimsical old fellow! But harkye! Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

*Sir O.* Yes, yes; I'll send for them in a day or two.

*Charles.* But, hold! do now send a genteel conveyance for them; for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

*Sir O.* I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

*Charles.* Ay, all but the little nabob.

*Sir O.* You're fixed on that?

*Charles.* Peremptorily.

*Sir O.* A dear, extravagant rogue! (*Aside.*) Good day! Come, Moses. Let me hear now who dares call him profligate. [*Exeunt.*

*Care.* Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

*Charles.* Egad! he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. But, hark! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

## SCENE FROM THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

[Macklin, whose real name was Mac Laughlin, was born at Westmeath, Ireland, 1690. He was an actor of high repute, remained on the stage sixty-four years, and died 1797, aged 107. As a dramatist he was very successful; his comedy "The Man of the World" still keeps possession of the stage.]

### CHARACTERS:

SIR PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT.

EGERTON (his Son).

SCENE—*A Library.*

*Enter* SIR PERTINAX and EGERTON.

*Sir P.* (*In warm resentment.*) Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it: I insist upon it, you are wrong; you should have paid

your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twenty, till oblige him.

*Eger.* Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

*Sir P.* Yes, you did; but how, how? just as a bairn takes physick, with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed: then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the Colonel got intill a drunken dispute about religion, you silyly slunged away.

*Eger.* I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

*Sir P.* Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the Colonel, in order to try his bottom; but they aw agreed that you and I should drink out of sma' glasses.

*Eger.* But, sir, I beg pardon: I did not choose to drink any more.

*Sir P.* But, zoons! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking more.

*Eger.* A necessity! in what respect, pray, sir!

*Sir P.* Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage; about which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble; and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

*Eger.* But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

*Sir P.* Yes, sir, it would have contributed—and greatly have contributed to assist me.

*Eger.* How so, sir?

*Sir P.* Nay, sir, it might have prevented the squabble entirely; for as my lord is proud of you for a son-in-law, and is fond of your little French songs, your stories, and your bon-mots, when you are in the humour; and guin you had but staid, and been a little jolly, and drank half a score bumpers with him, till he had got a little tipsy, I am sure, when we had him in that mood, we might have settled the point as I could wish it, among ourselves, before the lawyers came; but now, sir, I do not ken what will be the consequence.

*Eger.* But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a reasonable time to settle business, sir?

*Sir P.* The most seasonable, sir; for, sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and guid fellowship: and, sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend? What is it you shrug up your shoulders at, sir?

*Eger.* At my own ignorance, sir; for I understand neither the philosophy nor the morality of your doctrine.

*Sir P.* I know you do not, sir; and, what is worse, you never wull understand it, as you proceed: in one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar. Why you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune; and how do you think I raised it?

*Eger.* Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

*Sir P.* Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead : nae, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it : sir, I raised it—by booing (*bows ridiculously low*)—by booing. Sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

*Eger.* How do you mean by instinct, sir ?

*Sir P.* How do I mean by instinct ! Why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration ?

*Eger.* Certainly, sir.

*Sir P.* Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

*Eger.* Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

*Sir P.* Vary weel, sir ; sit ye down then, sit you down here. (*They sit down*). And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts that your grandfather was a mon, whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune ; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel ; the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

*Eger.* Very prudent advice, sir.

*Sir P.* Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials, I set out a raw-boned stripling fra the North, to try my fortune with them here in the South, and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house here, in the city of London ; which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

*Eger.* It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

*Sir P.* The reverse, the reverse. Weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply : I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every mon and every mode of prosperity ; at last, I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition : and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit beauty, beauty, ah ! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart ; and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked ; but the devil an entrance I ever let it get : for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally, a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

*Eger.* Very justly observed.

*Sir P.* And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it ; and in its stead, sir, mark !—I

looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicy, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi, and—or, in short, ainything, ainything that had the siller—the siller, for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

*Eger.* O! doubtless, doubtless, sir.

*Sir P.* Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller? nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies; nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, the independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings: till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love feasts of the methodists; and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

*Eger.* Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

*Sir P.* O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moorfields. And as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! guid traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week; married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month; touched the siller; and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again; (*rises*) and this, sir, was the first boo, that is, the first effectual boo, I ever made to the vanity of human nature. Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

*Eger.* Perfectly well, sir.

*Sir P.* Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

*Eger.* Certainly, sir: extremely well.

*Sir P.* My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school, by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my very next step was into parliament; the which I entered with as ardent and determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booded, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of his confidence; and then, sir, I wriggled and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among



the very thick of them. Ha! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the political bonuses; till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one-half of the golden calves I had been so long a booing to: and was nae that booing to some purpose?

*Eger.* It was indeed, sir.

*Sir P.* But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of booing?

*Eger.* Thoroughly, sir.

*Sir P.* Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus booing, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met with many heart-sores and disappointments fra the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abeeeties. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the House, I should have done the deed in half the time; but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a laughing at me; aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of Macsycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan: I have done my part of it; Nature has done hers; you are popular, you are eloquent; aw parties like and respect you: and now, sir it only remains for you to be directed—completion follows.

## SCENE FROM THE ROAD TO RUIN.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

[Thomas Holcroft was born in London 1745, his father following the humble trade of a shoemaker, in which Thomas sometimes assisted. He then became a strolling player, and ultimately got a footing in Drury Lane Theatre. All this time he was a quiet and unknown student. He became a translator of French and German books, and obtained employment from the booksellers. He wrote more than thirty dramatic pieces, of which "The Road to Ruin" was the most popular. One of his pieces produced him more than 600*l.*; and there is not on record a more remarkable instance of what an entirely self-educated man can accomplish by perseverance. He died March 3, 1809.]

### CHARACTERS:

MR. DORNTON, *a rich Banker.*

HARRY DORNTON, *his Son.*

MR. MILFORD, *a Profligate.*

MR. SULKY, *Dornton's Managing Clerk.*

MR. SMITH, *a Lawyer.*

FOOTMAN.

SCENE—*An Apartment in DORNTON'S House. A Table, Chairs, &c.*

*Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, and Footman.*

*Footman.* My old master is in a bitter passion, sir.

*Harry.* I know it.

*Footman.* He is gone down to turn the servant out of doors that let you in.

*Harry.* Is he? Then you go and let your fellow-servant in again.

*Footman.* I dare not, sir. He inquired who was with my young master.

*Milford.* Well.

*Footman.* And when he heard it was you, sir, he was ten times more furious.

*Harry.* All's well that ends well. This has been a losing voyage, *[Exit. Milford.]*

*Milford.* I am a hundred and fifty in.

*Harry.* And I ten thousand out.

*Milford.* I believe I had better avoid your father for the present.

*Harry.* I think you had. Dad considers you as my tempter: the cause of my ruin.

*Milford.* And I being in his debt, he conceives he may treat me without ceremony.

*Harry.* Nay, Jack, do him justice. It is not the money you had of him, but the ill advice he imputes to you, that galls him.

*Milford.* I hear he threatens to arrest me.

*Harry.* Yes; and he has threatened to strike my name out of the firm, and disinherit me, a thousand times.

*Milford.* Oh! but he has been very serious in menacing me.

*Harry.* And me too.

*Milford.* You will be at the tennis-court to-morrow?

*Harry.* No.

*Milford.* What, not to see the grand match?

*Harry.* No.

*Milford.* Oh yes, you will.

*Harry.* No; I am determined.

*Milford.* Yes, over night; you'll waver in the morning.

*Harry.* No; it is high time, Jack, to grow prudent.

*Milford.* Ha, ha, ha! My plan is formed: I'll soon be out of debt.

*Harry.* How will you get the money?

*Milford.* By calculation.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Milford.* I am resolved on it. How many men of rank and honour having lost their fortunes, have doubly recovered them.

*Harry.* And very honourably?

*Milford.* Who doubts it?

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! Nobody, nobody.

*Milford.* But pray, Harry, what is it you find so attractive in my late father's relict?

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! What, the Widow Warren!

*Milford.* She seems to think, and even reports, you are to marry her.

*Harry.* I would rather be a post-horse: nay, the brute that drives a post-horse, than the base thing thou hast imagined.

*Milford.* Then why are you so often there?

*Harry.* Because I can't keep away.

*Milford.* What, it is her daughter, Sophia?

*Harry.* Lovely bewitching innocent!

*Milford.* The poor young thing is fond of you ?

*Harry.* I should be half mad if I thought she was not; yet am obliged to half hope she is not.

*Milford.* Why ?

*Harry.* What a question. Am I not a profligate; and in all probability ruined ? Not even my father can overlook this last affair.

*Milford.* The loss of my father's will, and the mystery made of its contents by those who witnessed it, are strange circumstances.

*Harry.* In which the widow triumphs.

*Milford.* She refuses even to pay my debts.

*Harry.* And the worthy alderman, your father, being overtaken by death in the south of France, carefully makes a will, and then as carefully hides it where it is not to be found; or commits it to the custody of some mercenary knave, who has made his market of it to the widow. So, here comes the supposed executor of this supposed will.

*Enter Mr. SULKY.*

My dear Mr. Sulky, how do you do ?

*Sulky.* Very ill.

*Harry.* Indeed ! I am very sorry. What's your disorder ?

*Sulky.* You.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Sulky.* Ruin, bankruptcy, infamy.

*Harry.* The old story.

*Sulky.* To a new tune.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Sulky.* You are——

*Harry.* What, my good cynic ?

*Sulky.* A fashionable gentleman.

*Harry.* I know it.

*Sulky.* And fashionably ruined.

*Harry.* No : I have a father.

*Sulky.* Who is ruined likewise.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha ! Is the Bank of England ruined ?

*Sulky.* I say ruined. Nothing less than a miracle can save the house. The purse of Fortunatus could not supply you.

*Harry.* No; it held nothing but guineas. Notes, bills, paper, for me.

*Sulky.* Such effrontery is insufferable. For these five years, sir, you've been driving to ruin more furiously than——

*Harry.* An ambassador's coach on a birth-night. I saw you were stammering for a simile.

*Sulky.* Sir !

*Harry.* Youth mounts the box, seizes the reins, and jehus head-long on in the dark; Passion and Prodigality blaze in the front, bewilder the coachman, and dazzle and blind the passengers; Wisdom, Prudence, and Virtue are overset and maimed, or mur-

dered; and at last Repentance, like the footman's flambeau lagging behind, lights us to dangers when they are past all remedy.

*Sulky.* Your name is struck off the firm. I was the adviser.

*Harry.* You were very kind, Mr. Sulky.

*Sulky.* Your father is at last determined.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! Do you think so?

*Sulky.* You'll find so. And what brought you here, sir? (To MILFORD.)

*Milford.* A chaise and four.

*Sulky.* It might have carried you to a safer place. When do you mean to pay your debts?

*Milford.* When my father's executor prevails on the Widow Warren to do me justice.

*Sulky.* And which way am I to prevail?

*Milford.* And which way am I to pay my debts?

*Sulky.* You might have more modesty than insolently to come and brave one of your principal creditors, after having ruined his son by your evil counsel.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! Don't believe a word on't, my good grumbler; I ruined myself! I wanted no counsellor.

*Milford.* My father died immensely rich; I ought not to starve.

*Sulky.* You have had five thousand pounds, and are five more in debt.

*Milford.* Yes, thanks to those who trust boys with thousands.

*Sulky.* You would do the same now that you think yourself a man.

*Milford.* (Firmly.) Indeed I would not.

*Sulky.* Had you been watching the widow at home, instead of galloping after a knot of gamblers and pickpockets, you might perhaps have done yourself more service.

*Milford.* Which way, sir?

*Sulky.* The will of your late father is round.

*Milford.* Found!

*Sulky.* I have received a letter, from which I learn it was at last discovered, carefully locked up in a private drawer; and that it is now a full month since a gentleman of Montpelier, coming to England, was entrusted with it. But no such gentleman has yet appeared.

*Milford.* If it should have got into the hands of the widow!

*Sulky.* Which I suspect it has. You are a couple of pretty gentlemen. But beware! Misfortune is at your heels. Mr. Dornton vows vengeance on you both, and justly. He has not gone to bed; and, if you have confidence enough to look him in the face, I would have you stay where you are.

*Milford.* I neither wish to insult, nor be insulted. [Exit.]

*Sulky.* Do you know, sir, your father turned the poor fellow into the street, who compassionately opened the door for you?

*Harry.* Yes.

*Sulky.* Very well, sir. Your fame is increasing daily.

*Harry.* I am glad to hear it.

*Sulky.* Humph! Then perhaps you have paragraphed yourself?

*Harry.* Paragraphed? What? Where?

*Sulky.* In the *St. James's Evening*.

*Harry.* Me?

*Sulky.* Stating the exact amount.

*Harry.* Of my loss?

*Sulky.* Yours. You march through every avenue to fame, dirty or clean.

*Harry.* Well said. Be witty when you can, sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You are honest. You are my cruet of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.

*Sulky.* Well, sir, when you know the state of your own affairs, and to what you have reduced the house, you will perhaps be less ready to grin.

*Harry.* Reduced the house! Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter Mr. DORNTON, with a newspaper in his hand.*

*Dornton.* So, sir!

*Harry.* (*Bowing.*) I am happy to see you, sir.

*Dornton.* You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight; and you are here (*pointing to the paper*) after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality. Are you not a scoundrel?

*Harry.* No, sir; I am only a fool.

*Sulky.* Good night to you, gentlemen. (*Going.*)

*Dornton.* Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky. I beg you to stay where you are, and be a witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices.

*Sulky.* I have witnessed it a thousand times.

*Dornton.* But this is the last. Are you not a scoundrel, I say? (*To HARRY.*)

*Harry.* I am your son.

*Dornton.* (*Calling off.*) Mr. Smith! Bring in those deeds.

*Enter Mr. SMITH, with papers.*

You will not deny that you are an incorrigible squanderer?

*Harry.* I will deny nothing.

*Dornton.* A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature?

*Harry.* A stain that will wash out, sir.

*Dornton.* A redundancy; a negation; a besotted sophisticated incumbrance; a jumble of fatuity; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon; incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others.

*Harry.* I am whatever you please, sir.

*Dornton.* Bills never examined, everything bought on credit, the price of nothing asked. Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution

of common sense; and to your other destructive follies you must add the detestable vice of gaming.

Harry. These things, sir, are much easier done than defended.

Dornton. But here—give me that parchment! (*To Mr. SMITH.*) The partners have all been summoned. Look, sir! Your name has been formally erased.

Harry. The partners are very kind.

Dornton. The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the house it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city——

Harry. All very terrible, and some of it very true. (*Half aside.*)

Dornton. (*Passionately.*) If I should happily outlive the storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler. [*Exit Mr. SMITH.*] You are disinherited. Read.

Harry. Your word is as good as the Bank, sir.

Dornton. I'll no longer act the doting father, fascinated by your arts.

Harry. I never had any art, sir, except the one you taught me.

Dornton. I taught you! What! Scoundrel! What!

Harry. That of loving you, sir

Dornton. Loving me!

Harry. Most sincerely.

Dornton. (*Forgetting his passion.*) Why, can you say, Harry—rascal! I mean, that you love me?

Harry. I should be a rascal indeed if I did not, sir.

Dornton. Harry! Harry! (*Struggling with his feelings.*) No; confound me if I do! Sir, you are a vile——

Harry. I know I am.

Dornton. (*Going.*) And I'll never speak to you more!

Harry. Bid me good night, sir. Mr. Sulky here will bid me good night, and you are my father! Good night, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. Good night.

[*Exit.*]

Harry. Come, sir——

Dornton. (*Struggling with passion.*) I wont. If I do——

Harry. Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name; disinherit me; I deserve it all, and more; but say, "Good night, Harry!"

Dornton. I wont! I wont! I wont!

Harry. Poverty is a trifle; we can whistle it off; but enmity——

Dornton. I will not.

Harry. Sleep in enmity? And who can say how soundly? Come! good night.

Dornton. I wont! I wont! (*Runs off.*)

Harry. Say you so! Why then, my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel.

Re-enter Mr. DORNTON.

Dornton. Good night!

Harry. Good night!

[*Exit.*]

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE FROM MONEY.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

[The literary career of Lord Bulwer Lytton afforded a striking example of the value of perseverance and a determination to succeed. In the various capacities of poet, dramatist, novelist, essayist, orator and politician, he achieved more or less distinction. Notwithstanding the temptation to lead the life of a mere *dilettante*, his industry was unflagging. At the time of his death, though suffering from acute pain, he was engaged upon three works of a widely distinct character. He died literally in harness in the year 1873, at the advanced age of seventy.]

## CHARACTERS :

ALFRED EVELYN. SHARP. GRAVES.

*Evelyn.* All parties alike, nothing but Money *versus* Man!—Sharp—(SHARP rises and goes to him)—come here—let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest;—but what is honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

*Sharp.* (L.) In the heart, I suppose, sir.

*Evelyn.* (C.) Mr. Sharp, it exists here in the pocket! Observe: I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both;—the man there—the gold here! Now, there is many a man in those streets honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul, too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man?—no! it is the fault of mankind! God made man; behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor I hated the world; now I am rich I despise it! Fools, knaves, hypocrites!—By the bye, Sharp, send £100 to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yesterday—

[Enter TOKE, R., announces MR. GRAVES. Exit, R.]

Enter GRAVES, R.

Ah, Graves, my dear friend! what a world this is!

*Graves.* It is an atrocious world!—But, astronomers say that there is a travelling comet which must set it on fire one day,—and that's some comfort!

*Evelyn.* Every hour brings its gloomy lesson—the temper sours—the affections wither—the heart hardens into stone! Zounds, Sharp! (Crosses to SHARP, R. C., GRAVES places his hat on desk, L.) What do you stand gaping there for?—why don't you go and see to the bricklayer? [Exit SHARP, R.]

*Evelyn.* Graves, of all my new friends—and their name is Legion—you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us—we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you!

*Graves.* (Groaning.) Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

*Evelyn.* Because I am miserable myself!

*Graves.* You! Pshaw! you have not been condemned to lose a wife!

*Evelyn.* But, plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one!—Sit down, and listen. (*EVELYN goes up and brings chairs down, they sit*). I want a confidant!—Left fatherless when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land—that's a lie, Graves.

*Graves.* (L. C.) A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

*Evelyn.* (R. C.) On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge he is a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentleman and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished—I looked to a high degree. One day a young lord insulted me—I retorted—he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar!—a Pariah!—a thing to be struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole college! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the career of a life blasted. That is the difference between rich and poor: it takes a whirlwind to move the one—a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived I had one to toil for; and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned myself to my fate. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that—there was one in that house whom I had loved at the first sight.

*Graves.* And were you loved again?

*Evelyn.* I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth, I confessed my love, and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark; you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

*Graves.* Perfectly. What were the contents?

*Evelyn.* After hints, cautions, and admonitions—half in irony, half in earnest (Ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!), it proceeded—but I'll read it to you:—"Having selected you as my heir, because I think money a trust to be placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now—not impose a condition, but ask a favour. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment, I could wish to suggest your choice. My two nearest female relations are my niece Georgina, and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that I would seek to bring about before I die." My friend, this is not a legal condition—the fortune does not rest on it; yet, need I say that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon—I ought now to decide; you hear the names—Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me!

(*They rise and push chairs back*).

*Graves.* But now she would accept you!



*Evelyn.* And do you think I am so base a slave to passion that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?

*Graves.* But you must choose one, in common gratitude; you ought to do so—yes, there you are right. Besides, you are constantly at the house—the world observes it; you must have raised hopes in one of the girls. Yes, it is time to decide between her whom you love and her whom you do not!

*Evelyn.* Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage, to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you—to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket—to worship the statue that you never may warm to life—Oh! such a marriage would be a hell the more terrible because Paradise was in sight.

*Graves.* Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous. (*Aside*) But he has no right to be fastidious—he has never known Maria! (*Aloud*) Yes, my dear friend, as you are sure to be miserable when you are married, you *will* be as wretched as myself!—When you are married we will mingle our groans together! Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous!

*Evelyn.* You may misjudge Georgina; she may have a nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which the will was read, a letter, in a strange or disguised hand, signed "*From an unknown friend to Alfred Evelyn,*" and enclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored charity, and whose address I had only given to Georgina.

*Graves.* Why not assure yourself?

*Evelyn.* Because I have not dared. For sometimes, even against my reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara! (*Taking a letter from his bosom and looking at it.*) No, I can't recognise the hand. *Graves, I detest that girl.* (*Crossing L, and back.*)

*Graves.* Who? Georgina?

*Evelyn.* No; Clara! But I've already, thank Heaven! taken some revenge upon her. (*Aside*) I'll not mention it. Yes, *Graves*, come nearer. (*Whispers*) I've bribed Sharp to say that Mordaunt's letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas £20,000.

*Graves.* And didn't it?

*Evelyn.* Not a farthing. One of his caprices. Besides, Sir John wrote him word that Lady Franklin had adopted her. But I'm glad of it—I've paid the money—she's no more a dependant. No one can insult her now—she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man—does not guess it!—owes it to me, me, whom she rejected;—me, the poor scholar!—Ha! ha!—there's some spite in that, eh?

*Graves.* You're a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address, and dictated this letter, after all!

*Evelyn.* Do you think so?—I'll go to the house this instant!

*Graves.* Eh? Humph! Then I'll go with you. That Lady Franklin is a fine woman! If she were not so gay, I think—I could——

*Evelyn.* No, no; don't think any such thing; women are even worse than men.

*Graves.* True; to love is a boy's madness!

*Evelyn.* To feel is to suffer!

*Graves.* To hope is to be deceived.

*Evelyn.* I have done with romance!

*Graves.* Mine is buried with Maria!

*Evelyn.* If Clara did but write this!

*Graves.* Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out!—A vale of tears—a vale of tears!

*Evelyn.* A vale of tears, indeed!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

*Re-enter GRAVES for his hat.*

*Graves.* And I left my hat behind me! Just like my luck! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads.

[*Exit, R.*]

## SCENE FROM JOHN BULL.

G. COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

[See page 344.]

CHARACTERS:

SIR SIMON ROCHDALÉ. PEREGRINE. JOB THORNBERRY. JOHN BULL.

*An apartment in Job Thornberry's house.*

*Enter JOB THORNBERRY, L., in a dressing gown, followed by*  
JOHN BULL.

*Bur.* Don't take on so—don't you now! Pray listen to reason!

*Job.* I won't!

*Bur.* Pray do!

*Job.* I won't! Reason bid me love my child and help my friend;—what's the consequence? My friend has run one way, and broke up my trade; my daughter has run another, and broke my—No! she shall never have it to say she broke my heart. If I hang myself for grief, she shan't know she made me.

*Bur.* Well, but, master——

*Job.* And reason told me to take you into my shop, when the fat churchwardens starved you at the workhouse—hang them for their want of feeling!—and you were thumped about, a poor, unoffending, ragged boy as you were!—I wonder you haven't run away from me too!

*Bur.* That's the first real unkind word you ever said to me. I've sprinkled your shop two-and-twenty years, and never missed a morning.

*Job.* The bailiffs are below, clearing the goods; you wont have the trouble any longer.

*Bur.* Trouble!—Look ye, old Job Thornberry—

*Job.* Well! What, are you going to be saucy to me now I'm ruined?

*Bur.* Don't say one cutting thing after another. You have been as noted all round our town, for being a kind man as being a blunt one.

*Job.* Blunt or sharp, I've been honest. Let them look at my ledger—they'll find it right. I began upon a little; I made that little great by industry: I never cringed to a customer to get him into my books, that I might hamper him with an overcharged bill for long credit; I earned my fair profits; I paid my fair way; I break by the treachery of a friend, and my first dividend shall be seventeen shillings in the pound. I wish every tradesman in England may clap his hand on his heart and say as much, when he asks a creditor to sign his certificate.

*Bur.* 'Twas I kept your ledger all the time.

*Job.* I know you did.

*Bur.* From the time that you took me out of the workhouse.

*Job.* Pshaw! Rot the workhouse!

*Bur.* You never mentioned it to me yourself till to-day.

*Job.* I said it in a hurry.

*Bur.* And I've always remembered it at leisure. I don't want to brag, but I hope I've been faithful. It's rather hard to tell poor John Bur, the workhouse boy, after clothing, feeding, and making him your man of trust for two-and-twenty years, that you wonder he don't run away from you now you're in trouble.

*Job.* (*Affected*). John, I beg your pardon.

[*Stretching out his hand.*]

*Bur.* (*Taking his hand*). Don't say a word more about it.

*Job.* I—

*Bur.* Pray, now, master, don't say any more!—come, be a man! get on your things, and face the bailiffs that are rummaging the goods.

*Job.* I can't, John—I can't. My heart's heavier than all the iron and brass in my shop.

*Bur.* Nay, consider what confusion! Pluck up a courage—do, now!

*Job.* Well, I'll try.

*Bur.* Ay, that's right; here's your clothes. (*Taking them from the back of a chair.*) They'll play the deuce with all the pots and pans, if you arn't by. Why, I warrant you'll do! Bless you, what should ail you?

*Job.* Ail me! do you go and get a daughter, John Bur; then let her run away from you, and you'll know what ails me. [*Crosses to R.*]

*Bur.* Come, here's your coat and waistcoat. (*Going to help him on with his clothes.*) This is the waistcoat young mistress worked with her own hands, for your birthday, five years ago. Come, get into it, as quick as you can.

*Job.* (Throwing it on the floor violently). I'd as lieve go into my coffin! she'll have me there soon. Pshaw! rot it! I'm going to snivel! Bur, go and get me another.

*Bur.* Are you sure you wont put it on?

*Job.* No, I wont. (*BUR pauses*). No, I tell you!—(*Exit BUR, L.*) How proud I was of that waistcoat five years ago! I little thought what would happen now, when I sat in it, at the top of my table, with all my neighbours to celebrate the day. There was Collop on one side of me, and his wife on the other, and my daughter Mary sat at the further end, smiling so sweetly—like an artful good-for-nothing—I shouldn't like to throw away the waistcoat neither—I may as well put it on. Yes, it would be poor spite not to put it on. (*Putting his arms into it*). She's breaking my heart! but I'll wear it, I'll wear it!—(*Buttoning it as he speaks, and crying involuntarily*). It's my child's—she's undutiful, ungrateful, barbarous—but she's my child, and she'll never work me another.

*Re-enter JOHN BUR, L.*

*Bur.* Here's another waistcoat, but it has laid by so long, I think it's damp.

*Job.* I was thinking so myself, Bur; and so—

*Bur.* Eh? What! you've got on the old one? Well, now, I declare I'm glad of that! Here's your coat. (*Putting it on him*). 'Sbobs! this waistcoat feels a little damp about the top of the bosom.

*Job.* (*Confused*). Never mind, Bur, never mind. A little water has dropped on it; but it wont give me cold, I believe.

[*A noise without, R.*

*Bur.* Heigh! they are playing up old Harry below! I'll run and see what's the matter. Make haste after me—do now!

[*Exit, R.*

*Job.* I don't care for the bankruptcy now; I can face my creditors like an honest man; and I can crawl to my grave afterwards, as poor as a church mouse. What does it signify! Job Thornberry has no reason now to wish himself worth a groat; the old iron-monger and brazier has nobody to hoard his money for now! I was only saving for my daughter; and she has run away from her dotting, foolish father, and struck down my heart—flat—flat!

*Enter PEREGRINE, R.*

Well—who are you?

*Per.* A friend

*Job.* Then I'm sorry to see you. I have just been ruined by a friend, and never wish to have another friend again as long as I live; no, nor any ungrateful, undutiful—Poh!—I don't recollect your face.

*Per.* Climate and years have been at work on it. While Europeans are scorching under an Indian sun, time is doubly busy in fanning their features with his wings. But do you remember no trace of me?

*Job.* No, I tell you. If you have anything to say, say it. I have something to settle below with my daughter—I mean, with the people in the shop; they are impatient; and the morning has half run away before she knew I should be up—I mean, before I have had time to get on my coat and waistcoat, she gave me—I mean—I mean, if you have any business, tell it at once.

*Per.* I will tell it at once. You seem agitated. The harpies whom I passed in your shop informed me of your sudden misfortune; but do not despair yet.

*Job.* Ay, I'm going to be a bankrupt; but that don't signify. Go on; it isn't that; they'll find all fair—but go on.

*Per.* I will. 'Tis just thirty years since I left England.

*Job.* That's a little after the time I set up in the hardware business.

*Per.* About that time a lad of fifteen years entered your shop: he had the appearance of a gentleman's son, and told you he had heard, by accident, as he was wandering through the streets of Penzance, some of your neighbours speak of Job Thornberry's goodness to persons in distress.

*Job.* I believe he told a lie there.

*Per.* Not in that instance, though he did in another.

*Job.* I remember him; he was a fine bluff boy.

*Per.* He had lost his parents, he said; and, destitute of friends, money, and food, was making his way to the next port, to offer himself to any vessel that would take him on board, that he might work his way abroad, and seek a livelihood.

*Job.* Yes, yes, he did: I remember it.

*Per.* You may remember, too, when the boy had finished his tale of distress, you put ten guineas in his hand. They were the first earnings of your trade, you told him, and could not be laid out to better advantage than in relieving a helpless orphan; and giving him a letter of recommendation to a sea captain at Falmouth, you wished him good spirits and prosperity. He left you with a promise that if fortune ever smiled upon him, you should one day hear news of Peregrine.

*Job.* Ah, poor fellow! poor Peregrine! He was a pretty boy; I should like to hear news of him, I own.

*Per.* I am that Peregrine.

*Job.* Eh? what! you are—no! let me look at you again. Are you the pretty boy that—Bless us, how you are altered!

*Per.* I have endured many hardships since I saw you—many turns of fortune: but I deceived you (it was the cunning of a truant lad) when I told you I had lost my parents. From a romantic folly, the growth of boyish brains, I had fixed my fancy on being a sailor, and had run away from my father.

*Job.* (*With great emotion*). Run away from your father? If I had known that, I'd have horsewhipped you within an inch of your life.

*Per.* Had you known it, you had done right, perhaps.

*Job.* Right! ah; you don't know what it is for a child to run

away from a father! Rot me! if I wouldn't have sent you back to him, tied neck and heels, in the basket of a stage-coach!

*Per.* I have had my compunctions—have expressed them by letter to my father; but I fear my penitence had no effect.

*Job.* Served you right.

*Per.* Having no answers from him, he died, I fear without forgiving me. [Sighs.]

*Job.* (*Starting.*) What! died without forgiving his child!—Come! that's too much! I couldn't have done that, neither. But go on; I hope you've been prosperous. But you shouldn't have quitted your father.

*Per.* I acknowledge it; yet I have seen prosperity, though I traversed many countries on my outset in pain and poverty. Chance at length raised me a friend in India, by whose interest and my own industry I amassed considerable wealth in the factory at Calcutta.

*Job.* And have just landed it, I suppose, in England?

*Per.* I landed one hundred pounds last night in my purse, as I swam from the Indiaman, which was splitting on a rock, half a league from the neighbouring shore. As for the rest of my property, bills, bonds, cash, jewels, the whole amount of my toil and application, are, by this time, I doubt not, gone to the bottom: and Peregrine is returned, after thirty years, to pay his debt to you, almost as poor as he left you.

*Job.* I won't touch a penny of your hundred pounds—not a penny!

*Per.* I do not desire you; I only desire you to take your own.

*Job.* My own?

*Per.* Yes; I plunged with this box, last night, into the waves. You see, it has your name on it.

*Job.* "Job Thornberry," sure enough! And what's in it?

*Per.* The harvest of a kind man's charity; the produce of your bounty to one whom you thought an orphan. I have traded these twenty years on ten guineas (which from the first I had set apart as yours), till they have become ten thousand; take it—it could not, I find, come more opportunely. (*Giving him the box.*) Your honest heart gratified itself in administering to my need; and I experience that burst of pleasure a grateful man enjoys, in relieving my reliever.

*Job.* (*Squeezing PEREGRINE'S hand, returning the box, and seeming almost unable to utter.*) Take it again.

*Per.* Why do you reject it?

*Job.* I'll tell you as soon as I'm able. T'other day I had a friend—pshaw! rot it! I'm an old fool! (*Wiping his eyes.*) I lent a friend t'other day the whole profits of my trade, to save him from sinking. He walked off with them, and made me a bankrupt. Don't you think he is a rascal?

*Per.* Decidedly so.

*Job.* And what should I be if I took all you have saved in the world, and left you to shift for yourself?

*Per.* But the case is different. This money is, in fact, your own. I am inured to hardships; better able to bear them, and am younger than you. Perhaps, too, I still have prospects to——

*Job.* I won't take it. I'm as thankful to you as if I let you starve; but I won't take it.

*Per.* Remember, too, you have claims upon you which I have not. My guide, as I came hither, said you had married in my absence: 'tis true, he told me you were a widower; but, it seems, you have a daughter to provide for.

*Job.* I have no daughter to provide for now.

*Per.* Then he misinformed me.

*Job.* No he didn't. I had one last night, but she's gone.

*Per.* Gone!

*Job.* Yes; gone to sea, for what I know, as you did. Run from a good father as you did. This is a morning to remember; my daughter has run out, and the bailiffs have run in; I shan't soon forget the day of the month.

*Per.* This morning did you say?

*Job.* Ay, before daybreak; a hard-hearted, base——

*Per.* And could she leave you, during the derangement of your affairs?

*Job.* She didn't know what was going to happen, poor soul! I wish she had now. I don't think Mary would have left her old father in the midst of his misfortunes.

*Per.* (*Aside.*) Mary! it must be she! What is the amount of the demands upon you?

*Job.* Six thousand: but I don't mind that; the goods can nearly cover it—let 'em take 'em—rot the gridirons and warming-pans! I could begin again, but now my Mary's gone, I haven't the heart; but I shall hit upon something.

*Per.* Let me make a proposal to you, my old friend. Permit me to settle with the officers, and to clear all demands upon you. Make it a debt if you please; I will have a hold, if it must be so, on your future profits in trade; but do this, and I promise to restore your daughter to you.

*Job.* What! bring back my child? Do you know where she is?—Is she safe?—Is she far off?—Is——

*Per.* Will you receive the money?

*Job.* Yes, yes, on these terms—on these conditions—but where is Mary?

*Per.* Patience—I must not tell you yet! but in four-and-twenty hours I pledge myself to bring her back to you.

*Job.* What here? to her father's house, and safe?—Oh 'sbut! when I see her safe, what a thundering passion I'll be in with her! But you are not deceiving me? You know the first time you came into my shop, what a bouncer you told me, when you were a boy.

*Per.* Believe me, I would not trifle with you now. Come, come down to your shop, that we may rid it of its present visitants.

*Job.* I believe you dropped from the clouds, all on a sudden, to comfort an old, broken-hearted brazier.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE FROM THE LADY OF LYONS.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

[See p. 360.]

## CHARACTERS:

GENERAL DAMAS and CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

*Damas.* The man who sets his heart upon a woman  
Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air;  
From air he takes his colours,—holds his life,—  
Changes with every wind,—grows lean or fat,  
Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy,  
Or pallid with despair—just as the gale  
Varies from north to south—from heat to cold!  
Oh, woman! woman! thou should'st have few sins  
Of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author  
Of such a book of follies in a man,  
That it would need the tears of all the angels  
To blot the record out!

*Enter MELNOTTE, pale and agitated, R. 2 E.*

I need not tell thee! Thou hast heard—

*Mel.* The worst!

I have!

*Damas.* Be cheer'd; others are fair as she is!

*Mel.* Others!—The world is crumbled at my feet!  
She was my world; fill'd up the whole of being—  
Smiled in the sunshine—walk'd the glorious earth—  
Sate in my heart—was the sweet life of life.  
The Past was hers: I dreamt not of a Future  
That did not wear her shape! Mem'ry and Hope  
Alike are gone. Pauline is faithless! Henceforth  
The universal space is desolate!

*Damas.* Hope yet.

*Mel.* Hope, yes!—one hope is left me still—  
A soldier's grave! “Glory has died with Love;  
“I look into my heart, and, where I saw  
“Pauline, see Death!”

(*After a pause.*)—But am I not deceived?  
I went but by the rumour of the town;  
Rumour is false,—I was too hasty! Damas,  
Whom hast thou seen?

*Damas.* Thy rival and her father.  
Arm thyself for the truth—He heeds not—

*Mel.* She  
Will never know how deeply she was loved!  
“The charitable night, that wont to bring  
“Comfort to-day, in bright and eloquent dreams,



"Is henceforth leagued with misery! Sleep, farewell,  
 "Or else become eternal! Oh, the waking  
 "From false oblivion, and to see the sun,  
 "And know she is another's!"——

*Damas.* Be a man!

*Mel.* I am a man;—it is the sting of woe  
 Like mine that tells us we are men!

*Damas.* The false one

Did not deserve thee.

*Mel.* Hush!—No word against her!

Why should she keep, through years and silent absence,  
 The holy tablets of her virgin faith  
 True to a traitor's name? Oh, blame her not!  
 It were a sharper grief to think her worthless  
 Than to be what I am! To-day, to-day!  
 They said "To-day!" This day, so wildly welcomed—  
 This day, my soul had singled out of time  
 And mark'd for bliss! This day! oh, could I see her,  
 See her once more unknown; but hear her voice.  
 "So that one echo of its music might  
 "Make ruin less appalling in its silence."

*Damas.* Easily done! Come with me to her house;  
 Your dress—your cloak—moustache—the bronzed hues  
 Of time and toil—the name you bear—belief  
 In your absence,—all will ward away suspicion.  
 Keep in the shade. Ay, I would have you come.  
 There may be hope! Pauline is yet so young,  
 They may have forced her to these second bridal  
 "Out of mistaken love."

*Mel.* "No," bid me hope not!

Bid me not hope! I could not bear again  
 To fall from such a heaven! One gleam of sunshine,  
 And the ice breaks and I am lost! Oh, Damas,  
 There's no such thing as courage in a man;  
 The veriest slave that ever crawled from danger  
 Might spurn me now. When first I lost her, Damas,  
 I bore it, did I not? I still had hope,  
 And now I—I— (*Bursts into an agony of grief*).

*Damas.* What, comrade! all the women  
 That ever smiled destruction on brave hearts  
 Were not worth tears like these!

*Mel.* 'Tis past—forget it.

"I am prepared; life has no further ills!  
 "The cloud has broken in that stormy rain,  
 "And on the waste I stand, alone with Heaven."

*Damas.* "His very face is changed; a breaking heart  
 Does its work soon!"—Come, Melnotte, rouse thyself:  
 One effort more. Again thou'lt see her.

*Mel.* See her!

There is a passion in that simple sentence

That shivers all the pride and power of reason  
Into a chaos !

*Damas.* Time wanes ;—come, ere yet  
It be too late.

*Mel.* Terrible words—"Too late !"  
Lead on. One last look more, and then—

*Damas.* Forget her !

*Mel.* Forget her, yes !—For death remembers not.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

## THE FIRST ACT OF LONDON ASSURANCE

DION BOUCICAULT.

[Mr. Boucicault is, without doubt, the most prolific English dramatist of our own or any other epoch. His constructive skill is extraordinary, and his power of delineating character in a few lines remarkable. Amongst his best-known works which are destined to live, and have held the stage with unabated success for many years, may be enumerated "The Colleen Bawn," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Shaughraun," and "The Streets of London." His earliest play "London Assurance," was produced in 1841, when the author was barely out of his teens. The first Act of this play employs male characters only.]

### CHARACTERS :

SIR HARCOURT COURTLY, MAX HARKAWAY, CHARLES COURTLY,  
DAZZLE, COOL, MARTIN.

SCENE.—*An ante-room in SIR HARCOURT COURTLY'S house in Belgrave Square, doors, R. L. and C. Four neat chairs, table.*

*Enter COOL, R. door.*

*Cool.* Half-past nine, and Mr. Charles has not yet returned : I am in a fever of dread. If his father happen to rise earlier than usual on any morning, he is sure to ask first for Mr. Charles. Poor deluded old gentleman—he little thinks how he is deceived.

*Enter MARTIN, lazily, D. L. 2 E.*

Well, Martin, he has not come home yet ?

*Martin.* No ; and I have not had a wink of sleep all night—I cannot stand this any longer ; I shall give warning. This is the fifth night Mr. Courtly has remained out, and I am obliged to stand at the hall window to watch for him.

*Cool.* You know if Sir Harcourt was aware that we connived at his son's irregularities, we should all be discharged.

*Martin.* I have used up all my common excuses on his duns—"Call again," "Not at home," and "Send it down to you," won't serve any more ; and Mr. Crust, the wine-merchant, swears he will be paid.

*Cool.* So they all say. Why he has arrests out against him already. I've seen the fellows watching the door—(*loud knock and ring heard, L.*)—there he is just in time—quick, Martin, for I expect Sir Harcourt's bell every moment (*small bell, R. rings*)—and there it is. (*Exit MARTIN, slowly, R.*) Thank heaven ! he will

return to college to-morrow, and this heavy responsibility will be taken off my shoulders. A valet is as difficult a post to fill properly as that of prime minister.

*Exit, C.*

*Charles Courtly. (without, L.)* Hollo!

*Dazzle. (without)* Steady!

*Enter CHARLES COURTLY and DAZZLE, L.*

*Courtly.* Hollo-o-o—

*Dazzle.* Hush! what are you about, howling like a Hottentot. Sit down there, and thank heaven you are in Belgrave Square, instead of Bow Street.

*Courtly.* D—D—Damn Bow Street.

*Dazzle.* Oh, with all my heart!—you have not yet seen as much of it as I have.

*Courtly.* I say—let me see—what was I going to say?—oh, look here—*(he pulls out a large assortment of knockers, bell-pulls, &c., from his pocket)*. There! dam'me! I'll puzzle the postmen—I'll deprive them of their right of disturbing the neighbourhood. That black lion's head did belong to Old Vampire, the money-lender; this bell-pull to Miss Stitch, the milliner.

*Dazzle.* And this brass griffin—

*Courtly.* That! oh, let me see—I think—I twisted that off our own hall-door as I came in, while you were paying the cab.

*Dazzle.* What shall I do with them?

*Courtly.* Be kind to 'em—pack 'em in a small hamper, and send 'em to the sitting magistrate with my father's compliments; in the mean time come into my room, and I'll astonish you with some Burgundy. *(they rise.)*

*Enter COOL, C. door.*

*Cool. (R.)* Mr. Charles—

*Courtly. (C.)* Out! out! not at home to any one.

*Cool.* And drunk—

*Courtly.* As a lord.

*Cool.* If Sir Harcourt knew this he would go mad, he would discharge me.

*Courtly.* You flatter yourself, that would be no proof of his insanity.—*(to DAZZLE, L.)*—This is Cool, Sir, Mr. Cool; he is the best liar in London—there is a pungency about his invention, and an originality in his equivocation, that is perfectly refreshing.

*Cool. (aside)* Why, Mr. Charles, where did you pick him up?

*Courtly.* You mistake, he picked me up. *(bell rings, R.)*

*Cool.* Here comes Sir Harcourt—pray do not let him see you in this state.

*Courtly.* State! what do you mean? I am in a beautiful state.

*Cool.* I should lose my character.

*Courtly.* That would be a fortunate epoch in your life, Cool.

*Cool.* Your father would discharge me.

*Courtly.* How dare you get drunk—sir?

*Cool.* Retire to your own room, for heaven's sake, Mr. Charles

*Courtly.* I'll do so for my own sake. (to DAZZLE) I say, old fellow, (*staggering*) just hold the door steady while I go in.

*Dazzle.* This way. Now then!—take care!

(*helps him into the room, R.*)

*Enter SIR HARCOURT COURTLY in an elegant dressing-gown, and Greek scull-cap and tassels, &c., &c., D. R.*

*Sir H. (C.)* Cool, is breakfast ready?

*Cool. (R.)* Quite ready, Sir Harcourt.

*Sir H.* Apropos. I omitted to mention that I expect Squire Harkaway to join us this morning, and you must prepare for my departure to Oak Hall immediately.

*Cool.* Leave town in the commencement of the season, Sir Harcourt? So unprecedented a proceeding.

*Sir H.* It is. I confess it, there is but one power could effect such a miracle—that is divinity.

*Cool.* How!

*Sir H.* In female form of course. Cool, I am about to present society with a second Lady Courtly; young—blushing eighteen;—lovely! I have her portrait;—rich! I have her banker's account;—an heiress, and a Venus!

*Cool.* Lady Courtly could be none other.

*Sir H.* Ha! Ha! Cool, your manners are above your station.—Apropos, I shall find no further use for my brocaded dressing gown.

*Cool.* I thank you, Sir Harcourt; might I ask who the fortunate lady is?

*Sir H.* Certainly; Miss Grace Harkaway, the niece of my old friend Max.

*Cool.* Have you never seen the lady, sir?

*Sir H.* Never—that is, yes—eight years ago. Having been, as you know, on the Continent for the last seven years, I have not had the opportunity of paying my devoirs—our connection and betrothal was a very extraordinary one. Her father's estates were contiguous to mine;—being a penurious, miserly, ugly old scoundrel, he made a market of my indiscretion, and supplied my extravagance with large sums of money on mortgages, his great desire being to unite the two properties. About seven years ago he died, leaving Grace, a girl, to the guardianship of her uncle, with this will: if on attaining the age of nineteen she would consent to marry me, I should receive those deeds, and all his property as her dowry; if she refused to comply with this condition, they should revert to my heir presumptive or apparent.—She consents.

*Cool.* Who would not?

*Sir H.* I consent to receive her fifteen thousand pounds a year.

*Cool. (aside)* Who would not?

*Sir H.* So prepare, Cool, prepare. (*crosses to R.*) But where is my boy? where is Charles?

*Cool.* Why—oh, he is gone out, Sir Harcourt; yes, gone out to take a walk.

*Sir H.* Poor child! A perfect child in heart—a sober, placid mind—the simplicity and verdure of boyhood, kept fresh and unsullied by any contact with society. Tell me, Cool, at what time was he in bed last night?

*Cool.* Half-past nine, Sir Harcourt.

*Sir H.* Half-past nine! Beautiful! What an original idea! Reposing in cherub slumbers, while all around him teems with drinking and debauchery. Primitive sweetness of nature! No pilot-coated bear-skinned brawling.

*Cool.* Oh, Sir Harcourt!

*Sir H.* No cigar smoking——

*Cool.* Faints at the smell of one.

*Sir H.* No brandy-and-water bibbing——

*Cool.* Doesn't know the taste of anything stronger than barley-water.

*Sir H.* Never heard the clock strike twelve, except at noon. In fact, he is my son, and became a gentleman by right of paternity. He inherited my manners.

*Enter MARTIN, L.*

*Martin.* Mr. Harkaway.

*Enter MAX HARKAWAY, L.*

*Max.* Squire Harkaway, fellow, or Max Harkaway, another time.

[*MARTIN bows and exit, L.*  
*Ah! ha! Sir Harcourt, I'm devilish glad to see ye. Gi' me your fist. Dang it, but I'm glad to see ye. Let me see—six—seven years, or more, since we have met. How quickly they have flown.*

*Sir H. (throwing off his studied manner)* Max, Max! give me you hand, old boy. (*aside*) Ah! he is glad to see me;—there is no fawning pretence about that squeeze. Cool, you may retire.

[*Exit COOL, R.*

*Max.* Why, you are looking quite rosy.

*Sir H.* Ah, ah, rosy! Am I too florid?

*Max.* Not a bit; not a bit.

*Sir H.* I thought so. (*aside*) Cool said I had put too much on.

*Max. (L.)* How comes it, Courtly, that you manage to retain your youth? See, I'm as grey as an old badger, or a wild rabbit—while you are as black as a young rook. I say, whose head grew your hair,—eh?

*Sir H.* Permit me to remark that all the beauties of my person are of home manufacture. Why should you be surprised at my youth? I have scarcely thrown off the giddiness of a very boy—elasticity of limb—buoyancy of soul. Remark this position (*throws himself into an attitude*); I held that attitude for ten minutes at Lady Acid's last *réunion*, at the express desire of one of our first sculptors, while he was making a sketch of me for the Apollo.

Max. (*aside*) Making a butt of thee for their gibes.

Sir H. Lady Sarah Sarcasm started up, and, pointing to my face, ejaculated, "Good gracious! Does not Sir Harcourt remind you of the countenance of Ajax, in the Pompeian portrait?"

Max. (*aside*) Ajax!—humbug!

Sir H. You are complimentary.

Max. I'm a plain man, and always speak my mind. What's in a face or figure? Does a Grecian nose entail a good temper? Does a waspish waist indicate a good heart? or, do oily perfumed locks necessarily thatch a well-furnished brain?

Sir H. It's an undeniable fact, *plain* people always praise the beauties of the *mind*.

Max. Excuse the insinuation; I had thought the first Lady Courtly had surfeited you with beauty.

Sir H. No; she lived fourteen months with me, and then eloped with an intimate friend. Etiquette compelled me to challenge the seducer; so I received satisfaction, and a bullet in my shoulder at the same time. However, I had the consolation of knowing that he was the handsomest man of the age. She did not insult me, by running away with a d——d ill-looking scoundrel.

Max. That certainly was flattering.

Sir H. I felt so, as I pocketed ten thousand pounds damages.

Max. That must have been a great balm to your sore honour.

Sir H. It was—Max, my honour would have died without it; for on that year the wrong horse won the Derby—by some mistake. It was one of the luckiest chances,—thing that does not happen twice in a man's life,—the opportunity of getting rid of his wife and his debts at the same time.

Max. Tell the truth, Courtly! Did you not feel a little frayed in your delicacy?—your honour, now? Eh?

Sir H. Not a whit. Why should I? I married *money* and I received it,—*virgin gold*! My delicacy and honour had nothing to do with hers. The world pities the bereaved husband, when it should congratulate. No,—the affair made a sensation, and I was the object. Besides, it is vulgar to make a parade of one's feelings, however acute they may be: impenetrability of countenance is the sure sign of your highly-bred man of fashion.

Max. So, a man must, therefore, lose his wife and his money with a smile,—in fact, everything he possesses but his temper.

Sir H. Exactly,—and greet ruin with *vive la bagatelle*! For example,—your modish beauty never discomposes the shape of her features with convulsive laughter. A smile rewards the *bon mot*, and also shows the whiteness of her teeth. She never weeps impromptu—tears might destroy the economy of her cheek. Scenes are vulgar,—hysterics obsolete: she exhibits a calm, placid, impenetrable lake, whose surface is reflexion, but of unfathomable depth,—a statue, whose life is hypothetical and not a *primâ facie* fact (*crosses to L.*).

Max. Well, give me the girl that will fly at your eyes in an argument, and stick to her point like a fox to his own tail.

*Sir H.* But, etiquette! *Max*, remember etiquette.

*Max.* Damn etiquette! I have seen a man who thought it sacrilege to eat fish with a knife, that would not scruple to rise up and rob his brother of his birthright in a gambling-house. Your thorough-bred, well-blooded heart, will seldom kick over the traces of good feeling. That's my opinion, and I don't care who knows it.

*Sir H.* Pardon me,—etiquette is the pulse of society, by regulating which the body politic is retained in health. I consider myself one of the faculty in the art.

*Max.* Well, well, you are a living libel upon common sense, for you are old enough to know better.

*Sir H.* Old enough! What do you mean? Old! I still retain all my little juvenile indiscretions, which your niece's beauties must teach me to discard. I have not sown my wild oats yet.

*Max.* Time you did, at sixty-three.

*Sir H.* Sixty-three! Good gracious!—forty—'pon my life! forty, next March.

*Max.* Why, you are older than I am.

*Sir H.* Oh! you are old enough to be my father.

*Max.* Well, if I am, I am; that's etiquette, I suppose. Poor Grace! how often I have pitied her fate! That a young and beautiful creature should be driven into wretched splendour, or miserable poverty!

*Sir H.* Wretched! Wherefore? Lady Courtly wretched! Impossible!

*Max.* Will she not be compelled to marry you, whether she likes you or not?—a choice between you and poverty (*aside*). And hang me if it isn't a tie! But why do you not introduce your son Charles to me? I have not seen him since he was a child. You would never permit him to accept any of my invitations to spend his vacation at Oak Hall,—of course, we shall have the pleasure of his company now.

*Sir H.* He is not fit to enter society yet. He is a studious, sober boy.

*Max.* Boy! Why, he's five and twenty.

*Sir H.* Good gracious! *Max*, you will permit me to know my own son's age,—he is not twenty.

*Max.* I'm dumb.

*Sir H.* You will excuse me while I indulge in the process of dressing. Cool!

*Enter COOL, R.*

Prepare my toilet.

That is a ceremony which, with me, supersedes all others. I consider it a duty which every gentleman owes to society, to render himself as agreeable an object as possible; and the least compliment a mortal can pay to nature, when she honours him by bestowing extra care in the manufacture of his person, is to display her taste to the best possible advantage; and so, *au revoir*.

[*Exit R. C.*

*Max (sits R. of table).* That's a good soul!—he has his faults, and who has not? Forty years of age! Oh, monstrous!—but he does look uncommonly young for sixty, spite of his foreign locks and complexion.

*Enter DAZZLE, R. 2 E.*

*Dazzle.* Who's my friend, with the stick and gaiters, I wonder—one of the family—the governor maybe.

*Max (R. C.).* Who's this? (*rises*) Oh, Charles—is that you, my boy? How are you? (*aside*) This is the boy.

*Dazzle.* He knows me—he is too respectable for a bailiff. (*aloud*) How are you?

*Max.* Your father has just left me.

*Dazzle. (aside)* The devil he has, he's been dead these ten years. Oh! I see, he thinks I'm young Courtly. (*aloud*) The honour you would confer on me, I must unwillingly disclaim,—I am not Mr. Courtly.

*Max.* I beg pardon—a friend, I suppose.

*Dazzle.* Oh, a most intimate friend—a friend of years—distantly related to the family—one of my ancestors married one of his. (*aside*) Adam and Eve.

*Max.* Are you on a visit here?

*Dazzle.* Yes. Oh! yes. (*aside*) Rather a short one, I'm afraid.

*Max. (aside)* This appears a dashing kind of fellow—ash e is a friend of Sir Harcourt's I'll invite him to the wedding. (*aloud*) Sir, if you are not otherwise engaged, I shall feel honoured by your company at my house—Oak Hall, Gloucestershire.

*Dazzle.* Your name is—

*Max.* Harkaway—Mr. Harkaway.

*Dazzle.* Harkaway—let me see—I ought to be related to the Harkaways, somehow.

*Max.* A wedding is about to come off—will you take a part on the occasion?

*Dazzle.* With pleasure;—any part but that of the husband.

*Max.* Have you any previous engagement?

*Dazzle.* I was thinking—eh! Why, let me see. (*aside*) Promised to meet my tailor and his account to-morrow; however, I'll postpone that. (*aloud*) Have you good shooting?

*Max.* Shooting! Why there's no shooting at this time of the year.

*Dazzle.* Oh! I'm in no hurry—I can wait till the season, of course. I was only speaking precautionally—you have good shooting?

*Max.* The best in the country.

*Dazzle.* Make yourself comfortable! Say no more—I'm your man—wait till you see how I'll murder your preserves.

*Max.* Do you hunt?

*Dazzle.* Pardon me—but will you repeat that? (*aside*) Delicious and expensive idea.

*Max.* You ride?



*Dazzle.* Anything!—everything! From a blood to a broomstick. Only catch me a flash of lightning, and let me get on the back of it, and dam'me if I wouldn't astonish the elements.

*Max.* Ha! Ha!

*Dazzle.* I'd put a girdle round about the earth, in very considerably less than forty minutes.

*Max.* Ah! ah! We'll show old Fiddlestrings how to spend the day. He imagines that Nature, at the earnest request of Fashion, made summer days long for him to saunter in the Park, and winter nights, that he might have good time to get cleared out at hazard or at whist. Give me the yelping of a pack of hounds before the shuffling of a pack of cards. What state can match the chase in full cry, each vying with his fellow which shall be most happy? A thousand deaths fly by unheeded in that one hour's life of extasy. Time is outrun, and Nature seems to grudge our bliss in making the day so short.

*Dazzle.* No, for then rises up the idol of my great adoration.

*Max.* Who's that?

*Dazzle.* The bottle; that lends a lustre to the soul, when the world puts on its nightcap and extinguishes the sun—then comes the bottle. Oh, mighty wine! Don't ask me to apostrophise. Wine and love are the only two indescribable things in Nature; but I prefer the wine, because its consequences are not entailed, and are more easily got rid of.

*Max.* How so?

*Dazzle.* Love ends in matrimony, wine in soda water.

*Max.* Well, I can promise you as fine a bottle as ever was cracked.

*Dazzle.* Never mind the bottle, give me the wine. Say no more, but, when I arrive, just shake one of my hands, and put the key of the cellar into the other, and if I don't make myself intimately acquainted with its internal organisation—well, I say nothing, time will show.

*Max.* I foresee some happy days.

*Dazzle.* And I some glorious nights.

*Max.* It musn't be a flying visit.

*Dazzle.* I despise the word—I'll stop a month with you.

*Max.* Or a year or two.

*Dazzle.* I'll live and die with you.

*Max.* Ha! ha! Remember, Max Harkaway, Oak Hall, Gloucestershire.

*Dazzle.* I'll remember—fare ye well. (*Max is going, R.*) I say, holloa!—Tallyho—o—o—o!

*Max.* Yoicks!—Tallyho—o—o—o!

[*Exit L. door.*]

*Dazzle.* There I am, quartered for a couple of years at the least. The old boy wants somebody to ride his horses, shoot his game, and keep a restraint on the morals of the parish: I'm eligible. What a lucky accident to meet young Courtly last night! Who could have thought it?—yesterday, I could not make certain of a

dinner, except at my own proper peril; to-day, I would flirt with a banquet.

*Enter CHARLES COURTLY, R. 2 E.*

*Courtly.* What infernal row was that? Why (*seeing DAZZLE*), are you here still?

*Dazzle.* Yes. Ain't you delighted? I'll ring and send the servant for my luggage.

*Courtly.* The devil you will! Why, you don't mean to say you seriously intend to take up a permanent residence here? (*he rings bell.*)

*Dazzle.* Now that's a most inhospitable insinuation.

*Courtly.* Might I ask your name?

*Dazzle.* With a deal of pleasure—Richard Dazzle, late of the Unattached Volunteers, vulgarly entitled the Dirty Buffs.

*Enter MARTIN, L.*

*Courtly.* Then, Mr. Richard Dazzle, I have the honour of wishing you a very good morning. Martin, show this gentleman the door.

*Dazzle.* If he does, I'll kick Martin out of it.—No offence. (*Exit MARTIN, L.*) Now, Sir, permit me to place a dioramic view of your conduct before you. After bringing you safely home this morning—after indulgently waiting whenever you took a passing fancy to a knocker or bell-pull—after conducting a retreat that would have reflected honour on Napoleon—you would kick me into the street, like a mangy cur; and that's what you call gratitude. Now, to show you how superior I am to petty malice, I give you an unlimited invitation to my house—my country house—to remain as long as you please.

*Courtly.* Your house!

*Dazzle.* Oak Hall, Gloucestershire—fine old place—for further particulars see Road Book; that is, it *nominally* belongs to my old friend and relation, Max Harkaway; but I'm privileged—capital old fellow—say, shall we be honoured?

*Courtly.* Sir, permit me to hesitate a moment. (*aside*) Let me see—I go back to college to-morrow, so I shall not be missing; tradesmen begin to dun.

(*A noise off L. between MARTIN and ISAACS; COOL has entered C., crosses, and goes off, L.*)

I hear thunder; here is shelter ready for me.

*Re-enter COOL, L.*

*Cool.* Oh, Mr. Charles, Mr. Solomon Isaacs is in the hall, and swears he will remain till he has arrested you!

*Courtly.* Does he!—sorry he is so obstinate—take him my compliments, and I will bet him five to one he will not.

*Dazzle.* Double or quits, with my kind regards.

*Cool.* But, Sir, he has discovered the house in Curzon Street; he

says, he is aware the furniture, at least, belongs to you, and he will put a man in immediately.

*Courtly.* That's awkward—what's to be done?

*Dazzle.* Ask him whether he couldn't make it a woman?

*Courtly.* I must trust that to fate.

*Dazzle.* I will give you my acceptance, if it will be of any use to you; it is of none to me.

*Courtly.* No, Sir; but in reply to your most generous and kind invitation, if you be in earnest, I shall feel delighted to accept it.

*Dazzle.* Certainly.

*Courtly.* Then, off we go—through the stables—down the mews, and so slip through my friend's fingers.

*Dazzle.* But, stay, you must do the polite; say farewell to him before you part. Hang it, don't cut him.

*Courtly.* You jest!

*Dazzle.* Here, lend me a card. (*COURTLY gives him one*) Now, then, (*writes*) "Our respects to Mr. Isaacs—sorry to have been prevented from seeing him."—Ha! ha!

*Courtly.* Ha! ha!

*Dazzle.* We'll send him up some game.

*Courtly.* Don't let my father see him.

*Cool.* What's this?—"Mr. Charles Courtly, P.P.C., returns thanks for obliging inquiries." [*Exeunt R.*]

[*Exit L.*]

#### NOTE.

[Our reproduction of the First Act of "*London Assurance*" is by the special permission of Messrs. Samuel French & Son, 89, Strand, who must be communicated with, and a fee arranged for, whenever publicly represented, where money is charged for admission.]

### SCENE FROM BROKEN HEARTS.

W. S. GILBERT.

[Mr. William Schwenck Gilbert has been for many years associated with theatrical fame. His first productions for the stage were pantomimes and burlesques, which attained various degrees of success. His first serious dramatic effort was a piece called "An Old Score;" but the play which placed him in the foremost rank of modern dramatists was the now world-famed "Palace of Truth." Latterly he has turned his attention to operatic libretti, written to the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" are too well known to need comment.]

#### CHARACTERS:

PRINCE FLORIAN. MOUSTA.

*Mous.* I left him sleeping soundly in my hut,  
He did not drink the wine—but still he sleeps.  
(*Producing veil.*) I stole it from his pillow! Here's a prize!  
Poor devil that I am—whose only hope  
Of meeting other men on equal terms,  
Lies in his chance of keeping out of sight!  
Ha! someone comes. I'll hide thee carefully.

(*Places it under a stone of dial.*)

Some day, maybe, thou'lt do as much for me!

*Enter FLORIAN, angrily.*

*Flor.* So here you are : I've sought you everywhere—

*Mous.* Ay, I am here. You're early from your bed—  
Well, it's no bed for such fine folk as you ;  
I'm very sorry, but 'twas all I had.

*Flor.* The bed was well enough. I have been robbed.

*Mous.* Ay, ay ? And how was that ?

*Flor.* There is a thief  
Upon this isle.

*Mous.* It's very possible.  
When people come and go invisibly  
It's hard to say who is or is not here.  
What has the villain robbed ? a woman's heart ?  
Two women's hearts ? How many women's hearts ?  
If there's a thief here, it is you or I,  
It comes to that. Now, what is it you've lost ?

*Flor.* My Talisman.

*Mous.* Your Talisman ? Oh, ho !

*Flor.* I see no cause for jest.

*Mous.* You don't ! Observe—  
A prince, or someone who so styles himself,  
With power to make himself invisible,  
Employs that power to gain admission to  
An isle where certain ladies dwell—when there  
His Talisman is stolen and he stands  
Revealed before their eyes, the helpless butt  
Of all their ridicule, with nought to say  
But “ Ladies, pray forgive me—I had thought  
To enter unobserved—to wander here  
And watch your movements, also unobserved ;  
And when grown weary of this novel sport  
To take my leave of you—still unobserved ;  
But as I've failed, so pray you pardon me.”  
And off he goes, his tail between his legs  
Like a well-beaten hound !

*Flor.* (*seizing him*) Misshapen imp,  
Have you so little care for such dog-life  
As warms your twisted carcase, that you dare  
To bandy jests with me ?

*Mous.* Release me, sir !  
Had I your Talisman, do you suppose  
I should be here before your eyes ? Oh, no—  
Whoever has the veil is using it.  
There were but six of us besides myself,  
If one of these is missing, why, be sure  
That one has taken it. I'll go and see.

[*Exit MOUSTA.*]

*Flor.* The imp is right, and yet the Talisman  
Was safe with me last night. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

There's but one clue to this strange mystery :  
 She has the Talisman ! By what strange means  
 It found its way into her spotless hands  
 I've yet to learn.

[*Re-enter MOUSTA.*

*Mous.* Let me assist you, sir,  
 I stole it from your pillow as you slept,  
 And used it for my ends. I took your place  
 Beside the fountain, and I woo'd her there.  
 And there she pledged herself to be my wife—  
 And, as a token, gave this ring to me.

(*showing ring.*)

*Flor.* Why, miserable ape, hast thou then lost  
 The mere life-seeking instinct that inspires  
 The very meanest of thy fellow-beasts,  
 That thou hast come to say these things to me ?

*Mous.* I have ! I say these things to you because  
 I want to die ! I've tried to kill myself—  
 But I'm no hero, and my courage failed.  
 (*Furiously.*) She's gone from you for ever—and I come  
 To work the bitter blighting of your life—  
 To chuckle at the aching misery  
 That eats your heart away ! I come to spit  
 My hate upon you—If my toad's mouth held  
 The venom of a toad, I would spit that !  
 Come—have I said enough ? Then draw thy sword  
 And make an end of me—I am prepared !

*Flor.* (*drawing sword*) I needed no assurance, yea or nay,  
 That some foul planning of thy leper heart  
 Had worked this devilry ! Thou lovest her ?  
 Thou lovest her ? Is there no blasphemy  
 That devils shrink from ? Hast thou seen thyself.

(*Seizing MOUSTA and holding his head over the pool.*)  
 Look in the fountain—bend thy cursed head !  
 Look at it—dog face !

(*MOUSTA struggles.*)

Shrink not back appalled—  
 It will not harm thee, coward—look at it !  
 What do we do with such a thing as *that*,  
 When it dares claim a common right with *Man* ?  
 We crush it underfoot—we stamp it down,  
 Lest other reptiles take their clue from it,  
 And say, " If he is human, so are we."

(*Flinging him on ground.*)

*Mous.* (*crouching on ground*) Spare me your tongue, I know  
 well what I am,  
 And what I've done. My life is forfeited.  
 Strike at the heart ! Be quick—I am prepared !

*Flor.* Hast thou no prayer to utter ?

*Mous.*

No, not I.

Curse you, be quick, I say. Yet stay—one word.  
 Before you pass your sword between my ribs,  
 Look at yourself, sir knight, then look at me!  
 You, comely, straight-limbed, fair of face and form—  
 (*I say not this to court your favour, sir—*  
*The Devil take your favour!*) I, a dwarf,  
 Crooked, humpbacked, and one-eyed—so foul a thing  
 That I am fain to quote my love for women  
 To prove that I have kinship with mankind.  
 Well, we are deadly rivals, you and I.  
 Do we start fair, d'you think? Are you and I  
 So nicely matched in all that wins a woman  
 That I should hold myself in honour bound  
 By laws of courtesy! But one word more,  
 And I have done. Had I those shapely limbs,  
 That fair, smooth face, those two great, god-like eyes  
 (May lightning blast them, as it blasted mine!),  
 Believe me, sir, I'd use no talisman!  
 Now kill me—I'm prepared. I only ask  
 One boon of you—strike surely, and be quick!  
 (*Florian pauses for a moment—then sheaths his sword.*)

*Flor.* Go, take thy life, I'll none of it! with one  
 Which Heaven hath so defaced, let Heaven deal.  
 I will not sit in judgment on thy sin!  
 My wrath has faded—when I look upon  
 The seal that Heaven hath set upon thy brow,  
 Why, I could find it in my heart to ask  
 Thy pardon for the fury of my words!  
 Go, take thy life, make fairer use of it.

*Mous.* (*much moved*) I thank you, sir—not for my blighted  
 life,  
 But for the pitying words in which you grant it.

(*With emotion.*)  
 You've moved me very deeply (*places the ring that HILDA gave*  
*him on FLORIAN's finger—then kisses his hand*). Curse  
 these tears.

I am not used to weep, my lord—but then  
 I am not used to gentleness from men.

[*Exit MOUSTA.*]

*Flor.* Unhappy creature, go thy ways in peace.  
 Thou hast atoned.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

## SCENE FROM IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

CHARLES READE.

[The work of genius which placed Mr. Charles Reade in the first rank of English novelists was "Peg Woffington." This was in the year 1852. Later novels of signal merit were "Christie Johnstone," "The Course of True Love," "Love

me Little, Love me Long," "Jack of all Trades," "Cloister and the Hearth," "Hard Cash," "White Lies," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Wandering Heir," "A Woman Hater," and "Put Yourself in his Place." The play from which the following extract is taken was written prior to the novel to which it owes its name. It was produced under the title of "Gold," and the plot of this drama was simplified into the great novel, "It's Never Too Late to Mend." The success of the latter excited the cupidity of hack playwrights; the author then, to protect himself from piracy, wrote the drama in its present form. On its first production at the Princess's Theatre, it gave rise to a riot, in consequence of the openly-expressed resentment of certain criticsasters; but the public set the seal of its approval on the play, and for twenty years it has held the stage without any prospect of abatement in its popularity. Born 1814. Died 1885.]

## CHARACTERS:

MEADOWS, ISAAC LEVI, GEORGE FIELDING.

*Meadows (solus).* Hallo! here comes another curse I am putting out of my way, the old Jew.

*Enter ISAAC LEVI leaning upon his staff and bowing low.*

*Levi.* Good morning, sir.

*Mead. (abruptly).* Good morning. If it's about that house, you may keep your breath to cool your broth; the house is mine now.

*Levi.* It is, sir; but I have lived there twenty years. I pay a fair rent, but if you think anyone would give more, you shall lose nothing by me. I will pay a little more, and you know your rent is sure.

*Mead.* I do.

*Levi.* Thank you, sir. Well, then——

*Mead.* Well, then, next Lady-day you turn out, bag and baggage.

*Levi.* Nay, sir, hear me, for you are younger than I; in the house you have bought, two children were born to me and died from me; and there my Leah died also; and there are times in the silent hours I seem to hear their voices and their feet. In another house I shall never hear them—I shall be quite alone. Have pity on me, sir, an aged and a lonely man. Tear me not from the shadows of my dead. (*Pause.*) Let me prevail with you.

*Mead.* No.

*Levi.* No? Then you must be an enemy of Isaac Levi.

*Mead.* Yes. You lend money.

*Levi.* A little, sir, now and then; a very little.

*Mead.* Well, what you do on the sly, old sixty-per-cent.

*Levi.* The world is wide enough for us both, good sir.

*Mead.* It is, and it lies before you, for the little town of Farnborough is *not* wide enough for me and any man that works my business for his own pocket

*Levi.* This is not enmity, sir; it is but a matter of profit and loss. Let me stay here, and I swear to you, by the tables of the law, you shall not lose one shilling per annum by me. Trust me!

*Mead.* I'll trust you as far as I can fling a bull by the tail. You

gave me your history—here's mine. I have always put my foot on whatever has stood in my path. I was poor—I am rich—and that is my policy.

*Levi.* It is frail policy. Some man will be sure to put his foot on you, sooner or later.

*Mead.* What! Do you threaten me?

*Levi.* No, sir. I but tell you what these old eyes have seen in every nation, and read in books that never lie. Goliath defied armies, yet he fell by a shepherd-boy's sling. Samson tore a lion with his hands, but a woman laid him low. No man can defy his kind. The strong man is sure to find one as strong and more skillful; the cunning man one as adroit and stronger than himself. Be advised, then; do not trample on one of my people. Those that oppress us never thrive. Let me rather have to bless you. An old man's blessing is gold. See these grey hairs! My sorrows have been as many as they are. I have been driven to and fro like a leaf many years, and now I long for rest. Let me rest in my little tent till I rest for ever. Oh, let me die where those I loved have died, and there let me be buried!

*Mead.* If you like to hang yourself before next Lady-day, I give you leave; but after Lady-day no more Jewish dogs shall die in my house, or be buried for manure in my garden.

*Levi* (*giving way to his pent-up wrath.*) Irreverent cur! D'y'e rail on the afflicted of Heaven? (*He drops his staff and raises his hands.*) I spit on ye, and I curse ye! Be accursed! (*Throws his hands up.*) Whatever is the secret wish of your black heart, Heaven wither it! Ha! ha! ye wince already?—all men have secret wishes. May all the good luck you have be wormwood for want of that—that—that! May you be near it—close to it—upon it—burn for it—and lose it! May it sport, and smile, and laugh, and play with you, till Gehenna burns your soul upon earth!

*Mead.* (*whose wrath has been visibly rising.*) I'll smash your viper's tongue!

[*Aims a blow at LEVI with his stick, when GEORGE FIELDING dashes in and receives the blow on his riding-whip.*]

*Field.* (*coolly.*) Not if I know it. (*Pause.*) You are jokin' Master Meadows. Why the man is twice your age; and nothing in his hand but his fist. (*To LEVI.*) Who are you, old man, and what do you want?

*Mead.* Who is he? A villainous old Jew.

*Levi.* Yes, young man, I am Isaac Levy, a Jew. (*To MEADOWS.*) And what are you? Do you call yourself a heathen? Ye lie, ye cur! The heathen were not without their starlight from Heaven; they respected sorrow and grey hairs.

*Field.* Now don't you be so aggravating, daddy. And you, Master Meadows, should know how to make light of an old man's tongue. It is like a woman's—it is all he has got to hit with.

*Levi.* See—see! he can't look you in the face. Any man that has read men from East to West can see "lion" in your eye, and "cowardly wolf" in his.



*Mead.* (trembling with rage). Lady-day, Master Isaac, Lady-day!

*Field.* Lady-day! Confound Lady-day, and every day of the sort. There, don't you be so spiteful, old man. Why, if he isn't all of a tremble! (*Gives him his staff, MEADOWS goes up to gate.*) Now, go into my house, and forget your trouble by my fireside, my poor old man (*pointing R. H.*).

*Levi.* I must not eat with you; but I thank you, young man. Yes, I will go in and compose myself; for passion is unseemly at my years. (*Goes towards house, and at the threshold suddenly stops and raises his hands.*) Peace be under this roof, and comfort and love follow me into this dwelling. (*Turns suddenly and offers his hand.*) Isaac Levi is your friend. (*Exit into house. GEORGE looks after him.*)

*Mead.* (*aside*). One more down to your account. (*Exit.*)

*Field.* The old man's words seem to knock against my breast. Meadows has everybody's good word, parson's and all; but somehow I never thought he was the right stuff, and now I'm sure.

(*By permission of Chas. L. Reade, Esq.*)

## SCENE FROM CHARLES THE FIRST.

W. G. WILLS.

[That Mr. Wills, of all our modern dramatists, possesses the purest dramatic instinct, is a matter about which there can scarcely be two opinions. It is certainly a fortuitous circumstance for the peculiar bent of his genius that he should have become so intimately associated with the greatest actor of our time. The scene here quoted from what is perhaps his finest work, probably caused, at the time of its first production, more controversy than any other dramatic work of the present century. His first play was "The Man o' Airlie;" later dramatic triumphs were "Olivia," "Jane Shore," "Medea," and "Faust." It may not be generally known that Mr. Wills is an artist of some repute.]

### CHARACTERS:

CHARLES I. CROMWELL. IRETON.

SCENE.—*Whitehall Palace, in the presence of the KING.*

*Enter ATTENDANT.*

*Attendant.* Two gentlemen, your Majesty.

[*Exit ATTENDANT.*]

*Enter CROMWELL and IRETON.*

*King.* You are welcome. Master Cromwell, I believe.

*Crom.* The same, so please you.

*King.* Pray be seated.

*Crom.* Nay, so please you.

*King.* (*Sitting.*) I pray you.

(CROMWELL *sits*.)

Lord Huntly often has commended you

As one who shows high promise of the statesman.

One, who with lusty speech can rule a throng;  
Holding their passions in his hands, like reins,  
To guide them, I believe and hope to good.

*Crom.* I cannot tell. I know not. If this meeting,  
So please your Majesty, is to bear fruit,  
I must not wear the muzzle of a courtier.  
Under your favour, I am rough of speech——

*King.* Albeit a gentleman.

*Crom.* And little used to kingly presence, save,  
If I may dare to be so humbly bold,  
That Kingly presence before whom thyself  
And I are equal subjects.

*King.* Sir, I do trust in this we feel alike;  
Touching this meeting, I have but one motive,  
And briefly, when you are possess'd of that,  
Avoiding all irreverent discourse,  
Upon that issue I would challenge candour;  
To touch the very nerve, howe'er it pain.

*Ire. (Aside.)* Ay, though the iron entereth the soul.

*King.* The merit of these unhappy questions  
Which stand between me and my Parliament,  
I would be left untouched; this is the past.

*Crom.* So please you 'tis the knot to be untied.

*King.* Oh, let us not cleave through it with the sword;  
With every sacrifice a King might make,  
With what abasement may consist with honour;  
I would avert this woful civil war.

*Crom. (Rising—sternly.)* And yet the first blood-guiltiness was  
thine!

Prince Rupert has already stain'd his sword;  
The Queen has——

*King. (Interrupting.)* I pray you first—Come you in  
privacy,  
As by Lord Huntly I have been advised,  
Or with the cognizance of Parliament?

*Crom.* At a word, I am their ambassador!

*King. (Calmly.)* Oh! their ambassador?

*Crom.* 'Twould scarce befit  
My duty or my office to be private;  
So please you, as a private man, no weight  
Attaches to my words, and honesty  
Might pass for disrespect.

*King. (Points to paper in Cromwell's hand.)* That paper—what  
is it?

*Crom.* Haply 'tis of some import to your Majesty,  
And haply not, as this discourse may savour.

*King.* Then, sir, of it anon.  
The footing of our meeting somewhat alters;  
Addressing you, am I to understand  
That I address my Commons?

*Crom.* If it so please you.

*King.* (*Rising, and with dignity.*) Then, sir, avert the dangerous mistake—

Saving much time, and fence, and vain manoeuvre—

That this, my overture, is sign of weakness.

Pray, sir, note this ; my cause is prosperous !

The good, the brave, the loyal, throng in thousands

Around my standard.

It is not, then, distrust of my good cause

Which urged me, at some risk, to seek this meeting ;

But from a single motive—a pure hope,

That we, at any cost, may purchase peace.

*Crom.* Your Majesty, I do not question it.

Towards you we are all love and tenderness,

To the confusion of your evil counsellors.

I, too, may be permitted to set forth

The vigour of your faithful Parliament,

To wit : my lord of Essex has gone forth—

It boots not to say whither—with an army

Of fourteen thousand men, who have one mind—

The stout defence of King and Parliament !

*King.* Defence, sir, of the King ?

*Crom.* Against himself and evil counsellors !

Northumberland is Admiral of England ;

And the fleet lies—where, boots it not to say.

Well mann'd, provision'd, watchful off the coast,

For the defence of King, of Parliament !

*King.* Methinks to ask the King's leave were as well.

*Crom.* The train-bands and militia wait our bidding ;

And our enlistments outstrip estimate ;

All animate, leaven'd with liberty,

Bold in defence of King and Parliament.

*King.* Nay, sir, enough of this—

*Crom.* London declares for us.

*King.* More shame for London !

Now, sir, be brief.

*Crom.* Please you to hear a message from your Commons ?

*King.* Sir, I am at their service. Pray be seated.

*Crom.* Your Commons who have never turned aside

From reconciliation with your Majesty,

Have charged me even now, with words of love.

*King.* So far, sir, it looks fair. Forgive my haste.

*Crom.* Truly your Commons have a righteous jealousy

Of the false counsellors about your person.

Here is a goodly oak strangled with ivy !

Lop off the ivy—lo ! a stately tree !

And we accept its comfortable shade.

*Ire.* (*Aside.*) Or peradventure lay the axe to its root.

(*Aside to CROMWELL as he passes.*)

Nay, not too smooth with him.

*King.* So far in courtesy I have heard you out;  
To business, sir, I pray you. (*As he displays a parchment.*)  
These are the articles, nineteen in all,  
Call'd by the Commons a remonstrance?

*Crom.* I know it, having help'd to draw it up.  
It is the same.

*King.* To stay the civil war now imminent,  
All these I sign and seal.

*Crom.* So please your Majesty  
And 'twere well done. Thus many grievous burdens  
Shall drop from us. To quote your Majesty,  
These propositions bear upon the past!

*King.* Your meaning, sir?

*Crom.* It was as I may say the gracious seedtime,  
When from your hand might fall the germs of freedom,  
Or the rank grain of Popery and poison.  
The seeds fall anywhere, broadcast about,  
Some hopeful sprouts perchance reward the sower;  
But I will take the humble boldness here  
To tell you, many poison-seeds were mingled;  
Malignant seeds of evil counselling,  
And who will now distinguish—who with candle  
Of holy writ will search throughout the fields  
To espy and root them out?

*Ire.* And least of all,  
That enemy that came and sowed the tares!

*Crom.* Yea, who will now——?

*King.* Sir, in the cloudiest sky is some faint light,  
Which hints the sun behind; but through thy speech-fogs  
There shines no light of true sincerity.

*Crom.* Your Majesty invites me to be plain.  
Your ill-advisers have begun the war!  
Blood hath been shed, and crieth out against them.  
And for your Majesty's late acts of treason——

*King.* (*Rising in anger.*) Treason! Sir, you forget. I am  
your King.

*Crom.* Now thou hast set a lion in my path—  
That word, "the King"—but I will cope with it.  
"The King" is a word of might  
When he is a friend and father to the Commons.  
The King, distinct from us is but a simple man!

*King.* Your language, sir, swells to such insolence,  
Our interview had better close at once.  
You take advantage of my condescension.  
'Tis not for you to limit or set forth  
The right divine of an anointed King.

*Crom.* A people's rights! And are they not divine?  
Bethink thee, what concerns the King of kings  
The most—a nation, or a crowned man?

*King.* The people's rights, sir, are indeed divine;

Not so the wrong of rebels.  
The crowned man hath from the King of kings  
Received his seal and mission.

(CROMWELL turns away incredulous.)

Dost thou scoff  
At rights the hand of God himself indorsed ?  
Hast thou no reverence for the marble pile  
Of England's past ? O sir, 'tis such as thou  
Deface the fairest monuments of history,  
Inscribing with coarse sacrilege their names  
On its most sacred tablets ; scarring beauty  
That it took centuries to make, and but an hour to mar.

*Crom.* I mean but this. A king has err'd ere now.  
We treat this error as we treat disease—  
As we might put restraint on the insane.  
So, give me leave to say we now are justified  
In taking arms against our counsellors,  
And in large sense, sooth, to defend the King.

*King.* Oh, sir, I've noted  
When men are bent on a deliberate wrong,  
They seldom are at a loss to justify it ;  
To thieve with a most honourable pretext,  
And murder with a moral.  
Under the cry of evil counsellors,  
You aim your thrusts at me, and call it loyalty.  
So they stabb'd Cæsar for the love of Rome,  
And then fell to, to cutting Roman throats !  
I am responsible for all my acts.  
That scroll contains—— ?

*Crom.* Further securities  
And pledges to your Commons, of good faith.

*King.* So, sir ; I still must yield, must yield my right,  
Wronging myself, and wronging our succession  
Until my office is an empty shell,  
And I have nothing but the name of king.

*Ire.* That too, may pass, e'en as a tale that's told,  
If we are put to it.

*King.* Who is this rude gentleman ?

*Crom.* A gentleman of trust and piety ! (Turns to IRETON.)  
Ireton, restrain the movement of thy spirit,  
For fitting time and place. (To CHARLES.)

Those are the propositions of the Commons,  
Most humbly offer'd to your Majesty.

*King.* (Reads a paper in muttered surprise ; then aloud.)

“Lastly that all friends and counsellors  
Should straight be handed over, to be dealt with  
According to the strictest inquisition.”  
Even as you did for my good angel, Strafford !  
And is this all ?

*Crom.* At present, all. More as the needs shall grow.

As for the safety of your royal person,  
I am commanded to assure your Majesty—

*King.* Yes ; my friends murder'd, I have leave to live.  
(*Rising.*)

No. Tender thou my thanks to Parliament.  
Our interview is ended.

*Crom.* (*To the KING.*) Pray you a moment ?  
*Ireton*, give us room. (*IRETON retires up at back.*)

Your Majesty in our commenced discourse  
Was pleased to bear your gracious testimony  
To the most modest weight and influence,  
“Humble in outward show, albeit more felt,  
Because it underlies—I say th' acknowledged weight”  
My voice and vote obtain'd in Westminster.

*King.* Well, sir : well, well ?

*Crom.* I speak that I do know, the humble burgess  
Of Cambridge hath a reach which doth extend  
(Within the bounds of conscience) to the aid  
And comfort of your gracious Majesty,  
Yea, to the restitution of thy shorn prerogative.

*King.* What's your price ?

*Crom.* Your Majesty is much too short with me.  
I do not say that I have any price.

*King.* Then, sir, your motive ?

*Crom.* In pointing to your Majesty's just rights,  
If I might venture, I would couple mine.

*King.* I'm at a loss—

*Crom.* The Earl of Essex, General of the Commons,  
Is without issue, nor is ever like.

By four descents I draw my pedigree  
Straight from Joan Cromwell, who was only sister  
To the first Earl of Essex, Thomas Cromwell,  
Who married Morgan Williams.

*King.* Well, sir, well ?

*Crom.* Their son retain'd the noble name of Cromwell ;  
Heaven knows I say not this vaingloriously.

*King.* Well, sir ?

*Crom.* Should Essex die—that cold friend to the King—

*King.* Sir—if I see your drift—and yet such arrogance  
May well surpass belief. I—

*Crom.* I mean nothing, nothing—nothing !  
If Essex die still have the Commons generals,  
That's all I mean.

*King.* And hast thou borne till now so bold a front,  
And look'd me in the face, this in thy heart ?  
So, the demands and troubles of the people  
Before they reach me filter through a medium  
Both faithless and corrupt.  
Send me some fearless honourable man,  
And let him tell me all the round of wrongs

My people suffer. I will take that scroll  
 And place it on the altar of my memory,  
 Till with a bounteous will all be redress'd.  
 But for this false concoction of pure malice,  
 Brought to me here by such a messenger—  
 Thee, who dost truckle for the wealth and title  
 Which you denounce so roundly from the hustings—  
 A mouthing patriot with an itching palm ;  
 In one hand menace, in the other greed—  
 For such a lie its proper place is there.

*(Dashes paper on the floor and stamps on it.)*

There is a trust placed in my hand by God ;  
 I will not barter it to hirelings !

*Crom.* If we be hirelings, we do not flee  
 When the wolf cometh. Yea, we shall stand fast.  
 Treaties on treaties have we offer'd thee ;  
 And thou hast palter'd with us year by year.  
 "Thou chosen champion of our holy Church  
 Hath ope'd the back door to the Jesuit.  
 Thy letters have been seized upon the sea,  
 And out of thine own lips shall we impeach thee :  
 Thou art the rotten keystone in the arch  
 Of English liberty. Thou art the patch  
 On our new garment—

Beware, or we shall hew that keystone out ;  
 Take heed, or we shall rend that patch away,  
 And cast it in the fire, if needs we must !"

*(Puts on his hat.)*

*King.* Uncover in the presence of the King !

*(CROMWELL sullenly uncovers.)*

Under our favour, sir, you have spoken much,  
 Too much, and with a noisy license here  
 Had cost a better gentleman his head.  
 Thou hast done more to brace my arm anew  
 And raise my sinking heart, than thou canst wot of.  
 If I believed by yielding up my crown,  
 Peace would descend on this unhappy land,  
 I think—I know, I should not shrink from it.  
 But no, the sacrifice were worse than vain.  
 Now thou art pleased to drop thy patriot mask  
 Methinks I see a modern Attila !  
 One, who if once our dynasty should wane,  
 Would rally to the front with iron truncheon ;  
 A tyrant, maundering and merciless ;  
 Anarch of Liberty ! At heart a slave !  
 A scourge, the Commons' plait to lash themselves ;  
 A heel to tramp their constitution down.  
 Thou and thy dupes have driven me to war,  
 And on thy conscience fall its fell account !

*Crom.* Charles Stuart ! Thyself shalt bear this message back.  
*(IRETON beckons on Soldiers.)*

*King.* Traitor! Is this thy faith? (*Draws his sword.*)

*Crom.* Advance! Do him no violence.

*King.* (*Throwing down his sword.*) I am alone! and will not call my friends.

Which of you touches his anointed King? (*Soldiers hold back.*)

*Crom.* (*Drawing.*) In God's name, that will I.

*Enter the QUEEN.*

*Queen.* (*Waving her handkerchief.*) God save the King!

*Enter HUNTLY and strong force of Cavaliers.*

*Cavaliers.* God save the King!

[*CROMWELL and his Soldiers form on one side, HUNTLY and his Cavaliers on the other.*]

(*By permission of the Author.*)

## THE REPROACH OF CHARLES THE FIRST TO HIS BETRAYER.

W. G. WILLS.

[See p. 386.]

[*MORAY approaches with downcast head, and gradually sinks on his knee before the KING, during his speech.*]

I SAW a picture once by a great master,

'Twas an old man's head.

Narrow and evil was its wrinkled front—

Eyes close and cunning: a dull vulpine smile.

'Twas called a Judas! Wide that painter erred.

Judas had eyes like thine, of candid blue;

His skin was smooth, his hair of youthful gold;

Upon his brow shone the white stamp of truth;

And lips like thine did give the traitor kiss!

The King, my father, loved thine—and at his death

He gave me solemn charge to cherish thee.

And I have kept it to my injury.

It is a score of years since then, my lord.

Hast waited all this time to pay me thus?

[*CHARLES turns to CROMWELL.*]

Sir, you demand my sword. I yield it you!

(*By permission of the Author.*)



# SPEECHES AND SOLILOQUIES.

## DRAMATIC.

---

### HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See page 312.]

**SPEAK** the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise; I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it outherods Herod; pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

O! reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

## OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

SHAKSPEARE.

[See page 312.]

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
 My very noble and approved good masters,—  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true; true, I have married her;  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
 Their dearest action in the tented field;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic  
 (For such proceeding I am charged withal),  
 I won his daughter.

I do beseech you,  
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
 And let her speak of me before her father:  
 If you do find me foul in her report,  
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
 Not only take away, but let your sentence  
 Even fall upon my life.

Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.  
 And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
 I do confess the vices of my blood,  
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
 And she in mine.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
 Still questioned me the story of my life,  
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune,  
 That I have passed,  
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:  
 Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe  
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,

And portance. In my traveller's history  
 (Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,\*  
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
 It was my hint to speak), such was my process;—  
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse; which I observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not intently: I did consent:  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
 She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished  
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me:  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:  
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed;  
 And I loved her that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used;  
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

---

### HOTSPUR'S ACCOUNT OF THE FOP.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See page 312.]

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
 But I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword.  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.  
 He was perfumed like a milliner;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

---

\* Sterile, barren.

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose.—  
And still he smil'd and talk'd ;  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them "untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,"  
With many holyday and lady terms  
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answered neglectingly—I know not what—  
He should or he should not ; for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (Heaven save the mark !)  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;  
And that it was great pity (so it was)  
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly : and but for these vile guns  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald, disjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answered indirectly, as I said ;  
And, I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

---

**BRUTUS TO THE ROMANS.**

SHAKESPEARE.

[See page 312.]

BE patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear ; believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it : as

he was valiant, I honour him : but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak : for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. . . . Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. . . . Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth : as which of you shall not ? With this I depart : that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

---

### THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See page 312.]

ALL the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely play'rs;  
 They have their exits and their entrances,  
 And one man in his time plays many parts;  
 His acts being seven ages. First the infant,  
 Muling and paking in the nurse's arms,  
 And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank : and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans ev'ry thing.

## MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

SHAKSPEARE.

[See page 312.]

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do lives after them;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones:  
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:  
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
 (For Brutus is an honourable man;  
 So are they all, all honourable men);  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
 When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept:  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;  
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see that on the Lupercal  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he thrice refused. Was this ambition?  
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause;  
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me. . . .  
 But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.  
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,  
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds.  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
 Unto their issue. . . . .  
 Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;  
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.  
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
 For if you should, oh, what would come of it ! . . .  
 You will compel me then to read the will ?  
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
 And let me show you him that made the will.  
 Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ? . . .  
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle : I remember,  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on :  
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;  
 That day he overcame the Nervii :—  
 Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :  
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made ;  
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;  
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel ?  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquished him ; then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of 'us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel,  
 The dint\* of pity : these are gracious drops :

---

\* Impression.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors. . . .  
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honourable;  
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,  
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;  
I am no orator as Brutus is;  
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. . . .  
Yet, hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak. . . .  
Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?  
Alas! you know not—I must tell you then:—  
You have forgot the will I told you of.  
Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,—  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.  
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards.  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

---

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS TO OPPOSE CÆSAR.

SHAKSPEARE.

[See page 312.]

HONOUR is the subject of my story:  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life, but for my single self,  
I'd rather not be, as live to be



In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Cæsar. So were you.  
 We both have fed as well, and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
 For once upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,  
 Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
 And bade him follow; so indeed he did.  
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
 Cæsar cry'd "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."  
 Then as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders  
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man  
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan:  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas! it cry'd, "Give me some drink, Titinius"—  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,  
 And bear the palm alone!

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
 Like a Colossus, and we sorry dwarfs  
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men sometimes have been masters of their fates;  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy: conjure with them,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
 Now, in the name of all the gods at once,

Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the Great Flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
When could they say, till now, who talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king!

---

### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

SHAKSPERE.

[See page 312].

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them?—to die—to sleep—  
No more—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—  
To sleep?—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub!  
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause.—There's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life.  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of Time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—  
When he himself might his quietus make,  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death—  
That undiscover'd country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns!—puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of!  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action !

---

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See p. 312.]

*Brakenbury.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

*Clarence.* O, I have passed a miserable night,  
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
 I would not spend another such a night,  
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;  
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you tell me.

*Clar.* Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,  
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,  
 And, in my company, my brother Gloster :  
 Who, from my cabin, tempted me to walk  
 Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd toward England,  
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
 During the wars of York and Lancaster  
 That had befallen us. As we paced along  
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
 Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,  
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
 O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !  
 What fearful noise of waters in mine ears !  
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !  
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;  
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept  
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,  
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death  
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

*Clar.* Methought I had, and often did I strive  
 To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood  
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
 To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to cast it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awaked you not with this sore agony?

*Clar.* O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night;  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renown'd Warwick;

Who cried aloud,—*what scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*

And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood: and he shriek'd out aloud—  
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,*

*That stabb'd me in the field of Tewkesbury;—  
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!*

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,

Could not believe but that I was in hell;  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—  
That now give evidence against my soul,—

For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—  
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—  
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!

(CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*)

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil;

And, for unfelt imaginations,  
They often feel a world of restless cares:

So that, between their titles, and low name,  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

## GLOSTER'S SOLILOQUY.

SHAKESPEARE.

See p. 312.]

*Glos.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this son of York ;  
 And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;  
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings ;  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;  
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable  
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;  
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time,  
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
 And descant on mine own deformity :  
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
 Plots have I laid, by prophecies and dreams,  
 To set my brother Clarence and the King  
 In deadly hate, the one against the other,  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul : here Clarence comes.

## DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

REV. JOHN HOME.

[See page 341.]

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills  
 My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,  
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,  
 And keep his only son, myself, at home :

For I had heard of battles, and I longed  
 To follow to the field some warlike lord :  
 And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.  
 This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,  
 Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,  
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,  
 Rushed, like a torrent, down upon the vale,  
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled  
 For safety and for succour. I alone,  
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
 Hovered about the enemy, and marked  
 The road he took ; then hasted to my friends ;  
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.  
 We fought—and conquered ! Ere a sword was drawn,  
 An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,  
 Who wore, that day, the arms which now I wear.  
 Returning home in triumph, I disdained  
 The shepherd's slothful life ; and, having heard  
 That our good king had summoned his bold peers  
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
 I left my father's house, and took with me  
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps—  
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.  
 Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers ;  
 And, heaven-directed, came this day, to do  
 The happy deed, that gilds my humble name.

---

## MORDAUNT TO LADY MABEL.

"THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER."

J. WESTLAND MARSTON, LL.D.

[Dr. Marston was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, Jan. 30, 1820. He was articled to a solicitor in London, but relinquished the law for the more genial, though frequently less profitable, profession of literature. His fine tragedy, "The Patrician's Daughter," produced some years ago, at once stamped him as a dramatist of the highest order. He has since produced "The Heart and the World," a play ; "Strathmore," a tragedy ; "Ann Blake," a play ; "A Life's Ransom," a play ; and, in 1863, "Pure Gold," a play. Dr. Marston is the author of several novels ; and has contributed many charming lyrics to the *Athenæum*, of which journal he is understood to be one of the critics.]

STAY !

Before we part, I have a word or two  
 For Lady Mabel's ear.—I know right well  
 The world has no tribunal to avenge  
 An injury like mine ; you may allure  
 The human heart to love, warm it with smiles,

To aspirations of a dream-like bliss,  
 From which to wake is madness; and when spells  
 Of your enchantment have enslaved it quite,  
 Its motives, feelings, energies, and hopes,  
 Abstracted from all objects save yourself,  
 So that you are its world, its light, its life,  
 And all beside is void, and dark, and dead:  
 I say, that very heart, brought to this pass,  
 You may spurn from your path, pass on and jest,  
 And the crowd will jest with you; you will glide  
 With eye as radiant, and with brow as smooth,  
 And feet as light, through your charmed worshippers,  
 As though the angel's pen had failed to trace  
 The record of your crimes; and every night  
 Lulled by soft flatteries, you may calmly sleep,  
 As do the innocent;—but it is crime,  
 Deep crime, that you commit. Had you, for sport,  
 Trampled upon the earth a favourite rose,  
 Pride of the garden, or, in wantonness,  
 Cast in the sea a jewel not your own,  
 All men had held you guilty of offence.

\* \* \* \* \*

And is it then no sin,  
 To crush those flowers of life, our freshest hopes,  
 With all the incipient beauty in the bud,  
 Which know no second growth?—to cast our faith  
 In humankind, the only amulet  
 By which the soul walks fearless through the world,  
 Into those floods of memoried bitterness,  
 Whose awful depths no diver dares explore;—  
 To paralyse the expectant mind, while yet  
 On the world's threshold, and existence' self  
 To drain of all save its inert endurance?  
 To do all this unprovoked, I put it to you,  
 Is not this sin? To the unsleeping eye  
 Of Him who sees all aims, and knows the wrongs  
 No laws save His redress, I make appeal  
 To judge between us. There's an hour will come,  
 Not of revenge, but righteous retribution!

---

### CLAUDE MELNOTTE ON PRIDE.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

[See p. 360.]

*Mel.* Pauline, by pride—  
 Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—  
 That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—  
 The evil spirit of a bitter love,

And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.  
From my first years my soul was fill'd with thee :  
I saw thee midst the flow'rs the lowly boy  
Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom,  
And joy and freshness, as if Spring itself  
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape !  
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man  
Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy.  
And from that hour I grew—what to the last  
I shall be—thine adorer ! Well ; this love,  
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became  
A fountain of ambition and bright hope ;  
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth  
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from Kings,  
Have stoop'd from their high sphere ; how Love like Death,  
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook  
Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home  
In the soft palace of a fairy Future !  
My father died ; and I, the peasant-born,  
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise  
Out of the prison of my mean estate ;  
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind  
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom  
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—  
Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,  
Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,  
And lured me on to those inspiring toils  
By which man masters men ! For thee I grew  
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages !  
For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,  
And every Muse, such attributes as lend  
Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,  
And Passion taught me poesy—of thee,  
And on the painter's canvas grew the life  
Of beauty !—Art became the shadow  
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes !  
Men call'd me vain—some mad—I heeded not ;  
But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,  
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee !  
At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour  
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,  
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,  
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.  
The name—appended by the burning heart  
That long'd to show its idol what bright things  
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,  
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn  
That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,  
Resembled Hatred most—when thy disdain  
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour



The tempters found me a revengeful tool  
 For their revenge ! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—  
 It turn'd and stung thee !

### RICHELIEU'S SOLILOQUY.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

[See p. 360.]

*Rich. (reading).* "In silence, and at night, the conscience feels  
 That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."  
 So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist !  
 But wert thou tried ? Sublime Philosophy,  
 Thou wert the Patriarch's ladder reaching heaven,  
 And bright with beck'ning angels—but alas !  
 We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,  
 By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.  
 I am not happy !—with the Titan's lust  
 I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.  
 When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,  
 Shine thro' wan space, a glory—and a prophet  
 Whereby pale seers shall from their æry towers  
 Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,  
 That make the potent astrologue of Kings.  
 But shall the Future judge me by the ends  
 That I have wrought—or by the dubious means  
 Through which the stream of my renown hath run  
 Into the many voiced unfathom'd Time ?  
 Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,  
 And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,  
 Ofttimes the secret rivulets that swell  
 Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.  
 Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,  
 That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein  
 Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take  
 The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures ?  
 O ! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands  
 In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell ;  
 Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd  
 Upon the dark and stormy tides where life  
 Gives battle to the elements,—and man  
 Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose woight  
 Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch  
 The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,  
 Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,  
 Waits him who drops ; ye safe and formal men,  
 Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand  
 Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,

Ye cannot know what ye have never tried.  
History preserves only the fleshless bones  
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull  
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features !  
Without the roundness and the glow of life  
How hideous is the skeleton ! Without  
The colourings and humanities that clothe  
Our errors, the anatomists of schools  
Can make our memory hideous !

---

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[See page 117.]

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well !—  
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality ?  
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into naught ?—Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?—  
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;  
'Tis Heav'n herself, that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates Eternity to man.  
Eternity !—thou pleasing, dreadful thought !  
Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !  
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold : If there's a Power above us—  
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
Through all her works—He must delight in virtue,  
And that which He delights in, must be happy.  
But when ! or where ! This world was made for Cæsar !  
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death, my life,  
My bane and antidote are both before me.  
This—in a moment, brings me to an end ;  
Whilst this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

## CHARLES THE FIRST'S FAREWELL.

W. G. WILLS.

[See p. 386.]

*King.* Oh, my loved solace on my thorny road,  
 Sweet clue in all my labyrinth of sorrow,  
 What shall I leave to thee?  
 To thee do I consign my memory!  
 Oh, banish not my name from off thy lips  
 Because it pains awhile in naming it.  
 Harsh grief doth pass in time into far music:  
 Red-eyed Regret that waiteth on thy steps  
 Will daily grow a gentle, dear companion,  
 And hold sweet converse with thee of thy dead.  
 I fear me I may sometime fade from thee,

[*QUEEN presses to him.*]

That when the heart expelleth gray-stoled grief  
 I live no longer in thy memory;  
 Oh! keep my place in it for ever green,  
 All hung with the immortelles of thy love.  
 That sweet abiding in thine inner thought  
 I long for more than sculptured monument  
 Or proudest record 'mong the tombs of kings.

[*Soldiers enter, drawing up on either side of door. Bell tolls. Whilst the QUEEN seems to stiffen in grief,*

*CHARLES kneels, kisses her and goes to door.*

[*Mournfully.*] REMEMBER!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

## SPEECH OF LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

OVER THE DEAD BODY OF LUCRETIA.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[*Mr. Payne was an American by birth, long settled in England. He wrote "Brutus," a Tragedy, and several other successful dramatic pieces; among them "Clari, the Maid of Milan," in which occurs the ever popular song of "Home, sweet home." Born 1793; died 1852.*]

THUS, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts  
 Permitted utterance, we have told our story:  
 And now, to say one word of the imposture—  
 The mask necessity has made me wear!  
 When the ferocious malice of your king—  
 King, do I call him!—When the monster, Tarquin,  
 Slew, as you most of you may well remember,  
 My father Marcus, and my elder brother,  
 Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,  
 How could I hope a shelter from his power,  
 But in the false face I have worn so long?

Would you know why I have summon'd you together?  
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,  
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!  
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!  
She was the mark and model of the time—  
The mould in which each female face was form'd—  
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!  
Fairer than ever was a form created  
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,  
And never-resting thought is all on fire!  
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph  
Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks,  
And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine,  
Can I conceive beyond her:—The young choir  
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful,  
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds  
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost  
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose;—  
How from the shade of those ill-neighbouring plants  
Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf  
Was blighted; but, array'd in purest grace,  
She bloom'd unsullied beauty. Such perfections  
Might have call'd back the torpid breast of age  
To long-forgotten rapture:—such a mind  
Might have abash'd the boldest libertine,  
And turn'd desire to reverential love  
And holiest affection! Oh, my countrymen,  
You all can witness that when she went forth  
It was a holiday in Rome;—old age  
Forgot its crutch, labour its task—all ran;  
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,  
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye, where she lies,  
That beauteous flower—that innocent sweet rose,  
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone! gone!

Say, would ye seek instruction? Would ye ask  
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,  
Which saw his poison'd brother!—saw the incest  
Committed there, and they will cry—Revenge!  
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove  
O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry—Revenge!  
Ask yonder Senate-house, whose stones are purple  
With human blood, and it will cry—Revenge!  
Go to the tomb where lies his murder'd wife,  
And the poor queen, who lov'd him as her son;  
Their unappeas'd ghosts will shriek—Revenge!  
The temples of the gods—the all-viewing heavens—  
The gods themselves—shall justify the cry,  
And swell the general sound—Revenge! Revenge!

## WILFRID DENVER'S DREAM—"THE SILVER KING."

*Denver.* Stay. I fell asleep. Jaikes, you don't know what a murderer's sleep is? It is the waking time of conscience! It is the whipping-post she ties him to while she lashes and stings and maddens his poor helpless guilty soul! Sleep? It is a bed of spikes and horrors! It is a precipice for him to roll over, sheer upon the jags and forks of memory! It is a torchlight procession of devils raking out every infernal sewer and cranny of his brain! It is ten thousand mirrors dangling round him to picture and re-picture to him nothing but himself! Sleep! Oh God there is no hell but sleep!

*Jaikes.* Master Will! My poor Master Will.

*Denver.* That's what my sleep has been these four years past. I fell asleep and I dreamed that we were over in Nevada, and we were seated on a throne, she and I, and all the people came to offer us their homage and loving obedience. And it was in a great hall of justice, and a man was brought before me charged with a crime; and just as I opened my mouth to pronounce sentence upon him, Geoffrey Ware came up out of his grave with his eyes staring, staring, staring, as they stared on me on that night, and as they will stare at me till my dying day; and he said "Come down! Come down you whited sepulchre! How dare you sit in that place to judge men?" And he leapt up in his grave-clothes to the throne where I was, and seized me by the throat and dragged me down, and we struggled and fought like wild beasts. We seemed to be fighting for years, and at last I mastered him, and held him down and throttled him, and rammed him tight into his grave again, and kept him there and wouldn't let him stir, and then I saw a hand coming out of the sky, a long bony hand with no flesh on it, and nails like eagle's claws, and it came slowly out of the sky reaching for miles it seemed: slowly, slowly, it reached down to the very place where I was and it fastened in my heart, and it took me and set me in the justice hall in the prisoners' dock, and when I looked at my judge it was Geoffrey Ware! And I cried out for mercy, but there was none! And the hand gripped me again as a hawk grips a wren, and set me on the gallows, and I felt the plank fall from under my feet, and I dropped, dropped, dropped,—and I awoke!

*Jaikes.* For mercy's sake, Master Will, no more.

*Denver.* Then I knew that the dream was sent for a message to tell me that though I should fly to the uttermost ends of the earth, as high as the stars are above, or as deep as the deepest sea bed is below, there is no hiding-place for me, no rest, no hope, no shelter, no escape!

(By permission of Mr. Wilson Barrett.)

# RECITATIONS.

## THE LIFEBOAT.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

[Mr. Sims is essentially a poet for the people. From the commencement of his career he has identified himself with the masses, their lives, sufferings, and recreations. His works, "How the Poor Live," "The Social Kaleidoscope," "Rogues and Vagabonds," and "The Ring o' Bells," are typical of a style of writing which has endeared him to the great body of the nation. His "Dagonet Ballads" are very popular with reciters. His plays, comprise "The Lights o' London," "The Romany Rye," "The Last Chance," "In the Ranks," and "The Harbour Lights," the two last-named written in conjunction with another dramatist.]

BEEN out in the lifeboat often ? Ay, ay, sir, often enough !  
When it's rougher than this ? Lor' bless you ! this ain't what we  
calls rough !

It's when there's a gale a-blowing, and the waves run in and break  
On the shore with a roar like thunder and the white cliffs seem to  
shake ;

When the sea is a hell of waters and the bravest holds his breath  
As he hears the cry for the lifeboat—his summons may be to death  
That's when we call it rough, sir ; but, if we can't get her afloat,  
There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the boat.

You've heard of the Royal Helen, the ship as was wrecked last  
year ?

Yon be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here ;  
That night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever we had,  
And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad,  
The beach here was strewed with wreckage, and to tell you the  
truth, sir, then

Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.  
The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered  
But most on us here is married, and the wives that night was  
skeered.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to savin' lives,  
But death that night looked certain—and our wives be only  
wives ;

Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir, but here, when a man lies dead,  
'Tain't only the husband missin', it's the children's daily bread ;  
So our women began to whimper and beg o' the chaps to stay

I only heerd on it after, for that night I was kept away.  
I was up at my cottage, yonder, where the wife lay nigh her end,  
She'd been ailin' all the winter, and nothin' 'ud make her mend.

The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and  
prayed,  
With my eyes as red as a babby's, that death's hand might yet be  
stayed,

I heerd the wild wind howlin' and I looked on the wasted form,  
And thought of the awful shipwreck, as had come in the ragin'  
storm;

The wreck of my little homestead—the wreck of my dear old wife,  
Who sailed with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves  
of life.

And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbour  
lights,

To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest, darkest nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly—she knew as her end was nigh,  
But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must lie.  
For we'd had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son—  
He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done ;  
Then he bolted, his masters told us—he was allus what folk call  
wild,

From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled.  
We heerd no more about him, we never knew where he went,  
And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never sent.

I had my work to think of ; but she had her grief to nurse,  
So it eat away at her heartstrings, and her health grew worse and  
worse.

And the night as the Royal Helen went down on yonder sands,  
I sat and watched her dyin', holdin' her wasted hands.  
She moved in her doze a little, when her eyes were opened wide,  
And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked from side  
to side,

Then half to herself she whispered, " where's Jack, to say  
good-bye ?

It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die ! "

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down my  
cheek,

And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak,  
When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there  
outside

With the news that the boat was launchin'. " You're wanted ! "   
their leader cried.

" You've never refused to go, John ; you'll put these cowards right,  
There's a dozen of lives may be, John, as lie in our hands  
to-night ! "

'Twas old Ben Brown, the Captain ; he'd laughed at the women's doubt,  
We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was goin' out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed—  
"I can't go, mate," I murmured, "in an hour she may be dead,  
I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."  
As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was thrown ;

And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading look on me,  
While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin' sea.  
Then she beckoned me near, and whispered, "Go, and God's will be done !

For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son."

Her head was full of the boy, sir—she was thinkin' may be, some day

For lack of a hand to help him his life might be cast away,  
"Go John, and the Lord watch o'er you ! and spare me to see the light,

And bring you safe," she whispered, "out o' the storm to-night."  
Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears,  
And my mates outside, when they saw me, set up three hearty cheers ;

But I rubbed my eyes wi' my knuckles, and turned to old Ben and said,  
"I'll see her again, may be lads, when the sea gives up its dead."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal in view,

And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through ;  
But our boat she stood it bravely, and, weary and wet and weak  
We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to seek.

But just as we came upon her she gave a fearful roll,  
And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul !  
We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was dark—  
But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plungin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry,

And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dash by ;  
I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it aboard, and then  
I stumbled, and struck my forrard, and fell like a log on Ben.  
I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more  
Till I came to my senses here, sir—here in my home ashore.  
My forehead was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed.  
I'd slipp'd so they told me arter, and a rulloek had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered ; they'd heard I was comin' round ;

At first I could scarcely hear them, it seemed like a buzzin' sound ;



But as soon as my head got clearer, and accustomed to hear 'em speak.

I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.

I guessed what the lads was hidin', for their poor old shipmate's sake,

I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break ;  
So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to old Ben, " Look here !

I'm able to bear it now, lad—tell me, and never fear."

Not one of 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,  
And the others slinks away like, and I says, " What's this about ?

Why can't they tell me plainly as my poor old wife is dead ? "

Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin' head ;

I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry, " John ! "

And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon ;

For there by the bedside standin' up and well was my wife ;

And who do ye think was with her ? Why, Jack, as large as life.

It was him as I'd saved from drownin' the night as the lifeboat went  
To the wreck of the Royal Helen ; 'twas that as the vision meant.

They'd brought us ashore together, he'd knelt by his mother's bed

And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead ;

And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,

And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.

Jack ? He's our right hand now, sir ; 'twas Providence pulled him  
through—

He's allus the first aboard her when the lifeboat wants a crew.

*(By permission of the Author.)*

## A TALE OF THE DOVER EXPRESS.

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

[Mr. Clement W. Scott has, within a comparatively short time, raised himself to a position of considerable eminence in the world of letters. His published works comprise "Lays of a Londoner," "Poppy Land," and "Round About the Isles ;" he has written and adapted numerous productions for the stage with conspicuous success.]

How did I do it ? Well, sit you down, if you're got ten minutes to spare,

And I'll tell you the tale how it happened to me—well to me and my mate out there.

Don't put it all down to our boast and brag, for I'll take my oath we try,

We engine fellows, to stick to the rail, if we happen to live or die,

It isn't because with filth and grease we are covered from foot to head

That we haven't got pluck like soldier Bill in his uniform smart  
and red.  
We haven't got bands to tootle to us, nor women, nor mates to  
cheer,  
We march at the sound of the station-bell, and the scream of the  
wind in our ear;  
We have gals to love us, and children, too, who cling to the face  
and neck,  
Though *we're* never called to the grand parade, or march'd to the  
hurricane deck,  
A man's a man when he does his work—well, it may be more or  
less,  
But in Fenian days you should say your prayers when driving the  
Dover Express!  
We started off—'twas a night in June—and the beautiful moon  
shone bright  
Through the silent glass of the station, when our guard sang out  
"All right!"  
He was in charge of the train, the Guard—but me and my mate  
just then  
Had taken in pledge, for good or for ill, the lives of the women and  
men.  
Away we went at a splendid pace when we'd coupled and left  
Herne Hill,  
Behind was the roar of a city on fire, in front was the country  
still.  
Then we came to a point where we always turn, and mutter a sort  
of pray'r  
For the wife, and the young 'uns asleep in the town, from the men  
in the engine's glare.  
It wasn't like that in the train, I bet; did anyone trouble a  
rap?  
The honeymoon couples were locked in fast, and the others were  
playing at 'nap';  
Papers, and smoking, and gossip, and chaff; does it ever strike  
them that a nerve  
Is required from the men who must drive in the dark an express  
round the Chatham curve?  
I looked at my watch, we were up to time, and the engine leapt  
and sped  
To the river we cross as it runs to the sea, with the Rochester lights  
ahead!  
I often think of the train behind and the passengers fast asleep,  
As we slow on the pace just to tackle the curve round Strood and  
Rochester Keep.  
It puzzles those foreigner chaps who cross where the river in  
silence flows,  
With the Castle one minute miles away and the next right under  
your nose.

You have felt the jerk? Well, that's no odds, may be you'd have  
 felt more odd  
 With a mate by your side at the engine-fire, who suddenly cried,  
 "My God!  
 There's something ahead on the six-foot way! Look there!" And  
 I held my breath.  
 A something! And what? on the rails ahead—we must drive for  
 our lives or death!  
 There wasn't a second to pause or think, though I saw by the light  
 of the train  
 The river, the viaduct, scenes of home we never should visit again.  
 "What shall you do?" Then I turned and saw Tom's piteous  
 face and sad.  
 "What shall I do? Hold fast, my boy! I shall cram on the pace  
 like mad!"  
 Off with the brake, and shove on the steam—in a second a crash, a  
 leap,  
 Right into the iron the engine tore, with the passengers fast  
 asleep.  
 It reeled at the shock did their devilish snare, to the rush and the  
 roar and the beat,  
 Before was dear life and the light and the air; behind was the dust  
 of defeat!  
 Away to the rear went Rochester town, its danger, its storms and  
 stress,  
 We'd taken a pledge, and we kept it, sir, in saving the Dover  
 Express!  
 They're sending the hat round! thank you, kind, for me and my  
 mate, you say,  
 Well, the money will come in easy like, when we're laid on the  
 shelf some day.  
 It's only right that the women and men who arrived at Dover town,  
 And were saved that night round Rochester curve should cheerfully  
 "plank it down."  
 But we don't want money for what we've done—there's something  
 far better than gain  
 If a man can earn his Victoria Cross in charge of a railway train!  
 If a man can prove he has plenty of pluck, and is thoroughly  
 English made,  
 As well in front of a fierce express as in rear of a bold brigade!  
 But there's something far better than money to me, though it's  
 terrible hard in Town  
 To give the young'uns their annual shoes, and the missus a decent  
 gown,  
 I'd give your money up every cent, and the moment I'd gladly bless  
 When you hand us the villain who wanted to wreck our lives on  
 the Dover Express!

(By permission of the Author.)

## THE DEATH OF ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

[Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, U.S.A., January 20, 1817. Many of his sacred poems were written when he was in the seventeenth year of his age. He died 1867.]

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low  
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd  
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still  
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.  
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow-leaves,  
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,  
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,  
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,  
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,  
And lean'd in graceful attitudes, to rest.  
How strikingly the course of nature tells,  
By its light heed of human suffering,  
That it was fashion'd for a happier world !

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled  
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,  
With his faint people, for a little rest  
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind  
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow  
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn  
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt  
That he could see his people until now.  
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,  
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun  
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,  
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.  
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts  
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,  
And the poor common words of courtesy  
Are such an empty mockery—how much  
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !  
He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up  
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those  
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones  
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—  
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—  
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,  
In all his princely beauty, to defy  
The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd  
In agony that would not be controll'd,  
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,  
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\* Digitized by \*

Google

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath  
Was straighten'd for the grave ; and, as the folds  
Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd  
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.

His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls  
Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd  
To the admitted air, as glossy now  
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing  
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.

His helm was at his feet ; his banner, soil'd  
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,  
Reversed, beside him ; and the jewell'd hilt,  
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,  
Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.

The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,  
Clad in the garb of battle ; and their chief,  
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,  
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,  
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.

A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade  
As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form  
Of David enter'd, and he gave command,  
In a low tone, to his few followers,

And left him with his dead. The king stood still  
Till the last echo died ; then, throwing off  
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back  
The pall from the still features of his child,  
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth  
In the resistless eloquence of woe :

“ Alas ! my noble boy ! that thou should'st die !  
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !  
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,  
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !  
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb !

My proud boy, Absalom !

“ Cold is thy brow, my son ! and I am chill,  
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee :  
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,

Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee  
And hear thy sweet ‘ *My Father !* ’ from these dumb  
And cold lips, Absalom !

“ But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush  
Of music, and the voices of the young ;  
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,  
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;  
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come  
To meet me, Absalom !

“ And oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,  
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,

How will its love for thee, as I depart,  
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !  
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,  
To see thee, Absalom !

"And now, farewell ! 'Tis hard to give thee up ;—  
With death so like a slumber on thee ;—  
And thy dark sin !—Oh ! I could drink the cup,  
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.  
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,  
My lost boy, Absalom !"

He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself  
A moment on his child ; then, giving him  
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd  
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;  
And, as if strength were given him of God,  
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall  
Firmly and decently—and left him there—  
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

---

### THE INCHCAPE ROCK

R. SOUTHEY.

[See p. 110.]

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The ship was as still as she could be,  
Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sigh or sound of their shock  
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock ;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell ;  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day ;  
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,  
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen  
A dark speck on the ocean green;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;  
Quoth he, "My men put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,  
The bubbles rose and burst around;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,  
He scour'd the seas for many a day;  
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They cannot see the sun on high;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers' roar?  
For methinks we should be near the shore."  
"Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;  
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—  
"Oh! heavens! it is the Inchcape rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;  
He curst himself in his despair;  
The waves rush in on every side,  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even now, in his dying fear  
One dreadful sound could the rover hear,  
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell  
The devils in triumph were ringing his knell.

---

**BETH GELELT.****HON. WM. ROBERT SPENCER.**

[Was the younger son of Lord Charles Spencer, and was educated at Harrow and Oxford. In 1796, he published a translation of Bürger's "Lenore." He held the appointment of Commissioner of Stamps. Born 1770; died 1834.]

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerily smiled the morn;  
And many a brach, and many a hound,  
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a louder cheer:  
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last  
Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"Oh! where doth faithful Gelert roam?  
The flower of all his race!  
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,  
A lion in the chase!"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John;  
But now no Gelert could be found,  
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells  
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved  
The chase of hart or hare;  
And small and scant the booty proved,  
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,  
When, near the portal-seat,  
His truant Gelert he espied,  
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle door,  
Aghast the chieftain stood;  
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,  
His lips and fangs ran blood!



Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,  
Unused such looks to meet :  
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,  
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—  
And on went Gelert too—  
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,  
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view !

O'erturn'd his Infant's bed, he found  
The blood-stain'd covert rent ;  
And all around, the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied ;  
He search'd—with terror wild ;  
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,  
But nowhere found the child !

“ Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devoured ! ”  
The frantic father cried ;  
And, to the hilt, his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gelert's side !

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,  
No pity could impart ;  
But still his Gelert's dying yell  
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,  
Some slumberer wakened nigh,  
What words the parent's joy can tell,  
To hear his infant cry !

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,  
His hurried search had miss'd,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
His cherub-boy he kissed !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—  
But, the same couch beneath,  
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—  
Tremendous still in death !

Ah ! what was then Llewellyn's pain !  
For now the truth was clear :  
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's woe ;  
“ Best of thy kind, adieu !  
The frantic deed which laid thee low,  
This heart shall ever rue ! ”

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
With costly sculpture deck'd;  
And marbles storied with his praise,  
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass  
Or forester unmoved;  
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass  
Lewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;  
And oft, as evening fell,  
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear  
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

---

## THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

LEIGH HUNT.

[Born Oct. 19, 1784, and educated at Christ's Hospital. He commenced writing at twenty-one, and finished only at his death, August 28, 1859.]

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,  
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court:  
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side.  
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his  
bride:

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,  
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;  
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with  
their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled one on another,  
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;  
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;  
Said Francis then, " Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,  
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the  
same:

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;  
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!  
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous fine;  
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love: then looked on him and  
smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild!

The leap was quick ; return was quick ; he soon regained his place,  
 Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face !  
 " Well done !" cried Francis, " bravely done !" and he rose from  
 where he sat :  
 " No love," quoth he, " but vanity sets love a task like that ! "

---

### THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[See p. 202.]

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door ;  
 " 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, " tapping at my chamber door—  
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah ! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor ;  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
 " 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door ;—  
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,  
 " Sir," said I, " or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;  
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the  
 door ;—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering,  
 fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before ;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken, was the whispered word  
 " Lenore !"—  
 Thus I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word " Lenore !"  
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before;  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thetreat is, and this mystery explore;—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—  
      'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore:  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
Perched above a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—  
      Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then, this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore;  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure  
      no craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly  
      shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is, on the night's Plutonian shore!"—  
      Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
      With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;  
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered—"Other friends have flown  
      before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
      Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,  
      Of "Never—nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and  
      door;  
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,  
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
*She shall press, ah, nevermore !*

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen  
 censer

Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he  
 hath sent thee,

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !  
 Quaff, oh, quaff, this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore !"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil !  
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
 On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me! tell me, I implore !"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil !  
 By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore !"—  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !' I shrieked, up-  
 starting—  
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore ;  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken,  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit the bust above my door ;  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my  
 door !"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the  
 floor ;  
 And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,  
 Shall be lifted—nevermore.

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THOMAS HOOD.

[Thomas Hood was the son of a bookseller, one of the firm of Verner and Hood, of the Poultry, City of London, where he was born on the 23rd May, 1799. He was apprenticed to an engraver; but his health failing, was sent to a relation in Scotland. On his return to London, in 1821, he became sub-editor of the "London Magazine," and from this time his literary avocations commenced. His collected works have enjoyed a large sale since his death, but in his lifetime he was constantly struggling with want and difficulties. He died in 1845, and was buried in Kensal Green, where a handsome monument erected by public subscription, is placed over his remains.]

ONE more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments,  
Clinging like cerements;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing:  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully:  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful;  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family,  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses,  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father ?  
 Who was her mother ?  
 Had she a sister ?  
 Had she a brother ?  
 Or was there a dearer one  
 Still, or a nearer one  
 Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity  
 Of Christian charity  
 Under the sun !  
 Oh ! it was pitiful,  
 Near a whole city full,  
 Home had she none !

Sisterly, brotherly,  
 Fatherly, motherly,  
 Feelings had changed ;  
 Love, by harsh evidence  
 Thrown from its eminence,  
 Even God's providence  
 Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver  
 So far in the river,  
 With many a light  
 From many a casement,  
 From garret to basement,  
 She stood, with amazement,  
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
 Made her tremble and shiver  
 But not the dark arch  
 Or the black flowing river.  
 Mad from life's history,  
 Glad to death's mystery  
 Swift to be hurl'd,  
 Anywhere ! anywhere  
 Out of the world !

In she plung'd boldly,  
 No matter how coldly  
 The rough river ran ;  
 Over the brink of it,  
 Picture it—think of it,  
 Dissolute man !  
 Lave in it—drink of it  
 Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,  
 Lift her with care,

Fashion'd so slenderly,  
 Young, and so fair.  
 Ere her limbs frigidly  
 Stiffen too rigidly,  
 Decently, kindly  
 Smooth and compose them;  
 And her eyes, close them,  
 Staring so blindly !  
 Dreadfully staring  
 Through muddy impurity,  
 As when with the daring,  
 Last look of despairing,  
 Fixed on futurity,  
 Perishing gloomily,  
 Spurned by contumely,  
 Bold inhumanity,  
 Burning insanity,  
 Into her rest;  
 Cross her hands humbly,  
 As if praying dumbly,  
 Over her breast !  
 Owning her weakness,  
 Her evil behaviour,  
 And leaving, with meekness,  
 Her sins to her Saviour.

(By permission of Messrs. Moxon and Co.)

---

## HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[See page 216.]

ON Linden when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
 And furious every charger neighed,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.



Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
     Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
 On Linden's hills of stained snow;  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
     Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
     Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
     And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
     Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

---

### THE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

[See p. 418.]

BRING, novelists, your note-book! bring, dramatists, your pen!  
 And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.  
 It's only a tale of a lifeboat, the dying and the dead,  
 Of a terrible storm and shipwreck, that happened off Mumbles  
     Head!

Maybe you have travelled in Wales, sir, and know it north and  
     south;

Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oyster-  
     mouth!

It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed in a casual  
     way,

And have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of Swansea  
     Bay.

Well! it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse stands  
     alone,

In the teeth of Atlantic breakers, that foam on its face of stone.

It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, or the storm-bell  
     toll'd, or when

There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat launch'd, and a desperate cry for men.

When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a brave old salt was he!  
Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever had tasted the sea,  
Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who about the coast, 'twas said,

Had saved some hundred lives apiece—at a shilling or so a head!

So the father launch'd the lifeboat, in the teeth of the tempest's roar,  
And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys at the oar.

Out to the wreck went the father! out to the wreck went the sons!  
Leaving the weeping of women, and booming of signal guns,  
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the sailors love,

Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!

Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when cosy and safe in bed,  
For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off Mumbles Head?

It didn't go well with the lifeboat! 'twas a terrible storm that blew!  
And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the drowning crew;

And then the anchor parted—'twas a tussle to keep afloat!

But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave old boat.

Then at last on the poor doom'd lifeboat a wave broke mountains high!

"God help us, now!" said the father. "It's over my lads. Good bye!"

Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered caves,  
But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the angry waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,  
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure—a fighting form,  
It might be a grey-haired father, then the women held their breath,  
It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round with death;

It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips  
Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to the sea in ships;

They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they had seen the worst, and more;

Then, kissing each other, these women went down from the lighthouse, straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters, hand in hand,  
Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach the land.

'Twas only aid he wanted, to help him across the wave,  
But what are a couple of women with only a man to save?

What are a couple of women? Well, more than three craven men  
Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir—  
and then

Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn and rent,  
Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea they  
went!

"Come back," cried the lighthouse-keeper, "for God's sake, girls,  
come back!"

As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the fierce  
attack.

"Come back!" moaned the grey-haired mother; as she stood by  
the angry sea,

"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nothing left to me."

"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint  
and pale,

"You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you  
brave the gale!"

"Come back!" said the girls, "we will not, go tell it to all the  
town,

We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch  
of your hand!

Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to  
land!

Wait for the next wave, darling, only a minute more,  
And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him safe  
to shore."

Up to the arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,  
They caught and saved a brother alive! God bless us, you know  
the rest—

Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,  
And many a glass was toss'd right off to "The Women of Mumbles  
Head!"

*(By permission of the Author.)*

## THE FIREMAN'S WEDDING.

W. A. EATON.

["The Fireman's Wedding," and one or two other pieces by this Author, have  
been popular on the platform for several years. They are certainly well adapted  
for oral delivery.]

"WHAT are we looking at, guv'nor?

Well, you see those carriages there?

It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir;

And aren't they a beautiful pair?

"They don't want no marrow-bone music,  
There's the fireman's band come to play;  
It's a fireman that's going to get married,  
And you don't see such sights every day!

"They're in the church now, and we're waiting  
To give them a cheer as they come;  
And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it  
Deserves all his life to go dumb.

"They won't be out for a minute,  
So if you've got time and will stay,  
I'll tell you right from the beginning  
About this 'ere wedding to-day.

"One night I was fast getting drowsy,  
And thinking of going to bed,  
When I heard such a clattering and shouting—  
'That sounds like an engine!' I said.

"So I jumped up and opened the window:  
'It's a fire sure enough, wife,' says I;  
For the people were running and shouting,  
And the red glare quite lit up the sky.

"I kicked off my old carpet slippers  
And on with my boots in a jiff;  
I hung up my pipe in the corner  
Without waiting to have the last whiff.

"The wife, she just grumbled a good 'un,  
But I didn't take notice of that,  
For I on with my coat in a minute,  
And sprang down the stairs like a cat!

"I followed the crowd, and it brought me  
In front of the house in a blaze;  
At first I could see nothing clearly,  
For the smoke made it all of a haze.

"The firemen were shouting their loudest,  
And unwinding great lengths of hose;  
The 'peelers,' were pushing the people,  
And treading on every one's toes.

"I got pushed with some more in a corner,  
Where I couldn't move, try as I might;  
But little I cared for the squeezing  
So long as I had a good sight.

"Ah, sir, it was grand ! but 'twas awful !  
The flames leaped up higher and higher :  
The wind seemed to get underneath them,  
Till they roared like a great blacksmith's fire !

"I was just looking round at the people,  
With their faces lit up by the glare,  
When I heard some one cry, hoarse with terror,  
'Oh, look ! there's a woman up there !'

"I shall never forget the excitement,  
My heart beat as loud as a clock ;  
I looked at the crowd, they were standing  
As if turned to stone by the shock.

"And there was the face at the window,  
With its blank look of haggard despair—  
Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,  
And her white lips were moving in prayer.

"The staircase was burnt to a cinder,  
There wasn't a fire-escape near ;  
But a ladder was brought from the builder's,  
And the crowd gave a half-frightened cheer.

"The ladder was put to the window,  
While the flames were still raging below :  
I looked, with my heart in my mouth, then,  
To see who would offer to go !

"When up sprang a sturdy young fireman,  
As a sailor would climb up a mast ;  
We saw him go in at the window,  
And we cheered as though danger were past.

"We saw nothing more for a moment,  
But the sparks flying round us like rain ;  
And then as we breathlessly waited,  
He came to the window again.

"And on his broad shoulder was lying,  
The face of that poor fainting thing,  
And we gave him a cheer as we never  
Yet gave to a prince or a king.

"He got on the top of the ladder—  
I can see him there now, noble lad !  
And the flames underneath seemed to know it,  
For they leaped at that ladder like mad.

" But just as he got to the middle,  
 I could see it begin to give way,  
 For the flames had got hold of it now, sir!  
 I could see the thing tremble and sway.

" He came but a step or two lower,  
 Then sprang with a cry to the ground;  
 And then, you would hardly believe it,  
 He stood with the girl safe and sound.

" I took off my old hat and waved it:  
 I couldn't join in with the cheer,  
 For the smoke had got into my eyes, sir,  
 And I felt such a choking just here.

" And now, sir, they're going to get married,  
 I bet you, she'll make a good wife;  
 And who has the most right to have her?—  
 Why, the fellow that saved her young life!

" A beauty! ah, sir, I believe you!  
 Stand back, lads! stand back! here they are!  
 We'll give them the cheer that we promised,  
 Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah!"

*(By permission of the Author.)*

---

## OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

WILL CARLETON.

[Will Carleton, the poet, must not be confounded with the author of "Traits of the Irish Peasantry," bearing the same name. The latter was an Irishman, born 1798, died 1869. The former an American, still living, is best known by his "Farm Ballads," "Farm Festivals," and "Farm Legends."]

OVER the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—  
 I, a woman of seventy, an' only a trifle grey—  
 I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I told,  
 As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear—  
 Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!  
 Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,  
 But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?  
 Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?  
 True, I am not so supple, not yet so awful stout,  
 But charity ain't no favour, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious and ready any day  
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way ;  
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,  
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul,  
Once my cheeks was roses, and my eyes as black as coal ;  
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,  
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use a-boastin', or talkin' overfree,  
But many a house an' home was open then to me ;  
Many a han'some offer have I had from likely men,  
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married sure he was good an' smart,  
And he and all the neighbours would own I'd done my part ;  
For life was all before me, an' I was young, an' strong,  
I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together ; and life was hard but gay,  
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way ;  
Till we had half a dozen and all growed clean and neat,  
And went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the children an' raised them every one ;  
Worked for 'em summer an' winter, just as we ought to 've  
done ;  
Only perhaps we humoured 'em, which some good folks condemn,  
But every couple's children's a heap the best to them.

Strange, how much we think of our blessed little ones !—  
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons ;  
And God he made that rule of love ; but when we 're old and grey,  
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing ; when our boys an' girls was grown,  
And when, excepting Charlie, they'd left us there alone ;  
When John he nearer and nearer come, and dearer seemed to be,  
The Lord of Hosts he come one day and took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, and never to cringe or fall—  
Still I worked for Charlie, for Charlie was now my all ;  
And Charlie was pretty good to me, with a scarce a word or frown,  
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—  
She was conceity, and carried a heap o' style ;  
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know ;  
But she was hard an' proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her,  
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carrying things too fur ;

And I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),  
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—  
They was a family of themselves, an' I another one;  
And a very little cottage, one family will do,  
But I never seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, I never could please her eye,  
An' it made me independent, and then I didn't try;  
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,  
When Charlie turned agin me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,  
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;  
And what with her husband's sisters, an' what with children three,  
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

And then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,  
For Thomas's buildings 'd a cover the half of an acre lot;  
But all the children was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—  
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,  
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;  
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for anyone so old,  
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—  
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;  
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,  
Till Charlie went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my childr'n dear, good bye!  
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;  
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray  
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

*(By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.)*

---

## MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[See page 110.]

WHO is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes  
Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?  
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs:  
She never complains, but her silence implies  
The composure of settled distress.



No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek ;  
Cold and hunger awake not her care.  
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak  
On her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and her cheek  
Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,  
Poor Mary the maniac has been.  
The traveller remembers, who journeyed this way,  
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,  
As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd her guests with delight  
As she welcom'd them in with a smile,  
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,  
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,  
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved ; and young Richard had settled the day,  
And she hoped to be happy for life :  
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they  
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say  
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,  
And fast were the windows and door ;  
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,  
And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight  
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

" 'Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fireside,  
To hear the wind whistle without."  
" A fine night for the Abbey !" his comrade replied.  
" Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried  
Who should wander the ruins about.

" I myself, like a schoolboy, would tremble to hear  
The hoarse ivy shake over my head :  
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,  
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,—  
For this wind might awaken the dead !"

" I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,  
" That Mary would venture there now."  
" Then wager, and lose !" with a sneer he replied ;  
" I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,  
And faint if she saw a white cow."

" Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ?"  
His companion exclaimed with a smile ;  
" I shall win,—for I know she will venture there now,  
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough  
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,  
And her way to the Abbey she bent.  
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,  
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,  
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid;  
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight.  
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid;  
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade  
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast  
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;  
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she past,  
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,  
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well-pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near  
And hastily gather'd the bough;  
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear:  
She paused, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,  
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,  
She listen'd,—nought else could she hear.  
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,  
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread  
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear  
She crept to conceal herself there:  
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,  
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,  
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdled cold!  
Again the rough wind hurried by,—  
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold  
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd—  
She felt, and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaimed; "Nay, come on here, and hide  
The dead body," his comrade replied.  
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,  
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,  
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,  
She gazed horribly eager around,  
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,  
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor.  
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,  
 For a moment the hat met her view;—  
 Her eyes from that object convulsively start,  
 For—O God! what cold horror then thrill'd through her heart  
 When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands on the common hard by,  
 His gibbet is now to be seen;  
 His irons you still from the road may espy,  
 The traveller beholds them, and thinks, with a sigh,  
 Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

---

### THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THOMAS NOEL.

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,  
 To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;  
 The road it is rough and the hearse has no springs;  
 And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:

*Rattle his bones over the stones!*

*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none—  
 He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone—  
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;  
 To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:

*Rattle his bones over the stones!*

*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing and din!  
 The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!  
 How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!  
 The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

*Rattle his bones over the stones!*

*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach  
 To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!  
 He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;  
 But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast!

*Rattle his bones over the stones!*

*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed—  
 Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!  
 And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,  
 You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!

*Rattle his bones over the stones!*

*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

But a truce to this strain ; for my soul it is sad,  
To think that a heart in humanity clad  
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,  
And depart from the light without leaving a friend !

*Bear soft his bones over the stones !*

*Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns.*

---

## THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.\*

THOMAS DAVIS.

[Thomas Davis was one of that band of advanced Irish patriots who thought that they could supersede in Ireland, "Moore's Irish Melodies," because they did not go far enough for them. Fortunately for Davis's chance of future fame, he did not confine his lyrics to political ones. We are told that he wrote the greater portion of them in a single year, 1844; and this, too, in addition to a great quantity of other writing for the journal with which he was connected—"The Nation." Apart from his political songs, he wrote with great tenderness. He was born in 1814, and died in 1854.]

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—  
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles—  
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;  
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;  
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;  
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray—  
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—  
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;  
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.  
The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem conscious of the calm;  
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.  
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that  
glide,  
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide.  
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—  
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

---

\* Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a Castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighbourhood is most interesting.—See "The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork," by Charles Smith, M.D., vol. i. p. 270. Second edition. Dublin, 1774.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street:  
 And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet.—  
 A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "the roof is in a flame!"  
 From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and  
 dame—

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,  
 And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—  
 The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—  
 Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;  
 Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was  
 gored;

Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutching wild;  
 Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child;  
 But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,  
 While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—  
 Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,  
 There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore!

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began to sing—  
 They see not now the milking-maids—deserted is the spring!  
 Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—  
 These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;  
 They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood be-  
 spreht,

And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—  
 Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléire, and saw five leagues  
 before

The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—  
 This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jereed.  
 Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;  
 And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.  
 The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey—  
 She's safe—she's dead—she stabbed him in the midst of his Serai;  
 And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,  
 She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,  
 And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,  
 Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—  
 'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he, who steered the Algerine!  
 He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,  
 For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—  
 Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the Norman o'er—  
 Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

## GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

WILL CARLETON.

[See p. 439.]

JOHN.

I'VE worked in the field all day, a' plowin' the "stony streak;"  
 I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are  
 weak;

I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)  
 When the plow-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my  
 ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;  
 I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;  
 And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,  
 And Jane wont say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here's she's left the key,  
 Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;  
 I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell mell!  
 But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!  
 The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a-going away;  
 I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;  
 But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;  
 There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.  
 There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;  
 But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!  
 May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion stings!  
 Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,  
 And now with a scratch of pen, she's let my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll sometime rue this day!  
 She'll sometime learn that hate is a game that two can play;  
 And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;  
 And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she  
 Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;  
 And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,  
 That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,  
 And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,  
 She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;  
 And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,  
 And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind ;  
 And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no !  
 I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so !

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had  
 That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad ;  
 And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last ;  
 But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried them in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse ;  
 She'll have trouble enough ; she shall not have my curse ;  
 But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—  
 That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer  
 man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress ! it makes my poor eyes blur !  
 It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twere holdin' her !  
 And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,  
 And yonder's her weddin' gown : I wonder she didn't take that !

'Twas only the other day, she called me her " dearest dear,"  
 And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here ;  
 O God ! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell ;  
 Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell !

Good-bye ! I would that death had severed us two apart,  
 You've lost a worshipper here—you've crushed a lovin' heart.  
 I'll worship no woman again ; but I guess I'll learn to pray,  
 And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you ran away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,  
 And if I thought I had some influence up there,  
 I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,  
 As happy and gay as I was half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what litter here ! you've thrown things all around !  
 Come, what's the matter now ? and what 've lost or found ?  
 And here's my father here, awaiting for supper too ;  
 I've been a-riding with him—he's that " handsomer man than you."

Ha ! ha ! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,  
 And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John,  
 Why, John, you look so strange ! Come, what has crossed your  
 track ?  
 I was only a-joking you know, I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream ?  
 It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream ;

And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;  
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—why didn't I understand?  
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.  
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,  
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell!

(By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.).

## A BUNCH OF PRIMROSES.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

[See p. 415.]

'Tis only a faded primrose, dying for want of air,  
I and my drooping sisters lie in a garret bare.  
We were plucked from the pleasant woodland only a week ago,  
But our leaves have lost their beauty, and our heads are bending  
low.

We grew in a yellow cluster under a shady tree,  
In a spot where the winds came wooing straight from the Sussex  
sea;

And the brisk breeze kissed us boldly as we nodded to and fro  
In the smiling April weather, only a week ago.

Only a week this morning! Ah, me! but it seems a year  
Since the only dew on our petals was a woman's briny tear;  
Since the breeze and the merry sunshine were changed for this  
stifling gloom,

And the soot of the smoky chimneys rob us of our bloom.

We grew in a nook so quiet, behind a hedge so high!  
We were hid from the peeping children who, laughing, passed us by,  
But a primrose-gatherer spied us—his cruel hand came down;  
We were plucked in the early morning, and packed and sent to  
town.

We were tossed in a busy market from grimy hand to hand,  
Till a great rough woman took us, and hawked us about the  
Strand;

Clutched in her dirty fingers our tender stalks were tied,  
And "a penny a bunch, who'll buy 'em?—fine primroses!" she  
cried.

We lay on the woman's basket till a white-faced girl came past;  
There was, O such a world of yearning in the lingering look she  
cast—

Cast on the troubled bunches—a look that seemed to say,  
"O, if I only had you!"—but she sighed and she turned away.

G G



She was only gone for a moment, and then she was back again ;  
She'd the look on her pale, pinched features that told of the hunger  
    pain ;  
She held in her hand the penny that ought to have bought her  
    bread,  
But she dropped it into the basket and took us home instead.

Home—how we seemed to wither, as the light of day grew dim,  
And up to a London garret she bore us with weary limb !  
But her clasp it was kind and gentle, and there shone a light in  
    her eyes  
That made us think for a moment we were under our native skies.

She stole in the room on tiptoe, and "Alice !" she softly said ;  
" See what I've brought you, Alice !" Then a sick girl raised her  
    head,

And a faint voice answered, " Darling, how kind of you to bring  
The flowers I love so dearly—I've longed for them all the spring.

" I've thought of it so often, the green bank far away,  
And the posies we used to gather—it seems but the other day ;  
Lay them beside my pillow, they'll last as long as I—  
How quickly in cruel London the country blossoms die ! "

We pined in our gloomy prison, and we thought how sweet we  
    were,  
Blooming among the hedgerows out in the balmy air,  
Where we gladdened the eyes that saw us, all in our yellow pride,  
And we thought how our lives were wasted as we lay by a sick  
    bedside.

We thought how our lives were wasted until we grew to know  
We were dear to the dying workgirl for the sake of the long ago ;  
That her anguish was half forgotten as she looked upon us and  
    went  
Back in her dreams to the woodland filled with the primrose scent.

We primroses are dying, and so is Alice fast ;  
But her sister sits beside her, watching her to the last,  
Working with swollen eyelids for the white slave's scanty wage,  
And starving to save her dying and to still the fever's rage.

We stood on the little table beside the sick girl's bed,  
And we know by the words she murmurs that she wanders in her  
    head ;  
She stretches her hand to take us, and laughs like a child at play—  
She thinks that she sees us growing on the old bank far away.

Forgotten the gloomy garret, the fierce and the fevered strife—  
Forgotten the weary journey that is ending with her life ;  
The black, black night has vanished, and the weary workgirl hies  
Back to her country childhood, plucking a primrose prize.

We have banished awhile her sorrow, we have brought back the sunny smile

That belongs to the children's faces in the days that are free from guile.

The Babylon roar comes floating up from the street below,  
Yet she lists to the gentle splashing of a brook in its springtide flow.

The gurgling brook in the meadow, with its primrose-laden brim—

How thick were the yellow clusters on the bank where she sat with him !

With him who had loved and lost her, who had trampled a blossom down.

Ah, me ! for the country blossoms brought to the cruel town !

Thank God for the good brave sister who found the lost one there ;

Who toiled with her for the pittance that paid for that garret bare ;

Who slaved when the wasted fingers grew all too slow to sew,

And hid all her troubles bravely that Alice might never know.

We have brought one country sunbeam to shine in that garret bare ;

But to-morrow will see us lifeless—killed by the poisoned air.

Then the primrose dream will vanish, and Alice will ask in vain

For the poor little yellow posy that made her a child again.

On to our faded petals there falls a scalding tear,

As we lie to-night in the bosom of her who held us dear.

We shall go to the grave together—for the workgirl lies at rest,

With a faded primrose posy clasped to her icy breast.

(By permission of the Author.)

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[See page 216.]

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,

Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !

And I'll give thee a silver pound

To row us o'er the ferry."

" Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,

This dark and stormy water ?"

" Oh ? I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,

And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men

Three days we've fled together ;

For, should he find us in the glen,

My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride ;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover ?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,  
"I'll go, my chief--I'm ready :—  
It is not for your silver bright ;  
But for your winsome lady :

"And by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry ;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking ;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh ! haste thee, haste !" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather :  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,—  
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing ;  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover :  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,  
"Across this stormy water ;  
And I'll forgive your highland chief,  
My daughter !—oh ! my daughter !"

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing :  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

## ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

[Gray was born in London in 1716, educated at Eton and Cambridge, and he entered himself at the Inner Temple for the purpose of studying for the bar. He then became intimate with Horace Walpole, and accompanied him in his tour of Europe, returning alone in 1741. In 1741 he published his "Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College," and in 1751 his ever-famous "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." His principal poem is "The Bard," published in 1757, in which year he was offered, but declined, the office of Laureate, vacant by the death of Cibber. In 1768 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He died 1771.]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds;  
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
 No children run to lip their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:  
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!  
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour :  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll :  
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest ;  
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones, from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies :  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dew away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;  
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :  
 He gave to misery all he had—a tear ;  
 He gained from heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;  
 There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

---

### THE DYING GLADIATOR.

LORD BYRON.

[See page 205.]

THE seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power !  
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here  
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,  
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;  
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear  
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene  
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,  
 That we become a part of what has been,  
 And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran  
 In murmur'd pity, or loud roar'd applause,  
 As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.  
 And wherefore slaughter'd ? wherefore, but because  
 Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,  
 And the imperial pleasure—Wherefore not ?  
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
 Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot ?  
 Both are but theatres where chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie :  
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony ;  
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low ;  
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder shower ; and now  
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;  
 He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—

*There* were his young barbarians all at play ;  
*There* was their Dacian mother—he their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday :  
All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire,  
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

---

## LADY CLARE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[See page 126.]

It was the time when lilies blow,  
And clouds are highest up in air,  
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
To give to his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :  
Lovers long-betrothed were they :  
They two will wed the morrow morn ;  
God's blessing on the day !

“He does not love me for my birth,  
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;  
He loves me for my own true worth,  
And that is well,” said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse,  
Said, “Who was this that went from thee ?”  
“It was my cousin,” said Lady Clare,  
“To-morrow he weds with me.”

“Oh ! God be thanked !” said Alice, the nurse,  
“That all comes round so just and fair :  
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
And you are not the Lady Clare.”

“Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse ?”  
Said Lady Clare, “that ye speak so wild ?”  
“As God's above,” said Alice, the nurse,  
“I speak the truth : you are my child.

“The old Earl's daughter died at my breast—  
I speak the truth as I live by bread !  
I buried her like my own sweet child,  
And put my child in her stead.”

“Falsely, falsely have you done,  
Oh ! mother,” she said, “if this be true,  
To keep the best man under the sun  
So many years from his due.”



"Nay, now, my child," said Alice, the nurse,  
 "But keep the secret for your life,  
 And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,  
 When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,  
 "I will speak out, for I dare not lie;  
 Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,  
 And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice, the nurse,  
 "But keep the secret all ye can."  
 She said, "Not so: but I will know  
 If there be any faith in man."

"Nay, now, what faith?" said Alice, the nurse,  
 "The man will cleave unto his right."  
 "And he shall have it," the lady replied,  
 "Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!  
 Alas! my child, I sinned for thee."  
 "Oh! mother, mother, mother," she said,  
 "So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,  
 My mother dear, if this be so,  
 And lay your hand upon my head,  
 And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,  
 She was no longer Lady Clare:  
 She went by dale, and she went by down,  
 With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought  
 Leapt up from where she lay,  
 Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,  
 And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:  
 "Oh! Lady Clare, you shame your worth!  
 Why come you drest like a village maid,  
 That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,  
 I am but as my fortunes are:  
 I am a beggar born," she said,  
 "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
 "For I am yours in word and deed.  
 Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
 "Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh! and proudly stood she up!  
Her heart within her did not fail!  
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;  
He turned and kissed her where she stood:  
"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,  
We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

(By permission of Messrs. Moxon & Co.)

---

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[See page 161.]

It was the schooner *Hesperus*  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow,  
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor  
Had sailed the Spanish Main—  
"I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-east;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,  
Then leapt her cable's length.

"Come hither—come hither, my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her in his seaman's coat,  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh! father! I hear the church-bells ring—  
Oh! say, what may it be?  
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"  
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh! father! I hear the sound of guns;  
Oh! say, what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!"

"Oh! father! I see a gleaming light;  
Oh! say, what may it be?"  
But the father answered never a word—  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gust between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows:  
She drifted a dreary wreck;  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool;  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the mast went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At day-break, on the black sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,  
In the midnight and the snow.  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

---

## HORATIUS KEEPS THE BRIDGE.

LORD MACAULAY.

[See page 89.]

Out spake the Consul roundly:  
"The bridge must straight go down;  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Nought else can save the town."  
Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The captain of the gate:  
"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods?  
"And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame,  
To save them from false Sextus  
That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may ;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon straight path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now, who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me ?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;  
A Ramnian proud was he ;  
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee."  
And out spake strong Herminius ;  
Of Titian blood was he :  
"I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
"As thou say'st, so let it be."  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless Three.  
For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;  
Then all were for the state ;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great ;  
Then lands were fairly portioned ;  
Then spoils were fairly sold ;  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman  
More hateful than a foe,  
And the tribunes beard the high,  
And the fathers grind the low.  
As we wax hot in faction,  
In battle we wax cold ;  
Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening  
The harness on their backs,  
The Consul was the foremost man  
To take in hand an axe ;  
And fathers mixed with commons,  
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
And smote upon the planks above,  
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Came flashing back the noonday light,  
Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
Of a broad sea of gold.  
Four hundred trumpets sounded  
A peal of warlike glee,  
As that great host, with measured tread,  
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,  
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose;  
And forth the Three came spurring  
Before that deep array,  
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow way.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,  
Lord of the Hill of Vines;  
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
Sicken in Ilva's mines;  
And Picus, long to Clusium  
Vassal in peace and war,  
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
From that great crag where, girt with towers,  
The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
Into the stream beneath;  
Herminius struck at Seius,  
And clove him to the teeth:  
At Picus brave Horatius  
Darted one fiery thrust;  
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then all Etruria's noblest  
Felt their hearts sick to see  
On the earth the bloody corpses,  
In the path the dauntless Three:  
And, from the ghastly entrance  
Where those bold Romans stood,  
All shrank, like boys who unaware,  
Ranging the woods to start a hare.

Come to the mouth of the dark lair,  
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
To lead such dire attack ;  
But those behind cried " Forward !"  
And those before cried " Back !"  
And backward now and forward  
Wavers the deep array ;  
And on the tossing sea of steel,  
To and fro the standards reel ;  
And the victorious trumpet-peal  
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
Have manfully been plied ;  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
Above the boiling tide.  
" Come back, come back, Horatius !"  
Loud cried the fathers all,  
" Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !  
Back, ere the ruin fall !"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,  
Herminius darted back :  
And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
They felt the timbers crack.  
But when they turned their faces,  
And on the farther shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosened beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream :  
And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken,  
When first he feels the rein,  
The furious river struggled hard,  
And tossed his tawny mane,  
And burst the curb, and bounded,  
Rejoicing to be free,  
And whirling down in fierce career,  
Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
But constant still in mind;  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
And the broad flood behind.  
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face.  
"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena,  
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see;  
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,  
To Sextus nought spake he;  
But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home;  
And he spake to the noble river,  
That rolls by the towers of Rome,

"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber!  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
Take them in charge this day!"  
So he spake, and speaking sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And, with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank;  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With panting lip and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank;  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain;  
And fast his blood was flowing,  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armour,  
And spent with changing blows;  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing place;



But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good Father Tiber  
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,  
"Will not the villain drown?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town!"  
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,  
"And bring him safe to shore,  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;  
Now on dry earth he stands;  
Now round him throng the Fathers  
To press his gory hands;  
And now with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River-Gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn till night:  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high,  
And there it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,  
Plain for all folk to see;  
Horatius in his harness,  
Halting upon one knee:  
And underneath is written,  
In letters all of gold,  
How valiantly he kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
To charge the Volscian home:  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold  
As his who kept the bridge so well  
In the brave days of old,

And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north winds blow,

And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow ;  
When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit,  
When the chesnuts glow in the embers  
And the kid turns on the spit ;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close ;  
When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armour,  
And trims his helmet's plume ;  
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom ;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

(By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.)

---

## HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE.

(IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.)

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary, 1772; he was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he obtained an exhibition to Jesus College, Cambridge. Leaving College in debt, it was only a trifle, about 100*l.*, he came to London and enlisted as a private in the 15th Light Dragoons, in which he served but four months, being discovered by his friends and bought out. He was then but twenty-two years of age, and published a volume of juvenile poems by subscription. After this, to use his own words, he wasted "the prime and manhood of his intellect" amidst daily drudgery for the periodical press; the literary and political department of the *Morning Post* being some time under his charge. In 1804 he went to Malta as Secretary to the Governor, but he only remained nine months. In 1816 he published, at the recommendation of Lord Byron, his "Christabel," a wild and wondrous poem, the first part of which was written in 1797, about which time "The Ancient Mariner" was also composed. He died at the house of a friend in Highgate, in 1834.]

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause  
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines

How silently ! Around thee and above  
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,  
 As with a wedge ! but when I look again,  
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
 Thy habitation from eternity !  
 O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee,  
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer  
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,  
 Yea with my life, and life's own secret joy :  
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven !

Awake my soul ! not only passive praise  
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,  
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale !  
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,  
 And visited all night by troops of stars,  
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink :  
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,  
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
 Co-herald ! wake, O wake, and utter praise !  
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?  
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?  
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !  
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
 For ever shattered and the same for ever ?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?  
 And who commanded—and the silence came—  
 "Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?"

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !  
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,  
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garments at your feet?—  
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, God!

God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!  
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet, the avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—  
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou  
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,  
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise,  
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!  
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,  
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

---

### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[See page 170.]

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.  
Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,  
Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;  
On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—  
Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.  
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten:  
Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down:  
In her attic-window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.  
Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.  
Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.  
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle-blast.  
It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.  
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;  
She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.  
"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.  
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;  
The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word:  
"Who touches a hair of yon grey head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.  
All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:  
All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.  
Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well:  
And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.  
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.  
Honour to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.  
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave  
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!  
Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;  
And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

# MAHMOUD.

LEIGH HUNT.

[See page 427.]

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan  
 Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,  
 And crying out—"My sorrow is my right,  
 And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."  
 "Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing;  
 I recognise its right, as king with king;  
 Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"  
 Exclaim'd the staring man, "and tortures us:  
 One of thine officers; he comes, the abhorr'd,  
 And takes possession of my house, my board,  
 My bed;—I have two daughters and a wife,  
 And the wild villain comes and makes me mad with life."  
 "Is he there now?" said Mahmoud.—"No;—he left  
 The house when I did, of my wits bereft;  
 And laugh'd me down the street, because I vow'd  
 I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.  
 I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery,  
 And oh, thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!"  
 The Sultan comforted the man, and said,  
 "Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread,"  
 (For he was poor) "and other comforts. Go;  
 And should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."  
 In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,  
 And shaken voice, the suitor re-appeared,  
 And said, "He's come."—Mahmoud said not a word,  
 But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,  
 And went with the vex'd man. They reach the place,  
 And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,  
 That to the window flutter'd in affright:  
 "Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;  
 But tell the females first to leave the room;  
 And when the drunkard follows them, we come."  
 The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!  
 A table falls, the window is struck dark:  
 Forth rush the breathless women; and behind  
 With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.  
 In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,  
 And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life  
 "Now *light* the light," the Sultan cried aloud.  
 'Twas done; he took it in his hand and bow'd  
 Over the corpse, and look'd upon the face;  
 Then turn'd and knelt, and to the throne of grace  
 Put up a prayer, and from his lips there crept  
 Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the beholders wait,  
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;  
And when he had refresh'd his noble heart,  
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amaz'd, all mildness now and tears,  
Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,  
And begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave  
The reason first of that command he gave  
About the light; then, when he saw the face,  
Why he knelt down; and lastly, how it was  
That fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place.

The Sultan said, with a benignant eye,  
"Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,  
I could not rid me of a dread, that one  
By whom such daring villanies were done,  
Must be some lord of mine,—ay, e'en perhaps a son.  
For this I had the light put out: but when  
I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,  
I knelt and thanked the sovereign Arbiter,  
Whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear;  
And then I rose and was refresh'd with food,  
The first time since thy voice had marr'd my solitude."

---

## THE DELUGE.

ANONYMOUS.

THE judgment was at hand. Before the sun  
Gathered tempestuous clouds, which, blackening, spread  
Until their blended masses overwhelmed  
The hemisphere of day: and adding gloom  
To night's dark empire, swift from zone to zone  
Swept the vast shadow, swallowing up all light,  
And covering the encircling firmament  
As with a mighty pall! Low in the dust  
Bowed the affrighted nations, worshipping.  
Anon the o'ercharged garner of the storm  
Burst with their growing burden; fierce and fast  
Shot down the ponderous rain, a sheeted flood,  
That slanted not before the baffled winds,  
But with an arrowy and unwavering rush,  
Dashed hissing earthward. Soon the rivers rose,  
And roaring, fled their channels; the calm lakes  
Awoke exulting from their lethargy,  
And poured destruction on their peaceful shores.

The lightning flickered on the deluged air,  
And feebly through the shout of gathering waves  
Muttered the stifled thunder. Day nor night  
Ceased the descending streams; and if the gloom

A little brightened, when the lurid morn  
Rose on the starless midnight, 'twas to show  
The lifting up of waters. Bird and beast  
Forsook the flooded plains, and wearily  
The shivering multitudes of human doomed  
Toiled up before the insatiate element.

Oceans were blent, and the leviathan  
Was borne aloft on the ascending seas  
To where the eagle nestled. Mountains now  
Were the sole land-marks, and their sides were clothed  
With clustering myriads, from the weltering waste  
Whose surges clasped them, to their topmost peaks,  
Swathed in the stooping cloud. The hand of death  
Smote millions as they climbed; yet denser grew  
The crowded nations, as the encroaching waves  
Narrowed their little world.

And in that hour,  
Did no man aid his fellow. Love of life  
Was the sole instinct, and the strong-limbed son,  
With imprecations, smote the palsied sire  
That clung to him for succour. Woman trod  
With wavering steps the precipice's brow,  
And found no arm to grasp on the dread verge  
O'er which she leaned and trembled. Selfishness  
Sat like an incubus on every heart,  
Smothering the voice of love. The giant's foot  
Was on the stripling's neck; and oft despair  
Grappled the ready steel, and kindred blood  
Polluted the last remnant of that earth  
Which God was deluging to purify.  
Huge monsters from the plains, whose skeletons  
The mildew of succeeding centuries  
Has failed to crumble, with unwieldy strength  
Crush'd through the solid crowds; and fiercest birds  
Beat down by the ever-rushing rain,  
With blinded eyes, drenched plumes, and trailing wings  
Staggered unconscious o'er the trampled prey.

The mountains were submerged; the barrier chains  
That mapped out nations, sank; until at length  
One Titan peak alone o'ertopped the waves,  
Beaconing a sunken world. And of the tribes  
That blackened every Alp, one man survived:  
And he stood shuddering, hopeless, shelterless,  
Upon that fragment of the universe.  
The surges of the universal sea  
Broke on his naked feet. On his grey head,  
Which fear, not time, had silvered, the black cloud  
Poured its un pitying torrents; while around,  
In the green twilight dimly visible,



Rolled the grim legions of the ghastly drowned,  
And seemed to beckon with their tossing arms  
Their brother to his doom.

He smote his brow,  
And, maddened, would have leaped to their embrace,  
When, lo ! before him riding on the deep,  
Loomed a vast fabric, and familiar sounds  
Proclaimed that it was peopled. Hope once more  
Cheered the wan outcast, and imploringly  
He stretched his arms forth toward the floating walls,  
And cried aloud for mercy. But *his* prayer  
*Man* might not answer, whom his *God* condemned.  
The ark swept onward, and the billows rose  
And buried their last victim !

Then the gloom  
Broke from the face of heaven, and sunlight streamed  
Upon the shoreless sea, and on the roof  
That rose for shelter o'er the living germ  
Whose increase should repopulate a world.

---

### THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.

[See page 205.]

OH ! that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love but only her !  
Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir  
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not  
Accord me such a being ? Do I err,  
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?  
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain,

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wield  
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray,  
And howling to his gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
The image of eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeyes thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea

Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD.

[See p. 431.]

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread—  
     Stitch—stitch—stitch !  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work !  
 While the cock is crowing aloof ;  
 And work—work—work  
 Till the stars shine through the roof !  
 It's O ! to be a slave  
 Along with the barbarous Turk,  
 Where woman has never a soul to save,  
 If this is Christian work !

"Work—work—work !  
 Till the brain begins to swim ;  
 Work—work—work !  
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim !  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,—  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
 And sew them on in a dream !

"O ! men with sisters dear !  
 O ! men with mothers and wives !  
 It is not linen you're wearing out,  
 But human creatures' lives !  
     Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death !  
 That phantom of grisly bone,  
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
 It seems so like my own—

It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep.  
Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!  
My labour never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags.  
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—  
A table,—a broken chair,—  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there.

“Work—work—work!  
From weary chime to chime,  
Work—work—work—  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work,  
In the dull December light,  
And work—work—work,  
When the weather is warm and bright—  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs  
And twit me with the spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet!  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh! but for one short hour!  
A respite, however brief!  
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
But only time for Grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red.

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread—  
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—  
 Would that its tone could reach the Rich!  
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

*(By permission of Messrs. Mozon and Co.)*

## THE BOAT-RACE.

W. C. BENNETT.

[Mr. William Cox Bennett is the son of a watchmaker, of Greenwich, where he was born, 1820. About 1845 he began to contribute poems to the various periodicals; but it was not until the publication of his "Baby May and other Poems," and his "Worn Wedding Ring and other Poems," 1861, that he attracted the attention he deserved. Since then his fame may be said to be established, and he now occupies a prominent position among the minor poets of the day.]

"THERE, win the cup, and you shall have my girl.  
 I won it, Ned; and you shall win it too,  
 Or wait a twelvemonth. Books—for ever books!  
 Nothing but talk of poets and their rhymes!  
 I'd have you, boy, a man, with thews and strength  
 To breast the world with, and to cleave your way,  
 No maudlin dreamer, that will need her care,  
 She needing yours. There—there—I love you, Ned,  
 Both for your own, and for your mother's sake:  
 So win our boat-race, and the cup, next month,  
 And you shall have her." With a broad, loud laugh,  
 A jolly triumph at his rare conceit,  
 He left the subject; and across the wine,  
 We talked,—or rather, all the talk was his,—  
 Of the best oarsmen that his youth had known,  
 Both of his set, and others—Clare, the boast  
 Of Jesus',—and young Edmonds, he who fell,  
 Cleaving the ranks at Lucknow; and, to-day,  
 There was young Chester might be named with them;  
 "Why, boy, I'm told his room is lit with cups  
 Won by his sculls. Ned, if he rows, he wins;  
 Small chance for you, boy!" And again his laugh,  
 With its broad thunder, turn'd my thoughts to gall;  
 But yet I mask'd my humour with a mirth  
 Moulded on his; and, feigning haste, I went,  
 But left not. Through the garden porch I turned,  
 But, on its sun-fleck'd seats, its jessamine shades  
 Trembled on no one. Down the garden's paths  
 Wander'd my eye, in rapid quest of one

Sweeter than all its roses, and across  
Its gleaming lilies and its azure bells,  
There, in the orchard's greenness, down beyond  
Its sweetbriar hedge-row, found her—found her there,  
A summer blossom that the peering sun  
Peep'd at through blossoms,—that the summer airs  
Waver'd down blossoms on, and amorous gold,  
Warm as that rain'd on Danaë. With a step,  
Soft as the sun-light, down the pebbled path  
I pass'd; and, ere her eye could cease to count  
The orchard daisies, in some summer mood  
Dreaming (was I her thought?) my murmur'd "Kate"  
Shock'd up the tell-tale roses to her cheek,  
And lit her eyes with starry lights of love  
That dimm'd the daylight. Then I told her all,  
And told her that her father's jovial jest  
Should make her mine, and kiss'd her sunlit tears  
Away, and all her little trembling doubts,  
Until hope won her heart to happy dreams,  
And all the future smiled with happy love.  
Nor, till the still moon, in the purpling east  
Gleam'd through the twilight, did we stay our talk,  
Or part, with kisses, looks, and whisper'd words  
Remember'd for a lifetime. Home I went,  
And in my College rooms what blissful hopes  
Were mine!—what thoughts, that still'd to happy dreams,  
Where Kate, the fadeless summer of my life,  
Made my years Eden, and lit up my home,  
(The ivied rectory my sleep made mine),  
With little faces, and the gleams of curls,  
And baby crows, and voices twin to hers.  
O happy night! O more than happy dreams!  
But with the earliest twitter from the eaves,  
I rose, and, in an hour, at Clifford's yard,  
As if but boating were the crown of life,  
Forgetting Tennyson, and books and rhymes,  
I throng'd my brain with talk of lines and curves,  
And all that makes a wherry sure to win,  
And furbish'd up the knowledge that I had,  
Ere study put my boyhood's feats away,  
And made me book-worm; all that day, my hand  
Grew more and more familiar with the oar,  
And won by slow degrees, as reach by reach  
Of the green river lengthen'd on my sight,  
Its by-laid cunning back; so day by day,  
From when dawn touch'd our elm-tops, till the moon  
Gleam'd through the slumbrous leafage of our lawns,  
I flash'd the flowing Isis from my oars  
And dream'd of triumph and the prize to come,  
And breathed myself, in sport, one after one,

Against the men with whom I was to row,  
Until I fear'd but Chester—him alone.  
So June stole on to July, sun by sun,  
And the day came; how well I mind that day!  
Glorious with summer, not a cloud abroad  
To dim the golden greenness of the fields,  
And all a happy hush about the earth,  
And not a hum to stir the drowsing noon,  
Save where along the peopled towing-paths,  
Banking the river, swarm'd the city out,  
Loud of the contest, bright as humming-birds,  
Two winding rainbows by the river's brinks,  
That flush'd with boats and barges, silken-awn'd,  
Shading the fluttering beauties of our balls,  
Our College toasts, and gay with jest and laugh,  
Bright as their champagne. One, among them all,  
My eye saw only; ore, that morning, left  
With smiles that hid the terrors of my heart,  
And spoke of certain hope, and mock'd at fears—  
One, that upon my neck had parting hung  
Arms white as daisies—on my bosom hid  
A tearful face that sobb'd against my heart,  
Fill'd with what fondness! yearning with what love!  
O hope, and would the glad day make her mine!  
O hope, was hope a prophet, truth alone?  
There was a murmur in my heart of "yes,"  
That sung to slumber every wakening fear  
That still would stir and shake me with its dread.  
And now a hush was on the wavering crowd  
That sway'd along the river, reach by reach,  
A grassy mile, to where we were to turn—  
A barge moor'd mid-stream, flush'd with fluttering flags  
And we were ranged, and at the gun we went,  
As in a horse-race, all at first a-crowd;  
Then, thinning slowly, one by one dropt off;  
Till, rounding the moor'd mark, Chester and I  
Left the last lingerer with us lengths astern,  
The victory hopeless. Then I knew the strife  
Was come, and hoped 'gainst fear, and, oar to oar,  
Strained to the work before me. Head to head  
Through the wild-cheering river-banks we clove  
The swarming waters, raining streams of toil;  
But Chester gain'd, so much his tutor'd strength  
Held on, enduring,—mine still waning more,  
And parting with the victory, inch by inch,  
Yet straining on, as if I strove with death,  
Until I groan'd with anguish. Chester heard,  
And turn'd a wondering face upon me quick,  
And toss'd a laugh across, with jesting words:  
"What, Ned, my boy, and do you take it so?"

The cup's not worth the moaning of a man,  
 No, nor the triumph. Tush! boy, I *must* win."  
 Then from the anguish of my heart a cry  
 Burst: "Kate, O dearest Kate—O love—we lose!"  
 "Ah! I've a Kate, too, here to see me win,"  
 He answered: "Faith! my boy, I pity you."  
 "Oh, if you lose," I answered, "you but lose  
 A week's wild triumph, and its praise and pride;  
 I, losing, lose what priceless years of joy!  
 Perchance a life's whole sum of happiness—  
 What years with her that I might call my wife!  
 Winning, I win her!" O thrice noble heart!  
 I saw the mocking laugh fade from his face;  
 I saw a nobler light light up his eyes;  
 I saw the flush of pride die into one  
 Of manly tenderness and sharp resolve;  
 No word he spoke; one only look he threw,  
 That told me all; and, ere my heart could leap  
 In prayers and blessings rain'd upon his name,  
 I was before him, through the tracking eyes  
 Of following thousands, heading to the goal,  
 The shouting goal, that hurl'd my conquering name  
 Miles wide in triumph, "Chester foil'd at last!"  
 O how I turn'd to him! with what a heart!  
 Unheard the shouts—unseen the crowding gaze  
 That ring'd us. How I wrung his answering hand  
 With grasps that bless'd him, and with flush that told  
 I shamed to hear my name more loud than his,  
 And spurn'd its triumph. So I won my wife,  
 My own dear wife; and so I won a friend,  
 Chester, more dear than all but only her  
 And these, the small ones of my College dreams.

---

## THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE

LORD MACAULAY.

[See p. 89.]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!  
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!  
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of  
 France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.  
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
 For cold and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.  
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.



Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day  
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array :  
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.  
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!  
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand!  
 And as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,  
 And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;  
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,  
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.  
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,  
 Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the  
 King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,  
 And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din  
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!  
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,  
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.  
 "Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
 Charge for the Golden Lilies now—upon them with the lance!"  
 A thousand spears are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;  
 And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,  
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his  
 rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.  
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
 The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail;  
 And then, we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
 "Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.  
 But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:  
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."  
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
 As our sovereign lord King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!  
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.  
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearsmen's  
 souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!  
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!  
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,  
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.  
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;  
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

(By permission of Messrs. Longman, Green and Co.)

## THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

[Mr. Thornbury's "Lays and Legends of the New World," and "Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads," both prove that he has studied to advantage. In prose he has written the "History of the Buccaneers," and "Shakespeare's England"—works which exhibit great research, and breathe a pure antiquarian spirit. A successful novel, entitled "Every Man his own Trumpeter," and numerous contributions to the leading magazines, make up the rest of his literary labours. Mr. Thornbury was born in 1828; died 1876.]

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids,  
It seems but an hour ago,  
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,  
Returning blow for blow.  
The Mamelukes were tossing  
Their standards to the sky,  
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,  
*Teach me the way to die!*"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side  
Torn terribly with shot;  
But still he feebly beat his drum,  
As though the wound were not.  
And when the Mamelukes' wild horse  
Burst with a scream and cry,  
He said, "O men of the Forty-third,  
*Teach me the way to die!*"

"My mother has got other sons,  
With stouter hearts than mine,  
But none more ready blood for France  
To pour out free as wine.  
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned.  
"Fair are this earth and sky;  
Thén comrades of the Forty-third,  
*Teach me the way to die!*"

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,  
Wiping his burning eyes—  
It was by far more pitiful  
Than mere loud sobs and cries:

*Recitations.*

One bit his cartridge till his lip  
Grew black as winter sky,  
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,  
*Teach me the way to die !*"

O never saw I sight like that!  
The sergeant flung down flag,  
Even the fifer bound his brow  
With a wet and bloody rag,  
Then looked at locks and fixed their steel,  
But never made reply,  
Until he sobbed out once again,  
*"Teach me the way to die !"*

Then, with a shout that flew to God,  
They strode into the fray :  
I saw their red plumes join and wave,  
But slowly melt away.  
The last who went—a wounded man—  
Bade the poor boy good-bye,  
And said, "We men of the Forty-third  
*Teach you the way to die !"*

I never saw so sad a look  
As the poor youngster cast,  
When the hot smoke of cannon  
In cloud and whirlwind pass'd.  
Earth shook, and Heaven answered :  
I watched his eagle eye,  
As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-third  
*Teach me the way to die !"*

Then, with a musket for a crutch,  
He leaped into the fight ;  
I, with a bullet in my hip,  
Had neither strength nor might,  
But, proudly beating on his drum,  
A fever in his eye,  
I heard him moan "The Forty-third  
*Taught me the way to die !"*

They found him on the morrow,  
Stretched on a heap of dead ;  
His hand was in the grenadier's  
Who at his bidding bled.  
They hung a medal round his neck,  
And closed his dauntless eye ;  
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third  
*Taught him the way to die !"*

'Tis forty years from then till now—  
The grave gapes at my feet—

Yet when I think of such a boy  
I feel my old heart beat.  
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,  
Hearing a feeble cry,  
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third,  
*Teach me the way to die !*"

*(By permission of the Author.)*

---

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

THOMAS HOOD.

[See p. 431.]

'Twas in the prime of summer-time,  
An evening calm and cool,  
And four-and-twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school :  
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,  
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,  
And souls untouched by sin ;  
To a level mead they came, and there  
They drave the wickets in :  
Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
And shouted as they ran—  
Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can :  
But the usher sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;  
For a burning thought was in his brow,  
And his bosom ill at ease :  
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
Nor ever glanced aside ;  
For the peace of his soul he read that book  
In the golden eventide :  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shnt the ponderous tome ;  
With a fast and fervent grasp  
He strained the dusky covers close,  
And fixed the brazen hasp :  
“ O God, could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took ;  
Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
And past a shady nook :  
And lo ! he saw a little boy  
That pored upon a book !

“ My gentle lad, what is't you read—  
Romance or fairy fable ?  
Or is it some historic page,  
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”  
The young boy gave an upward glance—  
“ It is the death of Abel. ”

The usher took six hasty strides,  
As smit with sudden pain ;  
Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
Then slowly back again :  
And down he sat beside the lad,  
And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition saves ;  
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
And hid in sudden graves ;  
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,  
And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men  
Shriek upward from the sod—  
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point  
To show the burial clod ;  
And unknown facts of guilty acts,  
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walked the earth  
Beneath the curse of Cain—  
With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
And flames about their brain :  
For blood has left upon their souls  
Its everlasting stain !

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,  
Their pangs must be extreme—  
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—  
Who spill life's sacred stream !  
For why? Methought last night I wrought  
A murder in a dream !

"One that had never done me wrong—  
A feeble man, and old ;  
I led him to a lonely field,  
The moon shone clear and cold :  
Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
And I will have his gold !

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,  
And one with a heavy stone,  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—  
And then the deed was done :  
There was nothing lying at my foot,  
But lifeless flesh and bone !

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not do me ill ;  
And yet I feared him all the more,  
For lying there so still :  
There was a manhood in his look,  
That murder could not kill !

"And lo ! the universal air  
Seemed lit with ghastly flame—  
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
Were looking down in blame :  
I took the dead man by the hand,  
And called upon his name ;

"Oh, God ! it made me quake to see  
Such sense within the slain !  
But when I touched the lifeless clay,  
The blood gushed out amain !  
For every clot, a burning spot  
Was scorching in my brain !

"My head was like an ardent coal,  
My heart as solid ice ;  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew  
Was at the devil's price :  
A dozen times I groaned, the dead  
Had never groaned but twice ;

“And now from forth the frowning sky,  
From the heaven’s topmost height,  
I heard a voice—the awful voice,  
Of the blood-avenging sprite :  
‘Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,  
And hide it from my sight.’

“I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream—  
A sluggish water black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme.  
My gentle boy, remember this  
Is nothing but a dream !

“Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,  
And vanished in the pool ;  
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
And washed my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young  
That evening in the school !

“Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,  
And mine so black and grim !  
I could not share in childish prayer,  
Nor join in evening hymn :  
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,  
‘Mid holy cherubim !

“And peace went with them one and all,  
And each calm pillow spread ;  
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain  
That lighted me to bed,  
And drew my midnight curtains round,  
With fingers bloody red !

“All night I lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep ;  
My fevered eyes I dared not close,  
But stared aghast at sleep ;  
For sin had rendered unto her  
The keys of hell to keep !

“All night I lay in agony,  
From weary chime to chime,  
With one besetting horrid hint,  
That racked me all the time—  
A mighty yearning, like the first  
Fierce impulse unto crime !

“One stern, tyrannic thought, that made  
All other thoughts its slave;  
Stronger and stronger every pulse  
Did that temptation crave—  
Still urging me to go and see  
The dead man in his grave!

“Heavily I rose up—as soon  
As light was in the sky—  
And sought the black accursed pool  
With a wild misgiving eye;  
And I saw the dead in the river bed,  
For the faithless stream was dry!

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
The dewdrop from its wing;  
But I never marked its morning flight,  
I never heard it sing:  
For I was stooping once again  
Under the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,  
I took him up and ran—  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began;  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves  
I hid the murdered man!

“And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was other where!  
As soon as the midday task was done,  
In secret I was there:  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corse was bare!

“Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep;  
Or land or sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

“So wills the fierce avenging sprite,  
Till blood for blood atones!  
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh—  
The world shall see his bones!



" Oh, God, that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake !  
Again—again, with a dizzy brain  
The human life I take ;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

" And still no peace for the restless clay,  
Will wave or mould allow :  
The horrid thing pursues my soul—  
It stands before me now !"  
The fearful boy looked up, and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow !

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin's eyelids kissed,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
Through the cold and heavy mist ;  
And Eugene Aram walked between  
With gyves upon his wrists.

---

### WHERE ?

F. HOPE MERISCORD.

[This effective piece is copyright of the Author, who must be communicated with before it can be delivered before a paying audience.]

OH where shall I take me ? Where ? Where ?  
Where there is peace and rest,  
Oh where shall I take me from care—  
Care of the sore unblest ?

Oh where shall I hide my sorrow ?  
Where all my shame inurn ?  
Oh where is the bless'd to-morrow ?  
Where, oh where shall I turn ?

Oh where is my husband-lover ?  
Where is my child of sin ?  
Oh where is there aught to cover  
Shame of the thoughts within ?

Oh where is the bourn they have gained ?  
Lover and child both dead.  
Oh where shall I lay this o'er-pained,  
Weary and aching head ?

Oh where but in wild repentance  
Waste through this mortal pain ?

Oh where escape the vile sentence  
 Earn'd by an earthly stain ?  
 Oh where was my soul the moment,  
 That moment when I fell ?  
 Oh where shall I hide from torment,  
 Torment of living Hell ?  
 Oh where are the Christian matrons,  
 Where are the Christian men  
 Who'll venture to be my patrons  
 When they have heard, oh when  
 The charity never spoken  
 Here, in this callous life,  
 Would save a weak soul, all broken,  
 Broken with heavy strife ?  
 Then where shall I find this pity,  
 Charity—what you will—  
 Yes, where ? In this cruel city ?  
 Out upon yonder hill ?  
 No ! No ! I know the world better—  
 Better ! Ah, bad for me !  
 They'd say I was still their debtor,  
 Debtor for charity,  
 If toiling and drudging daily  
 Water and bread I got,  
 While they through the world go gaily  
 I may go starve and rot.  
 Thank God, there's a river flowing !  
 Death is the where for me ;  
 To death I can go, well knowing  
 Rest's in Eternity.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

---

## OUR FOLKS.

ETHEL LYNN.

[An American authoress of repute. Still living.]

"Hi ! Harry ! halt a breath, and tell a comrade just a thing or two ;  
 You've been on furlough ? been to see how all the folks in Jersey do ?—  
 It's long ago since I was there—I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks :—  
 When you were home, old comrade, say, did you see any of ' our folks ? "

You did? shake hands. That warms my heart; for, if I do look grim and rough,  
 I've got some feeling! People think a soldier's heart is nought but tough.  
 But, Harry, when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre flames and smokes,  
 While whole battalions lie a-field, one's apt to think about his folks.

"And did you seem them—when? and where? The Old Man—is he hearty yet?  
 And Mother—does she fade at all? or does she seem to pine and fret  
 For me? And Sis—has she grown tall? And did you see her friend—you know—that Annie Moss—How this pipe chokes:—  
 Where did you see her? Tell me, Hal, a lot of news about 'our folks.'

"You saw them in the church, you say; it's likely, for they're always there;  
 Not Sunday? No?—a funeral? Who, Harry, how you shake and stare!  
 All well, you say, and all were out—what ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?  
 Why don't you tell me, like a man, what is the matter with 'our folks?'"

"I said all well, old comrade—true; I say all well; for He knows best  
 Who takes the young ones in His arms before the sun goes to the west.  
 Death deals at random, right and left, and flowers fall as well as oaks;  
 And so—fair Annie blooms no more! and that's the matter with your 'folks.'

"But see, this curl was kept for you; and this white blossom from her breast;  
 And look—your sister Bessie wrote this letter, telling all the rest.  
 Bear up, old friend!" . . . . Nobody speaks; only the old camp-raven croaks,  
 And soldiers whisper:—"Boys, be still; there's some bad news from Grainger's 'folks.'"

He turns his back—the only foe that ever saw it—on this grief,  
 And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind Nature sends to woe's relief;  
 Then answers:—"Thank you, Hal, I'll try; but in my throat there's something chokes,  
 Because, you see, I've thought so long to count her in among 'our folks.'

"I daresay she is happier now; but that I can't help thinking,  
too,  
I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender, kind, and  
true—  
But may be not. . . . She's safe up there! and, when God's hands  
deals other strokes,  
She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know, and wait to welcome in  
'our folks.'"

---

## THE BRIDGE-KEEPER'S STORY.

W. A. EATON.

[See p. 436.]

"Do we have many accidents here, sir?"  
Well, no! but of one I could tell,  
If you wouldn't mind hearing the story,  
I have cause to remember it well!

You see how the drawbridge swings open  
When the vessels come in from the bay,  
When the New York express comes along, sir!  
That bridge must be shut right away!

You see how it's worked by the windlass,  
A child, sir, could manage it well,  
My brave little chap used to do it,  
But that's part of the tale I must tell!

It is two years ago come the autumn,  
I shall never forget it, I'm sure;  
I was sitting at work in the house here,  
And the boy played just outside the door!

You must know, that the wages I'm getting  
For the work on the line are not great,  
So I picked up a little shoemaking,  
And I manage to live at that rate.

I was pounding away on my lapstone,  
And singing as blithe as could be!  
Keeping time with the tap of my hammer  
On the work that I held at my knee.

And Willie, my golden-haired darling,  
Was tying a tail on his kite;  
His cheeks all aglow with excitement,  
And his blue eyes lit up with delight.

When the telegraph bell at the station  
Rang out the express on its way ;  
" All right, father ! " shouted my Willie,  
" Remember, I'm pointsman to-day ! "

I heard the wheel turn at the windlass,  
I heard the bridge swing on its way,  
And there came a cry from my darling,  
A cry, filled my heart with dismay.

" Help, father ! oh help me ! " he shouted.  
I sprang through the door with a scream,  
His clothes had got caught in the windlass,  
There he hung o'er the swift, rushing stream.

And there, like a speck in the distance,  
I saw the fleet oncoming train ;  
And the bridge that I thought safely fastened,  
Unclosed and swung backward again.

I rushed to my boy, ere I reached him,  
He fell in the river below.  
I saw his bright curls on the water,  
Borne away by the current's swift flow.

I sprang to the edge of the river,  
But there was the onrushing train,  
And hundreds of lives were in peril,  
Till that bridge was refastened again.

I heard a loud shriek just behind me,  
I turned, and his mother stood there,  
Looking just like a statue of marble,  
With her hands clasped in agonized prayer.

Should I leap in the swift-flowing torrent  
While the train went headlong to its fate,  
Or stop to refasten the drawbridge,  
And go to his rescue too late ?

I looked at my wife and she whispered,  
With choking sobs stopping her breath,  
" Do your duty, and Heaven will help you  
To save our own darling from death ! "

Quick as thought, then, I flew to the windlass,  
And fastened the bridge with a crash,  
Then just as the train rushed across it,  
I leaped in the stream with a splash.

How I fought with the swift-rushing water,  
How I battled till hope almost fled,  
But just as I thought I had lost him,  
Up floated his bright golden head.

How I eagerly seized on his girdle,  
As a miser would clutch at his gold,  
But the snap of his belt came unfastened,  
And the swift stream unloosened my hold.

He sank once again, but I followed,  
And caught at his bright clustering hair,  
And biting my lip till the blood came,  
I swam with the strength of despair !

We had got to a bend of the river,  
Where the water leaps down with a dash,  
I held my boy tighter than ever,  
And steelled all my nerves for the crash.

The foaming and thundering whirlpool  
Engulfed us, I struggled for breath,  
Then caught on a crag in the current,  
Just saved, for a moment, from death !

And there on the bank stood his mother,  
And some sailors were flinging a rope,  
It reached us at last, and I caught it,  
For I knew 'twas our very last hope !

And right up the steep rock they dragged us,  
I cannot forget, to this day,  
How I clung to the rope, while my darling  
In my arms like a dead baby lay.

And down on the greensward I laid him  
Till the colour came back to his face,  
And, oh, how my heart beat with rapture  
As I felt his warm, loving embrace !

There, sir, that's my story, a true one,  
Though it's far more exciting than some,  
It has taught me a lesson, and that is,  
" Do your duty, whatever may come ! "

*(By permission of the Author.)*



## THE STROLLERS.

ROBERT REECE.

[Mr. Reece is principally known as a pantomime and burlesque author. His little extravaganza, "Perfect Love," is an elegant specimen of poetic fancy and refined humour. Many charming lyrics, too, have emanated from his pen, and may be found among his various operatic libretti, notably in the English version of the abnormally successful "Les Cloches de Corneville," written in conjunction with Mr. H. B. Farnie. As a punster he would have excited the intense wrath of Dr. Johnson.]

THE little village, all astir,  
Has turned out, to a man, to greet them !  
And anxious urchins, wide agape,  
Run down the leafy lanes to meet them ;  
The crone who basks her wintry hair  
Half hidden in a russet hood,  
Looks up and wisely shakes her head,  
And murmurs, " Player folks no good ! "  
The sturdy clay-streaked plowmen pause,  
As two by two the strollers pass,  
And wonder if the Squire will swear  
At folk who " furret up his grass."  
The busybodies of the place  
Watch as the bills are posted there,  
And know exactly who these are,  
And how they've seen them at the Fair.  
How, " him, the thin one walking yon—  
Him with the lass that moves so slow,  
And leads the child with golden hair,  
Had played in Lunnnon years ago !  
And though their faces seem so wan,  
Them too, could play the King and Queen,  
And look—ah ! mortal fine at night ! "

\* \* \* \*

Then slowly wags the lumbering cart  
And slowly rises stage and tent,  
And through the cracks of yawning planks  
Sly youngsters peep in wonderment.  
And ere the sun has quite gone down,  
The band—a fiddle, horn, and drum—  
Perambulate the lane, and urge  
Reluctant villagers to come.  
Whilst, ere they play kings, queens, and knaves,  
And ere one half the seats are taken,  
The company has sallied forth  
To buy their humble eggs and bacon.  
What if they strut and fume and make  
Sad havoc with the text and action  
They have their mystery, their fame,

And "give their patrons satisfaction."  
And children point and wonder how  
That stooping man with face so long,  
With husky cough and dragging gait,  
"Be chap as sang that funny song!"  
And that same meagre figure there,  
So worn, so broken, and so mild,  
Could be the haughty tyrant king  
Who slew his wife and cursed his child!  
Ah! little fleeting fame ye seek!  
And little fleeting means of life!  
Too little for the hard-worked man,  
Too little for the ailing wife.  
No wonder if the tyrant seems  
So stern, so bony, and so gaunt;  
No wonder if his captive acts  
And "looks" so well disease and want!  
The ghost is halfway to his grave,  
And weakness gives his measured walk,  
And poor Ophelia's face is pale  
Without the adventitious chalk.  
The testy dotard of the stage,  
The "*heavy father*," as they say,  
Is heavy only in his heart,  
Nor wants a wig to make him gray,  
And he, whom vacant hinds applaud  
And roar at ere his jest is sped,  
May have his private tragedy,  
And scarce a place to lay his head.  
Ah! pardon all their little faults  
For the great woes they struggle through,  
And, when you quit the booth to-night,  
Pray God to bless the strollers too!

*(By permission of the Author.)*



# WIT AND HUMOUR.

## LOOK AT THE CLOCK!

REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

[The Rev. Mr. Barham was born at Canterbury, 1789, and educated at Oxford. He was a minor canon of St. Paul's, and rector of St. Augustine and St. Faith's, London. Mr. Barham's mind literally overflowed with wit, and he never attempted to restrain it; but he tempered it with the learning and classical knowledge he brought to bear upon every subject that he touched. It has been truly said of him, "for originality of style and diction, for quaint illustration and the musical flow of his muse, his poetry is not surpassed by anything of the same kind in the English language." Mr. Barham contributed many papers to the "Edinburgh Review," "Blackwood," and "Bentley's Miscellany;" it was in the latter, chiefly, that the "Ingoldsby Legends" first appeared. He died 1845.]

### FYTTE I.

"Look at the Clock!" quoth Winnifred Pryce,  
As she open'd the door to her husband's knock,  
Then paus'd to give him a piece of advice,

"You nasty warmint, look at the Clock!

Is this the way, you

Wretch, every day you

Treat her who vowed to love and obey you?—

Out all night!

Me in a fright!

Staggering home as it's just getting light!

You intoxicated brute!—you insensible block!—

Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!"

Winnifred Pryce was tidy and clean,

Her gown was a flower'd one, her petticoats green,

Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,

And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's;

Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,

Her gown-tail was turn'd up, and tuck'd through the pocket-holes;

A face like a ferret

Betoken'd her spirit:

To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,

Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now David Pryce  
Had one darling vice;  
Remarkably partial to anything nice,  
Nought that was good came to him amiss,  
Whether to eat, or to drink, or to kiss!  
Especially ale—  
If it was not too stale  
I really believe he'd have emptied a pail;  
Not that in Wales  
They talk of their Ales;  
To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you  
Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W.

That particular day,  
As I've heard people say,  
Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,  
And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots  
The whole afternoon, at the Goat-in-Boots,  
With a couple more soakers,  
Thoroughbred smokers,  
Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers;  
And long after day had drawn to a close,  
And the rest of the world was wrapp'd in repose,  
They were roaring out "Shenkin!" and "Ar hydd y nos;"  
While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,  
Sang, "We've drunk down the Sun, boys! let's drink down  
the Moon!

What have we with day to do?  
Mrs. Winnifred Pryce, 'twas made for you!"  
At length, when they couldn't well drink any more,  
Old "Goat-in-Boots" showed them the door:  
And then came that knock,  
And the sensible shock  
David felt when his wife cried, "Look at the Clock!"  
For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,  
The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three!

That self-same clock had long been a bone  
Of contention between this Darby and Joan,  
And often, among their pother and rout,  
When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,  
Pryce would drop a cool hint,  
With an ominous squint  
At its case, of an "Uncle" of his, who'd a "Spout."  
That horrid word "Spout"  
No sooner was out  
Than Winnifred Pryce would turn her about,  
And with scorn on her lip,  
And a hand on each hip,  
Spout" herself till her nose grew red at the tip,

"You thundering willin,  
 I know you'd be killing  
 Your wife—ay, a dozen of wives—for a shilling!  
 You may do what you please,  
 You may sell my chemise,  
 (Mrs. P. was too well-bred to mention her smock,)  
 But I never will part with my Grandmother's Clock!"

Mrs. Pryce's tongue rang long and ran fast;  
 But patience is apt to wear out at last,  
 And David Pryce in temper was quick,  
 So he stretch'd out his hand, and caught hold of a stick;  
 Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,  
 But walking just then wasn't very convenient.

So he threw it instead,  
 Direct at her head,  
 It knock'd off her hat;  
 Down she fell flat;

Her case perhaps was not much mended by that:  
 But whatever it was—whether rage and pain  
 Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,  
 Or her tumble produced a concussion of brain,  
 I can't say for certain—but *this* I can,  
 When sobered by fright, to assist her he ran,  
 Mrs. Winnifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne!

The fearful catastrophe  
 Named in my last strophe

As adding to grim Death's exploits such a vast trophy,  
 Made a great noise; and the shocking fatality  
 Ran over, like wild-fire, the whole Principality,  
 And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,  
 With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.

Mr. Pryce, to commence  
 His "ingenious defence,"

Made a "powerful appeal" to the jury's good sense:

"The world he must defy  
 Ever to justify

Any presumption of 'Malice Prepense.' "

The unlucky lick  
 From the end of his stick

He "deplored"—he was "apt to be rather too quick;"

But, really, her prating  
 Was so aggravating:

Some trifling correction was just what he meant:—all  
 The rest, he assured them, was "quite accidental!"

Then he calls Mr. Jones,  
 Who depones to her tones,

And her gestures, and hints about "breaking his bones;"  
 While Mr. Ap Morgan and Mr. Ap Rhys

Declare the Deceased  
 Had styled him “a Beast,”  
 And swear they had witnessed with grief and surprise,  
 The allusion she made to his limbs and his eyes.  
 The jury, in fine, having sat on the body  
 The whole day, discussing the case, and gin toddy,  
 Return’d about half-past eleven at night  
 The following verdict, “We find, *Sarve her right!*”

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winnifred Pryce being dead,  
 Felt lonely and moped; and one evening he said  
 He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.

Not far from his dwelling,  
 From the vale proudly swelling,  
 Rose a mountain; its name you’ll excuse me from telling,  
 For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few  
 That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,  
 Have really but little or nothing to do;  
 And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far,  
 On the L, and the H, and the N, and the R.  
 Its first syllable, “PEN,”  
 Is pronounceable;—then  
 Come two Ls, and two Hs, two Fs, and an N;  
 About half a score Rs, and some Ws follow,  
 Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow:  
 But we shan’t have to mention it often, so when  
 We do, with your leave, we’ll curtail it to “PEN.”

Well—the moon shone bright  
 Upon “PEN” that night,  
 When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,  
 Was scaling its side  
 With that sort of stride  
 A man puts out when walking in search of a bride.  
 Mounting higher and higher,  
 He began to perspire,  
 Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,  
 And feeling opprest  
 By a pain in his chest,  
 He pans’d, and turn’d round to take breath, and to rest;  
 A walk all up hill is apt, we know,  
 To make one, however robust, puff and blow,  
 So he stopped and look’d down on the valley below.

O’er fell and o’er fen,  
 O’er mountain and glen,  
 All bright in the moonshine, his eye roved, and then  
 All the patriot rose in his soul, and he thought  
 Upon Wales, and her glories, and all he’d been taught

Of her Heroes of old,  
 So brave and so bold—  
 Of her Bards with long beards, and harps mounted in gold !  
 Of King Edward the First,  
 Of memory accurst ;  
 And the scandalous manner in which he behaved,  
 Killing Poets by dozens,  
 With their uncles and cousins,  
 Of whom not one in fifty had ever been shaved—  
 Of the Court Ball, at which, by a lucky mishap,  
 Owen Tudor fell into Queen Catherine's lap ;  
 And how Mr. Tudor  
 Successfully woo'd her,  
 Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,  
 And so made him Father-in-law to the King.

He thought upon Arthur, and Merlin of yore,  
 On Gryffith ap Conan, and Owen Glendour ;  
 On Pendragon, and Heaven knows how many more.  
 He thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,  
 And on all things, in short, but the late Mrs. Pryce ;  
 When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,  
 And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart,  
 Which went pat-a-pat  
 As he cried out, " What's that ?"—  
 That very queer sound ?—  
 Does it come from the ground ?  
 Or the air—from above—or below—or around ?—  
 It is not like Talking,  
 It is not like Walking,  
 It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,  
 Or the tramp of a horse—or the tread of a man—  
 Or the hum of a crowd—or the shouting of boys—  
 It's really a deuced odd sort of a noise !  
 Not unlike a cart's—but that can't be ; for when  
 Could " all the King's horses, and all the King's men,"  
 With Old Nick for a waggoner, drive one up " PEN ?"

Pryce, usually brimful of valour when drunk,  
 Now experienced what schoolboys denominate " funk."  
 In vain he look'd back  
 On the whole of the track  
 He had traversed ; a thick cloud, uncommonly black,  
 At this moment obscured the broad disc of the moon,  
 And did not seem likely to pass away soon ;  
 While clearer and clearer,  
 'Twas plain to the hearer,  
 Be the noise what it might, it drew nearer and nearer,  
 And sounded, as Pryce to this moment declares,  
 Very much " like a coffin a-walking upstairs."

Mr. Pryce had begun  
 To "make up" for a run,  
 As in such a companion he saw no great fun,  
 When a single bright ray  
 Shone out on the way  
 He had passed, and he saw, with no little dismay,  
 Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,  
 The deceased Mrs. Winnifred's "Grandmother's Clock!"  
 'Twas so!—it had certainly moved from its place,  
 And come, lumbering on thus, to hold him in chase;  
 'Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,  
 And nothing was altered at all—but the Face!  
 In that he perceived, with no little surprise,  
 The two little winder-holes turned into eyes  
 Blazing with ire,  
 Like two coals of fire;  
 And the "Name of the Maker" was changed to a Lip,  
 And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.  
 No!—he could not mistake it—'twas SHE to the life!  
 The identical face of his poor defunct wife!  
 One glance was enough,  
 Completely "*Quant. suff.*"  
 As the doctors write down when they send you their "stuff."  
 Like a weathercock whirled by a vehement puff,  
 David turned himself round;  
 Ten feet of ground  
 He cleared, in his start, at the very first bound!  
 I've seen people run at West-End Fair for cheeses—  
 I've seen ladies run at Bow Fair for chemises—  
 At Greenwich Fair twenty men run for a hat,  
 And one from a bailiff much faster than that:  
 At football I've seen lads run after the bladder—  
 I've seen Irish bricklayers run up a ladder—  
 I've seen little boys run away from a cane—  
 And I've seen (that is, *read of*) good running in Spain;\*  
 But I never did read  
 Of, or witness, such speed  
 As David exerted that evening.—Indeed  
 All I have ever heard of boys, women, or men,  
 Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran over "PEN!"  
 He reaches its brow—  
 He has past it—and now  
 Having once gained the summit, and managed to cross it, he  
 Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity:  
 But run as he will,  
 Or roll down the hill,  
 The bugbear behind him is after him still!

I-run is a town said to have been so named from something of this sort

And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,  
 The terrible Clock keeps on ticking and striking,  
     Till exhausted and sore,  
     He can't run any more,  
 But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,  
 And screams when they rush out, alarm'd at his knock,  
 "Oh! Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!"

Miss Davis looked up, Miss Davis looked down,  
 She saw nothing there to alarm her;—a frown  
     Came o'er her white forehead;  
     She said, "It was horrid  
 A man should come knocking at that time of night,  
 And give her Mamma and herself such a fright;—  
     To squall and to bawl  
     About nothing at all!"  
 She begged "he'd not think of repeating his call:  
     His late wife's disaster  
     By no means had past her;"  
 She'd "have him to know she was meat for his master!"  
 Then regardless alike of his love and his woes,  
 She turn'd on her heel and she turn'd up her nose.

Poor David in vain  
     Implored to remain;  
 He "dared not," he said, "cross the mountain again."  
     Why the fair was obdurate  
     None knows,—to be sure, it  
 Was said she was setting her cap at the Curate.  
 Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole  
 Pryce found to creep into that night was the coal-hole!  
     In that shady retreat,  
     With nothing to eat,  
 And with very bruised limbs, and with very sore feet,  
     All night close he kept;  
     I can't say he slept;  
 But he sighed, and he sobbed, and he groaned, and he wept;  
     Lamenting his sins,  
     And his two broken shins,  
 Bewailing his fate, with contortions and grins,  
 And her he once thought a complete *Rora Avis*,  
 Consigning to Satan—viz., cruel Miss Davis!

Mr. David has since had a "serious call,"  
 He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits, at all,  
 And they say he is going to Exeter Hall  
     To make a grand speech,  
     And to preach, and to teach  
 People that "they can't brew their malt liquor too small,"  
 That an ancient Welsh Poet, one PYNDAR AP TUDOR,  
 Was right in proclaiming "ARISTON MEN UDOR!"

Which means "The pure Element  
Is for Man's belly meant!"  
And that *Gin's* but a *Snare* of Old Nick the deluder!  
And "still on each evening when pleasure fills up,"  
At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each cup,  
Mr. Pryce, if he's there,  
Will get into "The Chair,"  
And make all his *quondam* associates stare  
By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,  
"Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water!"  
The dial he constantly watches; and when  
The long hand's at the "XII.," and the short at "X.,"  
He gets on his legs,  
Drains his glass to the dregs,  
Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,  
With his president's hammer bestows his last knock,  
And says solemnly—"Gentlemen!"  
"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!!!"

(By permission of Mr. Bentley.)

## THE RED FISHERMAN.

W. M. PRÆD.

[Born 1802; Died 1839.]

THE Abbot arose, and closed his book,  
And donned his sandal shoon,  
And wandered forth alone to look  
Upon the summer moon;  
A starlight sky was o'er his head,  
A quiet breeze around;  
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,  
And the waves a soothing sound:  
It was not an hour, nor a scene for aught  
But love and calm delight;  
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought  
On his wrinkled brow that night.  
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,  
But he thought not of the reeds;  
He clasped his gilded rosary,  
But he did not tell the beads:  
If he look'd to the Heaven, 'twas not to invoke  
The spirit that dwelleth there;  
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke  
Had never the tone of prayer.  
A pious Priest might the Abbot seem,  
He had swayed the crosier well:  
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,  
The Abbot was loth to tell.



Companionless, for a mile or more,  
 He traced the windings of the shore,  
 Oh, beauteous is that river still,  
 As it winds by many a sloping hill,  
 And many a dim o'er-arching grove,  
 And many a flat and sunny cove,  
 And terraced lawns whose bright arcades  
 The honeysuckle sweetly shades,  
 And rocks whose very crags seem bowers,  
 So gay they are with grass and flowers.  
 But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,  
     About as much, in sooth,  
 As a lover thinks of constancy,  
     Or an advocate of truth.  
 He did not mark how the skies in wrath  
     Grew dark above his head,  
 He did not mark how the mossy path  
     Grew damp beneath his tread;  
 And nearer he came, and still more near,  
     To a pool, in whose recess  
 The water had slept for many a year,  
     Unchang'd, and motionless;  
 From the river stream it spread away,  
     The space of half a rood:  
 The surface had the hue of clay,  
     And the scent of human blood;  
 The trees and the herbs that round it grew  
     Were venomous and foul;  
 And the birds that through the bushes flew  
     Were the vulture and the owl;  
 The water was as dark and rank  
     As ever a company pumped;  
 And the perch that was netted and laid on the bank,  
     Grew rotten while it jumped:  
 And bold was he who thither came  
     At midnight, man or boy;  
 For the place was cursed with an evil name,  
     And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The Abbot was weary as Abbot could be,  
 And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree;  
 When suddenly rose a dismal tone—  
 Was it a song, or was it a moan?

    " Oh, ho! Oh, ho!

    Above,—below!—

Lightly and brightly they glide and go:  
 The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,  
 The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;  
 Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,  
 Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"

In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,  
He looked to the left, and he looked to the right.  
And what was the vision close before him,  
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?  
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,

And the life-blood colder run :  
The startled Priest struck both his thighs,  
And the Abbey clock struck one !

All alone, by the side of the pool,  
A tall man sate on a three-legged stool,  
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,  
And putting in order his reel and rod.  
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,  
And a high red cap on his head he bore ;  
His arms and his legs were long and bare :  
And two or three locks of long red hair  
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,  
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.  
It might be time, or it might be trouble,  
Had bent that stout back nearly double ;  
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets  
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets ;  
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin  
Till it hardly covered the bones within.  
The line the Abbot saw him throw  
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago :  
And the hands that worked his foreign vest,  
Long ages ago had gone to their rest :  
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,  
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—  
It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye :  
Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,  
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.  
It was fastened a gleaming hook about,  
By a chain within and a chain without ;  
The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,  
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in !

From the bowels of the earth,  
Strange and varied sounds had birth :  
Now the battle's bursting peal,  
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel :  
Now an old man's hollow groan  
Echoed from the dungeon-stone ;  
Now the weak and wailing cry  
Of a stripling's agony !

Cold, by this, was the midnight air;  
 But the Abbot's blood ran colder,  
 When he saw a gasping knight lay there,  
 With a gash beneath his clotted hair,  
 And a hump upon his shoulder.  
 And the loyal churchman strove in vain  
 To mutter a Pater Noster;  
 For he who writhed in mortal pain,  
 Was camped that night on Bosworth plain,  
 The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 It was a haunch of princely size,  
 Filling with fragrance earth and skies.  
 The corpulent Abbot knew full well  
 The swelling form and the steaming smell;  
 Never a monk that wore a hood  
 Could better have guessed the very wood  
 Where the noble hart had stood at bay,  
 Weary and wounded at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee,  
 Of a revelling company;  
 Sprightly story, wicked jest,  
 Rated servant, greeted guest,  
 Flow of wine, and flight of cork,  
 Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork,  
 But where'er the board was spread,  
 Grace, I ween, was never said!

Pulling and tugging the fisherman sate;  
 And the priest was ready to vomit  
 When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,  
 With a belly as big as a brimming vat,  
 And a nose as red as a comet.  
 "A capital stew," the Fisherman said,  
 "With cinnamon and sherry!"  
 And the Abbot turned away his head,  
 For his brother was lying before him dead,  
 The Mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 It was a bundle of beautiful things,  
 A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,  
 A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,  
 A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,  
 And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold  
 Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,

That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,  
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.  
Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,  
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,  
And the breath of vernal gales,  
And the voice of nightingales:  
But the nightingales were mute,  
Envious, when an unseen lute  
Shaped the music of its chords  
Into passion's thrilling words.

"Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set  
Upon my brow the coronet,  
Till thou wilt gather roses white,  
To wear around its gems of light.  
Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see  
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,  
Till those bewitching lips of thine  
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.  
Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win  
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?  
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,  
If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,  
A lady wondrous fair:  
But the rose of her lip had faded away,  
And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,  
And torn was her raven hair.  
"Ah, ha!" said the Fisher, in merry guise,  
"Her gallant was hooked before,"—  
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,  
For oft he had bless'd those deep blue eyes,  
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
Many the cunning sportsman tried,  
Many he flung with a frown aside:  
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,  
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,  
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,  
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,  
Add golden cups of the brightest wine  
That ever was prest from the Burgundy vine.

There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,  
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!  
From top to toe the Abbot shook  
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook;  
And awfully were his features wrought  
By some dark dream, or wakened thought.

Look how the fearful felon gazes  
 On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,  
 When the lips are cracked, and the jaws are dry,  
 With the thirst which only in death shall die:  
 Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,  
 As the swaling wherry settles down,  
 When peril has numbed the sense and will,  
 Though the hand and the foot may struggle still.  
 Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,  
 Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:  
 Fixed as a monument, still as air,  
 He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;  
 But he signed—he knew not why or how,—  
 The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.  
 There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he stalked away with his iron box.

“Oh, ho! Oh, ho!

The cock doth crow;

It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.  
 Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine;  
 He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;  
 Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,—  
 The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth.”  
 The Abbot had preached for many years,

With as clear articulation

As ever was heard in the House of Peers  
 Against Emancipation:

His words had made battalions quake,

Had roused the zeal of martyrs;

Had kept the Court an hour awake,

And the king himself three-quarters:

But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,

He stammered and he stuttered

As if an axe went through his head,

With every word he uttered.

He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,

He stuttered drunk or dry,

And none but he and the Fisherman

Could tell the reason why!

---

### SERJEANT BUZFUZ'S ADDRESS.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[See page 42.]

SERJEANT BUZFUZ rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the Jury as follows:—

Never, in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

Counsel always begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the very best terms with themselves, and makes them think what sharp fellows they must be.

“You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen,” continued Serjeant Buzfuz: “you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at 1500*l*. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend’s province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you.

“The plaintiff, gentlemen—the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

“Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street; and here she placed in her front parlour-window a written placard, bearing this inscription—‘Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.’

“I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—‘Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!’ Mrs. Bardell’s opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion—all was confidence and reliance. ‘Mr. Bardell,’ said the widow; ‘Mr. Bardell was a man of honour—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.’ Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best im-

pulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour-window three days—three days, gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

“Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villany.

“I say systematic villany, gentlemen, and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

“I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression—‘How should you like to have another father?’ I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that

his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage: previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

“And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—‘Garraway’s, twelve o’clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.’ Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, PICKWICK! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious—‘Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach!’ And then follows this very, very remarkable expression—‘Don’t trouble yourself about the warming-pan.’ The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconceived system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

“But enough of this, gentlemen; it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client’s hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is



no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his ‘alley tors’ and his ‘commonneys’ are alike neglected: he forgets the long familiar cry of ‘knuckle down,’ and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell-street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.” With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

(By permission of the Author.)

## MONSIEUR TONSON.

JOHN TAYLOR.

[John Taylor was grandson of the famous Chevalier John Taylor, oculist to the principal sovereigns of Europe. In 1795, he published a poem, entitled “The Stage.” In 1811, “Poems on Several Occasions,” and in 1827, “Poems on Various Subjects,” 2 vols. Mr. Taylor was connected with the periodical press for upwards of half a century, and was the original editor and one of the proprietors of the *Sun* newspaper. Born 1756; died 1832.]

THERE lived, as fame reports, in days of yore,  
At least some fifty years ago, or more,  
A pleasant wight on town, yclep’d *Tom King*,  
A fellow that was clever at a joke,  
Expert in all the arts to tease and *smoke*,  
In short, for strokes of humour quite the *thing*.

To many a jovial club this King was known,  
With whom his active wit unrivall’d shone—  
Choice spirit, grave freemason, buck and blood,  
Would crowd his stories and *bon mots* to hear,  
And none a disappointment e’er could fear,  
His humour flow’d in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—  
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,  
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown;

If'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,  
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,  
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night our hero, rambling with a friend,  
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanced his course to bend,  
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials high;  
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,  
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,  
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there lived the num'rous clans  
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,  
Known at that time by the name of refugees—  
The rod of persecution from their home,  
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,  
And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well, our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,  
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,  
When in a window near a light they view;  
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,  
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,  
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring knock  
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock),  
"I'll ask," says King, "if *Thompson* lodges here."  
"*Thompson*?" cries t'other, "who the devil is he?"  
"I know not," King replies, "but want to see  
What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came,  
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,  
The other held a thing they call *culotte*;  
An old striped woollen nightcap graced his head,  
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,  
Scarce half awake, he heaved a yawning note.

Though thus untimely roused, he courteous smiled,  
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,  
Bending his head politely to his knee—  
"Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?  
I beg your pardon, sare, to make you vait:  
Pray, tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to know,  
As by your house I chanced to-night to go—  
But, really, I disturb'd your sleep, I fear—  
I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,  
Among the folks who in this street may dwell,  
If there's a Mr. *Thompson* lodges here?"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleased to find  
The business of this unimportant kind,

Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,  
Shrugg'd out a sigh that thus his rest should break,  
Then, with unaltered courtesy, he spake,

"No, sare, no Monsieur *Tonson* lodges here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and toward home he sped,  
While the poor Frenchman crawled again to bed;

But King resolved not thus to drop the jest,  
So the next night, with more of whim than grace,  
Again he made a visit to the place,

To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before:

No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,

Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound;

King, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,

Firm on his post determined to remain;

And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,

Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep.

The wag salutes him with a civil leer:

Thus drawing out to heighten the surprise

(While the poor Frenchman rubbed his heavy eyes),

"Is there—a Mr. *Thompson*—lodges here?"

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright—

"Vy, sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night—

(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)

No Monsieur *Tonson* in de varld I know,

No Monsieur *Tonson* here—I told you so;

Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur *Tonson* here!"

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,

And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.

The rogue next night pursued his old career—

'Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh,

And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,

"Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur *Tonson* here!"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,

And the next night came forth a prattling maid,

Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster—

Anxious she strove his errand to inquire,

He said, "'Tis vain her pretty tongue to tire,

He should not stir till he had seen her master."

The damsel then began, in doleful state,

The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,

And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day.

King told her she must fetch her master down,  
A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,  
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urged, she went the snoring man to call,  
And long, indeed, was she obliged to bawl,  
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.  
At last he wakes, he rises, and he swears,  
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs  
When King attacks him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived 'twas all in vain  
To this tormentor mildly to complain,  
And straight in rage his crest began to rear—  
“Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?  
Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,  
I swear no *Monsieur Tonson*, lodges here!”

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife  
Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,  
Which would descend to chase the fiend away;  
At length to join their forces they agree,  
And straight impetuously they turn the key,  
Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,  
Collected to receive the mighty shock,  
Utt'ring the old inquiry, calmly stood—  
The name of Thompson raised the storm so high,  
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,  
With “Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood.”

In short, our hero, with the same intent,  
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—  
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit;  
They threw out water, for the watch they call,  
But King expecting, still escapes from all—  
Monsieur, at last, was forced his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag about this time,  
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime.  
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot.  
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,  
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,  
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope he flies,  
And the same night, as former freaks arise,  
He fain must stroll the well-known haunt to trace.  
“Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth,” he said,  
“My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—  
Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place.”

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,  
 And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,  
 Lo ! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal ?  
 Why, e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say !  
 He took his old abode that very day—  
 Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel !

Without one thought of the relentless foe,  
 Who, fiendlike, haunted him so long ago,  
 Just in his former trim he now appears ;  
 The waistcoat and the nightcap seem'd the same,  
 With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,  
 And King's detested voice, astonish'd, hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,  
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,  
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore,  
 Then starting, he exclaim'd in rueful strain,  
 "Begar ! here's Monsieur *Tonson* come again !"  
 Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more !

---

### THE SHOWMAN'S SONG, FROM "LITTLE DOCTOR FAUST."

HENRY J. BYRON.

[Mr. Byron, one of the most prolific and versatile of modern dramatists, was born in the year 1835. His earliest works for the stage consisted of burlesques and pantomimes, which, meeting with unqualified success, encouraged him to essay his abilities upon farces and comedies. His most successful farce was "Dundreary Married and Settled ;" and his first comedy was "The Old Story." These were succeeded by "War to the Knife" and "£100,000," both of which still hold the stage. Meantime he continued to write a brilliant series of burlesques, until at length he produced his finest work entitled "Cyril's Success," which placed him in the front rank of modern writers of comedy. Of his most enduring pieces, the following may be enumerated : "Our Boys," "Married in Haste," "Partners for Life," "Blow for Blow," "Old Soldiers," and "Open House." He died April 11, 1884.]

If you'll walk into my Show, sirs,  
 I've no end of things you know, sirs,  
 I've a dappled dromedary who can very nearly speak ;  
 I've a race of ring-tailed monkeys,  
 Quite obedient as flunkys,  
 I've an ostrich who can see into the middle of next week.  
 I've a clever marmozet, too,  
 Who will tell you where you get to  
 With his eyes severely bandaged ; I've an educated flea ;  
 I've a brace of learned ponies,  
 And two cobras who are cronies,  
 I've a camel with a weakness for a winkle with his tea.

I've a zebra who likes rum, sirs,  
 And a large aquarium, sirs,  
 Where the cod-fish, and the turtle, and the tadpole sing a glee.  
 And the octopus and gurnet  
 Spend their money when they earn it  
 In the *Field* and *Land and Water*, which they always lend to me.  
 There's an eel so eel-ongated,  
 A sea-serpent it is rated,  
 We've a whale we call Llangollen—it's so wonderfully prime;  
 We've a prawn that's prone to larking,  
 We've a dog-fish caught at Barking,  
 We've a scollop that reads Trollope, and a crab that's full of  
 rhyme.

We've a splendid aviary,  
 With a "polly" that's called "Mary,"  
 We've a pheasant, most unpleasant, who will always disagree  
 With the eldest of the chickens,  
 Who quotes Thackeray and Dickens.  
 We've a cockertoo that counts so, he'd give any cockerthree.  
 We've a personal old vulture,  
 Who most grossly will insult yer,  
 And a cassowary who's extremely vulgar when he's vexed;  
 We've an elderly flamingo,  
 Who remarks at times "by Jingo,"  
 We've a peacock with a tail "to be continued in our next."

We've a very learned lizard,  
 Who is as deep as any wizard,  
 We've a cockroach who can whistle all the operatic airs;  
 We've a beetle who can caper,  
 And a toad that reads the paper,  
 And a saltatory oyster who skips up and down the stairs.  
 We've a musical old mussel,  
 Who can sing like Henry Russell,  
 We've a Cheshire feline specimen who's always on the grin.  
 And a lunatic old locust,  
 Who's very nearly hoccussed,  
 By the artful armadillo, who designs upon his tin.

We've fossilised Iguanodons,  
 And Ipecacuanhadons,  
 And mummies who've been dummies for these many thousand  
 years;  
 If up the stairs you'll follow me,  
 We'll show you right "tol-omollemey,"  
 You pays your money, and you takes your choice, my little dears.  
 There's no show in the fair at all,  
 That with us can compare at all,  
 We're bound to lick creation—though the simile is low,

It expresses what we mean, sirs,  
That there never yet was seen, sirs,  
Such a scorching exhibition, as this 'ere partie'ler Show.

(By permission of Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, by whom also the music is published.)

# VAT YOU PLEASE.

J. R. PLANCHÉ, F.S.A.

[James Robinson Planché was the oldest and one of the most successful dramatists of his day; his first burlesque was performed at Drury Lane Theatre in 1818, subsequently he produced upon the stage nearly two hundred pieces. All Mr. Planché's pieces exhibit a facile command of versification, a flow of genuine, not forced, wit, with occasional dashes of true poetry. As an antiquarian he took a high position, his works on ancient costume being the recognized authorities. Mr. Planché held the appointment of Rouge Croix Pursuivant until his death, which occurred in 1880.]

SOME years ago, when civil faction  
Raged like a fury through the fields of Gaul,  
And children, in the general distraction,  
Were taught to curse as soon as they could squall;  
When common-sense in common folks was dead,  
And murder show'd a love of nationality,  
And France, determined not to have a head,  
Decapitated all the higher class,  
To put folks more on an equality;  
When coronets were not worth half-a-crown,  
And liberty, in *bonnet rouge*, might pass  
For Mother Red-cap up at Camden Town;  
Full many a Frenchman then took wing,  
Bidding *soup-maigre* an abrupt farewell,  
And hither came, *pell-mell*,  
*Sans* cash, *sans* clothes, and almost *sans* everything!

Two Messieurs who about this time came over,  
Half-starved, but *toujours gai*  
(No weasels e'er were thinner),  
Trudged up to town from Dover;  
Their slender store exhausted on the way,  
Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner.  
From morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve,  
Our Frenchmen wander'd on their expedition;  
Great was their need, and sorely did they grieve.  
Stomach and pocket in the same condition!  
At length by mutual consent they parted,  
And different ways on the same errand started.

This happen'd on a day most dear  
To epicures, when general use

Sanctions the roasting of the sav'ry goose.  
Towards night, one Frenchman at a tavern near,  
Stopp'd, and beheld the glorious cheer;  
While greedily he snuff'd the luscious gale in,  
That from the kitchen window was exhaling,  
He instant set to work his busy brain,  
And snuff'd and long'd, and long'd and snuff'd again.  
Necessity's the mother of invention,  
(A proverb I've heard many mention);  
So now one moment saw his plan completed,  
And our sly Frenchman at a table seated.  
The ready waiter at his elbow stands—  
"Sir, will you favour me with your commands?  
"We've roast and boil'd, sir; choose you those or these?"  
"Sare! you are very good, sare! *Vat you please.*"

Quick at the word,  
Upon the table smokes the wish'd-for bird.  
No time in talking did he waste,  
But pounced pell-mell upon it;  
Drum-stick and merry-thought he pick'd in haste,  
Exulting in the merry thought that won it.  
Pie follows goose, and after pie comes cheese—  
"Stilton or Cheshire, sir?"—"Ah! *vat you please.*"

And now our Frenchman, having ta'en his fill,  
Prepares to go, when—"Sir, your little bill."  
"Ah, vat you're *Bill*! Vell, Mr. Bill, good day!  
"*Bon jour*, good Villiam."—"No, sir, stay;  
My name is Tom, sir—you've this bill to pay."  
"Pay, pay, *ma foi*!  
I call for noting, sare—*pardonnez moi*!  
You bring me vat you call your goose, your cheese,  
You ask-a-me to eat; I tell you, *Vat you please!*"  
Down came the master, each explain'd the case,  
The one with cursing, t'other with grimace;  
But Boniface, who dearly loved a jest  
(Although sometimes he dearly paid for it),  
And finding nothing could be done (you know,  
That when a man has got no money,  
To make him pay some would be rather funny),  
Of a bad bargain made the best,  
Acknowledged much was to be said for it;  
Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,  
And, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe,  
Laugh'd heartily, and let him go.

Our Frenchman's hunger, thus subdued,  
Away he trotted in a merry mood;  
When, turning round the corner of a street,  
Who but his countryman he chanced to meet!



To him, with many a shrug and many a grin,  
 He told how he'd taken *Jean Bull* in!  
 Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,  
 Makes his congee, and seeks the shop of shops.  
 Entering, he seats himself, just at his ease,  
 "What will you take, sir?"—"Vat you please."

The waiter turned as pale as Paris plaster,  
 And, upstairs running, thus address'd his master:  
 "These vile *mounseers* come over sure in pairs;  
 Sir, there's another '*vat you please!*' downstairs."  
 This made the landlord rather crusty,  
 Too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat musty,—  
*Once* to be *done*, his anger didn't touch,  
 But when a *second* time they tried the treason,  
 It made him *crusty*, sir, and with good reason:  
 You would be *crusty* were you *done* so much.

There is a kind of instrument  
 Which greatly helps a serious argument,  
 And which, when properly applied, occasions  
 Some most unpleasant tickling sensations!  
 'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip,  
 'Twould strike you, presently—a stout horsewhip.  
 This instrument our *Maitre d'Hôte*  
 Most carefully concealed beneath his coat;  
 And seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,  
 Addressed him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman bowing to his threadbare knees,  
 Determined whilst the iron's hot to strike it,  
 Pat with his lesson answers—"Vat you please!"  
 But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,  
 Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip!  
 "Sare, sare! *misericorde, parbleu!*  
 Oh dear, monsieur, vat make you use me so?  
 Vat you call dis?" "Oh, don't you know?  
 That's what I please," says Bonny, "how d'ye like it?  
 Your friend, although I paid dear for his funning,  
 Deserved the goose he gained, sir, for his cunning;  
 But you, monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting,  
 Are *goose* enough, and only wanted *basting*."

---

### MODERN LOGIC.

ANONYMOUS.

AN Eton stripling, training for the Law,  
 A dunce at Syntax, but a dab at Taw,  
 One happy Christmas laid upon the shelf  
 His cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf,

With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,  
 To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.  
 Arrived, and passed the usual "How d'ye do's,"  
 Inquiries of old friends, and college news—  
 "Well, Tom, the road, what saw you worth discerning,  
 And how goes study, boy—what is't you're learning?  
 "Oh, Logic, sir—but not the worn-out rules  
 Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!  
 'Tis wit and wranglers' Logic—thus, d'ye see,  
 I'll prove to you as clear as A, B, C,  
 That an eel-pie's a pigeon :—to deny it,  
 Were to swear black's white."—"Indeed!"—"Let's try it.  
 An eel-pie is a pie of fish."—"Agreed."  
 "A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie."—"Well, proceed."  
 "A Jack-pie must be a John-pie—thus, 'tis done,  
 For every John-pie must be a pi-ge-on!"  
 "Bravo!" Sir Peter cries, "Logic for ever!  
 It beats my grandmother—and she was clever!  
 But, zounds, my boy—it surely would be hard,  
 That wit and learning should have no reward!  
 To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,  
 And then I'll give you"—"What?"—"My chesnut horse."  
 "A horse!" cries Tom, "blood, pedigree, and paces!  
 "Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"

He went to bed and wept for downright sorrow  
 To think the night must pass before the morrow;  
 Dream'd of his boots, his cap, his spurs, and leather breeches,  
 Of leaping five-barr'd gates, and crossing ditches;  
 Left his warm bed an hour before the lark,  
 And dragged his Uncle, fasting, through the park :—  
 Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross,  
 To find out something like a chesnut horse:  
 But no such animal the meadows cropp'd:  
 At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopp'd;  
 Took a bough—then shook it—and down fell  
 A fine horse-chesnut in its prickly shell—  
 "There, Tom, take that."—"Well, sir, and what beside?"  
 "Why, since you're booted, saddle it and ride!  
 "Ride what?—a chesnut!"—"Ay; come, get across.  
 I tell you, Tom, the chesnut is a horse,  
 And all the horse you'll get: for I can show  
 As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—  
 Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules  
 Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!  
 All Logic but the wranglers' I disown,  
 And stick to one sound argument—*your own*.  
 Since you have prov'd to me, I don't deny,  
 That a pie-John's the same as a John-pie;  
 What follows then, but as a thing of course,  
 That a horse-chesnut is a chesnut-horse?"

# LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

[See page 344.]

Who has e'er been in London, that over-grown place,  
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face.  
Some are good and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,  
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,  
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;  
But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a tun,  
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;  
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;  
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,  
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same! and the next! and the next!  
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;  
Week past after week, till by weekly succession,  
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;  
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him.  
He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,  
"I have lost many pounds—make me well, there's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise:—"A slow fever," he said;  
Prescribed sudorifics, and going to bed.  
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!"  
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kick'd out the doctor:—but when ill indeed,  
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;  
So, calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you know,  
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?"

"Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,  
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:  
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—  
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I caught cold!"

Quoth the landlord, "Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;  
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot;  
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;  
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

“The oven!” says Will;—says the host, “Why this passion?  
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.  
Why so crusty, good sir?”—“Zounds!” cried Will, in a taking,  
“Who wouldn’t be crusty, with half a year’s baking?”

Will paid for his rooms: cried the host, with a sneer,  
“Well, I see you’ve been going away half a year.”  
“Friend, we can’t well agree;—yet no quarrel,” Will said,  
“But I’d rather not perish, while you make your bread.”

---

### MY SWALLOW-TAIL.

LEOPOLD WAGNER.

I BOUGHT it many years ago,  
When I was well to-do,  
And friends I counted by the score;  
When happy times I knew;  
It cost me just a five-pound note;  
It made me feel quite smart;  
But ah! I did not dream that we  
Were destined ne’er to part!

I wore it at the Opera,  
’Mid strains of rare delight;  
I aired it grandly in the blaze,  
Of gilded rooms o’er night;  
At parties and receptions too  
How well it suited me!  
Nor did I then anticipate  
My future low degree.

For by and by my lucky star  
Descended from its height,  
And with my fortune, so my friends,  
All melted from my sight;  
In vain I tried each cherished art  
To help me in my need:  
The Press, the Stage, and Music, too,  
With small success indeed.

Howe’er I strove to make my way,  
Because I scorned to fail:  
I next became a lecturer,  
And donned my swallow-tail;  
But very soon experience proved  
(How great was my dismay)  
That lectures on one’s own account  
But very rarely pay.

A new profession I embraced  
 My fortunes to recoup :  
 I learnt the art of ' blacking-up,'  
 And joined a minstrel troupe ;  
 Alas ! in time that, too, collapsed ;  
 The ' ghost ' forgot to walk ;  
 So with a heavy heart I bade  
 A long farewell to *Cork*.

I took to comic singing next,  
 For perhaps a month or two ;  
 Then caught a cold, and lost my voice  
 Despairing what to do.  
 No longer, then, my swallow-tail  
 Proved useful as of yore ;  
 For every week my prospects grew  
 More hopeless than before.

My wardrobe vanished piece by piece ;  
 My purse I'd thrown away ;  
 My vouchers from the pawnbroker  
 Increased from day to day ;  
 At length, when nothing else remained  
 To save me from the sin  
 Of parting with my swallow-tail—  
 He wouldn't take it in !

I suffered long and grievously,  
 My lot was hard to bear ;  
 Until in time good fortune came  
 To rescue me from care ;  
 And now, that self-same swallow-tail,  
 Which once I thought so grand,  
 Becomes me none the less to-day,  
 As a waiter in the Strand !

*(Copyright of the Author.)*

---

## CHATEAUX D'ESPAGNE.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

[Born 1838 ; died 1884.]

ONCE upon an evening weary, shortly after Lord Dundreary  
 With his quaint and curious humours set the town in such a roar,  
 With my shilling I stood rapping—only very gently tapping—  
 For the man in charge was napping—at the money-taker's door.  
 It was Mr. Buckstone's playhouse where I lingered at the door—  
 Paid half-price and nothing more.

Most distinctly I remember, it was just about December—  
Though it might have been in August, or it might have been  
before—

Dreadfully I fear'd the morrow. Vainly had I sought to borrow,  
For (I own it to my sorrow) I was miserably poor.  
And the heart is heavy laden when one's miserably poor;  
(I have been so once before).

I was doubtful and uncertain, at the rising of the curtain,  
If the piece would prove a novelty, or one I'd seen before;  
For a band of robbers drinking in a gloomy cave, and clinking  
With their glasses on the table, I had witness'd o'er and o'er,  
Since the half-forgotten period of my innocence was o'er;  
Twenty years ago or more.

Presently my doubt grew stronger. I could stand the thing no  
longer;

"Miss," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
Pardon my apparent rudeness. Would you kindly have the  
goodness

To inform me if the drama is from Gaul's enlightened shore?"  
For I knew that plays are often brought us from the Gallic  
shore;

Adaptations—nothing more.

So I put the question lowly; and my neighbour answered slowly—  
'It's a British drama wholly, written quite in days of yore;  
'Tis an Andalusian story of a castle old and hoary,  
And the music is delicious, though the dialogue is poor!"  
(And I could not help agreeing that the dialogue *was* poor;  
Very flat and nothing more.)

But at last a lady entered, and my interest grew centr'd  
In her figure and her features, and the costume that she wore.  
And the slightest sound she utter'd was like music; so I mutter'd  
To my neighbour, "Glance a minute at your play-bill, I implore.  
Who's that rare and radiant maiden? Tell, oh, tell me, I im-  
plore."

Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore!"

Then I ask'd in quite a tremble—it was useless to dissemble—  
"Miss, or madam, do not trifle with my feelings any more;  
Tell me who, then, was the maiden that appeared so sorrow-  
laden

In the room of David Garrick, with a bust above the door?"  
(With a bust of Julius Cæsar up above the study floor.)

Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore!"

\* \* \* \* \*

I've her photograph from Lacy's, that delicious little face is  
Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from yonder door),

And often in the nightfalls, when a precious little light falls  
 From the wretched tallow-candles on my gloomy second floor  
 (For I have not got the gas-light on my gloomy second floor.)  
 Comes an echo, "Nelly Moore!"

(From "*Carols of Cockayne*," by permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.)

## THE JABBERWOCKY.

LEWIS CARROLL.

[The author of "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking-Glass," and "The Hunting of the Snark," made his reputation in the world of letters by, perhaps, the most charming works for children embodying both fancy and humour, without any of that imbecility which is usually apparent in books of this description. As a writer of a peculiarly delicate and rhythmical verse, he can hold his own with the best of his contemporaries.]

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
 The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
 Beware the Jubjub bird,  
 And shun the frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
 Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
 And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
 Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
 And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two, and through and through  
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
 He left it dead, and with its head  
 He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
 Oh frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
 He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves,  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

(By permission of the Author.)

## THE HUMOROUS QUACK.

LEOPOLD WAGNER.

IF the veracity of our informant is to be relied upon, a certain class of our latter-day itinerants must be regarded as purveyors of wit as well as of medicine. The following is said to have been overheard on a recent evening within a stone's-throw of the Borough side of London Bridge:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Gather round the establishment of Professor Passeymaquody, Physician in Ordinary to the Emperor of Wankeywollop, and all the Crowned Heads of Europe. (Stand on one side, you youngsters, if you please, and run away home to tell your mothers the professor is now on view, and if they have got any complaints, let them come and lay them before me.)

Ladies and gentlemen, of every description and of both sexes,—If there are any among you afflicted with the ills of life which flesh is heir to—whether rheumatism, sciatica, consumption, liver complaint, heartburn, sea-sickness, or impecuniosity; whether inflammation of the lungs, centralization of the nose, acclimatization of the spinal marrow, or a want of vitality in the vegetable marrow; gravel, stone, or asphalte, fits and starts and feeling anyhow, an attack of the blues, whether male or female—in short, for every complaint under the sun, whether known or unknown, mortal or immortal, curable or incurable, I invite you to pay heed to some of the most wonderful cures which have been effected by my Oriental Restorative Medicines. Here is a bottle which I hold up for your inspection. I shall, however, not allow this bottle to be sold until I have explained its peculiar virtues and the ingredients of which it is composed. My medicines, ladies and gentlemen, are compounded out of the finest roots, herbs, and barks throughout the vegetable kingdom, and as gathered by my numerous assistants in every part of the habitable globe. The chief ingredients of this bottle are as follows: Fig leaves from the giant trees of California, dandelion from Epping Forest, Turkey rhubarb from Asia Minor, balsam from the gum-trees of Arabia, cod-liver oil from Billingsgate, quinine from Canada, elder flowers from South Africa, phosphorus from the Desert of Sahara, palm twigs from Palestine, burnt sienna from Primrose Hill, rock rose and stinging-nettle from Clapham Common, and a hundred other active medicinal virtues from both hemispheres, all powdered up together in a very concentrated form. Every year, ladies and gentlemen, I spend fifteen months abroad in personally superintending the preparation of my wonderful medicines; and if you were to ask me what they are good for, I would tell you that they are good for everything. They will make the blind to walk, the lame to hear, and the deaf to speak. They will even bring the dead to life again, provided there's some breath left in the body, and none of the parts missing. I therefore hold up this bottle for your inspection; but I will not even tell you the price of it until I have read to you a few choice testimonials as follows: “Dear sir,—I had my head smashed



with a quart pot ; cured with one bottle." " I had the buffer of a railway carriage run into my stomach ; it had to be extracted by means of a steam crane ; cured with one bottle." " I had my right arm crushed in my mother's wringing machine ; but after a regular dose of your medicine for breakfast every morning, my arm was completely restored." " I was tickled to death with a flea-bite ; but three doses of your medicine completely brought me to." " I was jammed into a pancake between two fat women in a crowd. They carried me to the nearest apothecary's, where they administered your medicine, and now I'm as round as a bullet." " I was knocked down and trampled upon by the mob in Piccadilly ; cured with half a bottle. Your excellent medicine, however, failed to restore my watch and chain." " Dear sir,—Happening to take a walk down Westminster during the recent dynamite explosions, I was blown into ten thousand fragments. My head was picked up in St. James's Park, one of my legs found its way down to Woolwich, my left arm dropped on to Highgate Archway, and my body, in descending, blocked up the funnel of a penny steamer as it was passing under Waterloo Bridge. I was taken to the hospital unconscious, and discharged as incurable. There I was recommended to take your medicine, and now I'm as well as ever I was." Ladies and gentlemen, having now read to you five hundred testimonials of the most questionable character, I shall keep you in suspense no longer, but proceed to inform you that the price of my medicine, Government stamp and income-tax included, is only five shillings per bottle ; and I not only charge you nothing for the bottle, but I present you also with a concise history of my own life and extraordinary career abroad, as reprinted by permission. In conclusion, I would beg you not to neglect this golden opportunity of purchasing my medicines. I attend all the important races, fairs, and markets, not forgetting the Whitechapel pavement. But to-day, being my birthday, it is only by an extraordinary freak of nature that I am here at all. I can, therefore, do no more than exhort you to consult your own welfare, and to take care of your feeble health, feeling sure that, if you should go home to-night and die before the morning, you would be blaming yourselves for ever afterwards for not having purchased my Oriental Restorative Medicines!

*(Copyright of the Author.)*

---

NELLY GRAY.

THOMAS HOOD.

[See page 431.]

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms ;  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms !

Now as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, "Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second Foot!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nelly Gray,  
So he went to pay her his devours,  
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff;  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off!

"Oh! Nelly Gray; oh! Nelly Gray,  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat  
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blythe and brave;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow;  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now!"

"Oh! Nelly Gray; oh! Nelly Gray,  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call I left my legs  
In Badajos's *breaches*!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms."

"Oh! false and fickle Nelly Gray,  
I know why you refuse;  
Though I've no feet—some other man  
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face,  
But now, a long farewell!  
For you will be my death; alas!  
You will not be my *Nell*!"

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burden grown,  
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck  
 A rope he did entwine,  
 And, for his second time in life,  
 Enlisted in the Line.

One end he tied around a beam,  
 And then removed his pegs,  
 And, as his legs were off, of course,  
 He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead  
 As any nail in town ;  
 For, though distress had cut him up,  
 It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
 To find out why he died ;  
 And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
 With a *stake* in his inside.

---

### THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Mr. Holmes is an American physician, and was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1809. He commenced writing in the American periodicals about 1836. His collected poems have commanded a large sale.]

I'm not a chicken ; I have seen  
 Full many a chill September,  
 And though I was a youngster then,  
 That gale I well remember ;  
 The day before, my kite-string snapped  
 And I, my kite pursuing,  
 The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat ;—  
 For me two storms were brewing.

It came as quarrels sometimes do,  
 When married folks get clashing :  
 There was a heavy sigh or two,  
 Before the fire was flashing,—  
 A little stir among the clouds,  
 Before they rent asunder,—  
 A little rocking of the trees,  
 And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled,  
 And how the shingles rattled !  
 And oaks were scattered on the ground  
 As if the Titans battled ;  
 And all above was in a howl,  
 And all below a clatter,—  
 The earth was like a frying-pan,  
 Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing day,  
And all our things were drying ;  
The storm came roaring through the lines,  
And set them all a flying ;  
I saw the shirts and petticoats  
Go riding off like witches ;  
I lost—ah ! bitterly I wept—  
I lost my Sunday breeches.

I saw them straddling through the air,  
Alas ! too late to win them ;  
I saw them chase the clouds as if  
The devil had been in them ;  
They were my darlings and my pride,  
My boyhood's only riches,—  
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,—  
"My breeches ! O my breeches !"

That night I saw them in my dreams,  
How changed from what I knew them !  
The dews had steeped their faded threads,  
The winds had whistled through them  
I saw the wide and ghastly rents  
Where demon claws had torn them ;  
A hole was in their amplest part,  
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,  
And tailors kind and clever,  
But those young pantaloons have gone  
For ever and for ever !  
And not till fate has cut the last  
Of all my earthly stitches,  
This aching heart shall cease to mourn  
My loved, my long-lost breeches.

---

## KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

### PERCY'S RELIQUES.

[Thomas Percy was born at Bridgnorth, in Salop, 1728, and educated at Christchurch, Oxford. He became chaplain to the King, was promoted to the deanery of Carlisle, and advanced to the bishopric of Dromore, where he died in 1811. In 1765 he published his "Reliques of English Poetry," a selection of the best lyrical pieces then known ; many of which, however, he tampered with in a manner not altogether in accordance with antiquarian taste. He was himself a tender and graceful poet.]

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon  
Of a notable prince, that was called King John ;  
And he ruled England with maine and with might,  
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrie,  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterburye;  
How for his housekeeping, and high renoune,  
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,  
The abbot kept in his house every day;  
And fifty gold chaynes, without any doubt,  
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,  
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,  
And for thy housekeeping and high renowne,  
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,  
I never spend nothing but what is my owne;  
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,\*  
For spending of my own true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,  
And now for the same thou needest must dye;  
For except thou canst answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,  
With my crowne of golde so faite on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soon I may ride the whole world about.  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:  
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,  
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer devise.

---

\* Deere—hurt.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,  
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold :  
“How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home :  
What newes do you bring us from good King John?”

“Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give ;  
That I have but three days more to live :  
For if I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

“The first is to tell him there in that stead,  
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,  
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,  
To within one penny of what he is worth.

“The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,  
How soone he may ride this whole world about ;  
And at the third question I must not shrinke,  
But tell him there truly what he does thinke.”

“Now cheare up, sire abbot ; did you never hear yet,  
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt ?  
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,  
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

“Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,  
I am like your lordship as ever may bee :  
And if you will but lend me your gowne,  
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.”

“Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,  
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,  
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.”

“Now welcome, sire abbot,” the king he did say,  
“'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day ;  
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,  
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

“And first when thou seest me here in this stead,  
With my crown of golde so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.”

“For thirty pence our Saviour was sold  
Among the false Jews, as I have bin told ;  
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,  
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than hee.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,\*

“I did not think I had been worth so littel !  
—Now secondly, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soone I may ride this whole world about.”

\* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,  
Until the next morning he riseth againe;  
And then your grace need not make any doubt,  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,  
"I did not think it could be gone so soone!  
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,  
But tell me here truly what do I thinke."

"Yea, that I shall do, and make your grace merry :  
You thinke I'm the Abbot of Canterbury ;  
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,  
"He make thee lord abbot this day in his place !"

"Nowe naye, my liege, be not in such speede,  
For, alacke, I can neither write ne reade."

"Four nobles a weeke then I will give thee,  
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee ;  
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

---

## WIT AT A PINCH.

ANONYMOUS.

'Twas on a dark December night,  
When all was cold and dreary,  
A man that was a merry wight,  
Did spur and ride with all his might,  
To gain some shelter cheery.

Across a common wet and long,  
While sleet and snow were dropping,  
With chatt'ring teeth and frozen tongue,  
He galloped fast, and smack'd his thong,  
Till at an ale-house stopping.

'Twas small and snug, and with his eyes  
Through windows eager shining,  
A rousing, crackling fire he spies,  
And table of inviting size,  
Where jovial guests were dining.

Down drops he then from off his horse,  
And, all agog to enter,  
Unceremonious takes his course,  
Seeking his hasty way to force  
E'en to the kitchen's centre.

But not a foot of room was there,  
The guests were wedg'd together ;  
They had no single thought to spare  
From landlord's fire and landlord's fare,  
Nor reck'd they now the weather.

The trav'ller rueful look'd about ;  
At length, with lungs most able,  
He bids Will ostler carry out  
A peck of oysters fresh and stout,  
To Dobbin in the stable.

"A peck of oysters! oats, good heart!"  
Cries Will, with peals of laughter :  
"No! oysters, fellow! quick, depart!"  
Out runs the man—and at one start  
The whole mob rushes after.

All mad to see this wondrous steed,  
(By serious aspect cheated)  
They guess him of some monstrous breed,  
Some strange sea-horse; while now with speed,  
The traveller gets seated.

Back posts the ostler; all, as fleet,  
The troop of fools pursue him :  
"Lord, sir!" said Will, "I never see't  
Such a thing!—your horse wont eat  
The oysters that I threw him."

"The deuce he wont! then faith, I must!  
So place me here a table—  
And bring me bread, both crumb and crust,  
Pepper and vinegar; and I trust  
That I'm both glad and able."

---

## PARSON TURELL'S LEGACY: A MATHEMATICAL STORY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[See p. 532.]

FACTS respecting an old arm-chair  
At Cambridge. Is kept in the College there,  
Seems but little the worse for wear.  
That's remarkable when I say  
It was old in President Holyoke's day  
(One of the boys, perhaps you know,



Died, at one hundred, years ago.)  
 He took lodging for rain or shine  
 Under green bed-clothes in '69.  
 Know Old Cambridge? Hope you do,—  
 Born there? Don't say so! I was too.  
 (Born in a house with a gambrel-roof,—  
 Standing still, if you must have proof,—  
 "Gambrel?—Gambrel?"—Let me beg  
 You'll look at a horse's hinder leg,—  
 First great angle under the hoof,—  
 That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.)  
 —Nicest place that ever was seen,—  
 Colleges red and Common green,  
 Sidewalks brownish with trees between.  
 Sweetest spot beneath the skies  
 When the canker-worms don't rise,—  
 When the dust that sometimes flies  
 Into your mouth and ears and eyes,  
 In a quiet slumber lies,  
 Not in the shape of unbaked pies  
 Such as barefoot children prize.

A kind of harbour it seems to be,  
 Facing the flow of a boundless sea.  
 Rows of gray old Tudors stand  
 Ranged like rocks above the sand;  
 Rolling beneath them, soft and green,  
 Breaks the tide of bright sixteen,—  
 One wave, two waves, three waves, four,  
 Sliding up the sparkling floor;  
 Then it ebbs to flow no more,  
 Wandering off from shore to shore  
 With its freight of golden ore!  
 —Pleasant place for boys to play;—  
 Better keep your girls away;  
 Hearts get rolled as pebbles do  
 Which countless fingering waves pursue,  
 And every classic beach is strown  
 With heart-shaped pebbles of blood-red stone.

But this is neither here nor there;—  
 I'm talking about an old arm-chair.  
 You've heard, no doubt, of Parson Turell—  
 Over at Medford he used to dwell;  
 Married one of the Mather's folk;  
 Got with his wife a chair of oak—  
 Funny old chair, with seat like wedge,  
 Sharp behind and broad front edge,—  
 One of the oddest of human things,  
 Turned all over with knobs and rings,—

But heavy, and wide, and deep, and grand,—  
 Fit for the worthies of the land,—  
 Chief-Justice Sewall a cause to try in,  
 Or Cotton Mather to sit—and lie—in.  
 —Parson Turell bequeathed the same  
 To a certain student, Smith by name ;  
 These were the terms, as we are told :  
 “ Saide Smith saide Chaire to have and hold.  
 When he doth graduate, then to passe  
 To ye oldest Youth in ye Senior Classe.  
 On Payment of ”—(naming a certain sum)  
 “ By him to whom ye Chaire shall come ;  
 He to ye oldest Senior next,  
 And soe forever ”—(thus runs the text),—  
 “ But one Crown lesse then he gave to claime,  
 That being his Debte for use of same.”

*Smith* transferred it to one of the Browns,  
 And took his money,—five silver crowns,  
*Brown* delivered it up to *Moore*,  
 Who paid, it is plain, not five, but four.  
*Moore* made over the chair to *Lee*,  
 Who gave him crowns of silver three.  
*Lee* conveyed it unto *Drew*,  
 And now the payment, of course, was two.  
*Drew* gave up the chair to *Dunn*,—  
 All he got, as you see, was one,  
*Dunn* released the chair to *Hall*,  
 And got by the bargain no crown at all.

And now it passed to a second *Brown*,  
 Who took it and likewise claimed a crown.  
 When *Brown* conveyed it unto *Ware*,  
 Having had one crown, to make it fair,  
 He paid him two crowns to take the chair ;  
 And *Ware*, being honest (as all *Wares* be),  
 He paid one *Potter*, who took it, three.  
 Four got *Robinson* ; five got *Dix* ;  
*Johnson primus* demanded six ;  
 And so the sum kept gathering still  
 Till after the battle of *Bunker's Hill*—  
 When paper money became so cheap,  
 Folks wouldn't count it, but said “ a heap,”  
 A certain *Richards*, the books declare,—  
 (A.M. in '90 ? I've looked with care  
 Through the Triennial,—name not there),  
 This person, *Richards*, was offered then  
 Eight score pounds, but would have ten ;  
 Nine, I think, was the sum he took,—  
 Not quite certain,—but see the book.—

By and by the wars were still,  
 And nothing had altered the Parson's will.  
 The old arm-chair was solid yet,  
 But saddled with such a monstrous debt !  
 Things grew quite too bad to bear,  
 Paying such sums to get rid of the chair !  
 But dead men's fingers hold awful tight,  
 And there was the will in black and white,  
 Plain enough for a child to spell,  
 What should be done no man could tell,  
 For the chair was a kind of a nightmare curse,  
 And every season but made it worse.

As a last resort to clear the doubt,  
 They got old Governor Hancock out,  
 The Governor came, with his Light-horse Troop,  
 And his mounted truckmen, all cock a-hoop ;  
 Halberds glittered and colours flew,  
 French horns whinnied, and trumpets blew.  
 The yellow fifes whistled between their teeth,  
 And the bumble-bee bass drums boomed beneath ;  
 So he rode up with all his band,  
 Till the President met him cap in hand—  
 The Governor hefted the crowns, and said,—  
 “ A will is a will, and the Parson's dead.”  
 The Governor hefted the crowns. Said he,—  
 “ There is your p'int. And here's my fee.  
 These are the terms you must fulfil,—  
 On such conditions I break the will ! ”  
 The Governor mentioned what these should be.  
 (Just wait a minute and then you'll see.)  
 The President prayed. Then all was still,  
 And the Governor rose and broke the will !—  
 “ About those conditions ? ” Well, now you go  
 And do as I tell you, and then you'll know.  
 Once a year, on Commencement-day,  
 If you'll only take the pains to stay,  
 You'll see the President in the chair,  
 Likewise the Governor sitting there.

The President rises ; both old and young  
 May hear his speech in a foreign tongue,  
 The meaning whereof, as lawyers swear,  
 Is this : Can I keep this old arm-chair ?  
 And then his Excellency bows,  
 As much as to say that he allows.  
 The Vice-Gub, next is called by name ;  
 He bows like t'other, which means the same.  
 And all the officers round 'em bow,  
 As much as to say that *they* allow.  
 And a lot of parchments about the chair

Are handed to witnesses then and there,  
And then the lawyers hold it clear  
That the chair is safe for another year.

God bless you, Gentlemen! Learn to give  
Money to colleges while you live,  
Don't be silly and think you'll try  
To bother the colleges when you die,  
With codicil this, and codicil that,  
That Knowledge may starve while Law grows fat;  
For there never was pitcher that wouldn't spill,  
And there's always a flaw in a donkey's will.

---

### I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

REV. R. H. BARHAM.

[See page 498.]

I REMEMBER, I remember,  
When I was a little boy  
One fine morning in December  
Uncle brought me home a toy;  
I remember how he patted  
Both my cheeks in kindest mood;  
"Then," said he, "you little fat-head,  
There's a top because you're good."

Grandmamma, a shrewd observer,  
I remember gazed upon  
My new top, and said with fervour,  
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"  
While mamma, my form caressing,  
In her eye the tear-drop stood,  
Read me this fine moral lesson,  
"See what comes of being good."

I remember, I remember,  
On a wet and windy day,  
One cold morning in December,  
I stole out and went to play;  
I remember Billy Dawkins  
Came, and with his pewter squirt  
Squibbed my pantaloons and stockings  
Till they were all over dirt.

To my mother for protection  
I ran, quaking every limb;  
She exclaimed with fond affection,  
"Gracious goodness! look at him!"

Pa cried, when he saw my garment.—  
 'Twas a newly-purchased dress—  
 "Oh! you nasty little warment,  
 How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar,  
 Cruel only to be kind—  
 And to my exceeding dolour,  
 Gave me several slaps behind.  
 Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,  
 As she saw my evil plight,  
 Said,—'twas rather stony-hearted—  
 "Little rascal! sarve him right!"

I remember, I remember,  
 From that sad and solemn day,  
 Never more in dark December  
 Did I venture out to play.  
 And the moral which they taught, I  
 Well remember; thus they said,  
 "Little boys when they are naughty,  
 Must be whipped and sent to bed."



### THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

H. G. BELL.

THEY'RE stepping off, the friends I knew,  
 They're going one by one:  
 They're taking wives, to tame their lives—  
 Their jovial days are done:  
 I can't get one old crony now  
 To join me in a spree;  
 They're all grown grave domestic men,  
 They look askance on me.

I hate to see them sobered down—  
 The merry boys and true;  
 I hate to hear them sneering now  
 At pictures fancy drew;  
 I care not for their married cheer,  
 Their puddings and their soups,  
 And middle-aged relations round  
 In formidable groups

And though their wife perchance may have  
 A comely sort of face,  
 And at the table's upper end  
 Conduct herself with grace—

I hate the prim reserve that reigns,  
The caution and the state;  
I hate to see my friend grow vain  
Of furniture and plate.

How strange! they go to bed at ten,  
And rise at half-past nine;  
And seldom do they now exceed  
A pint or so of wine:  
They play at whist for sixpences,  
They very rarely dance,  
They never read a word of rhyme,  
Nor open a romance.

They talk, indeed, of politics,  
Of taxes and of crops,  
And very quietly, with their wives,  
They go about to shops;  
They get quite skilled in groceries,  
And learned in butcher-meat,  
And know exactly what they pay  
For everything they eat.

And then they all have children, too,  
To squall through thick and thin,  
And seem quite proud to multiply  
Small images of sin;  
And yet you may depend upon't,  
Ere half their days are told,  
Their sons are taller than themselves,  
And they are counted old.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,  
And for the friends I've lost,  
When no warm feeling of the heart  
Was chilled by early frost.  
If these be Hymen's vaunted joys,  
I'd have him shun my door,  
Unless he'll quench his torch, and live  
Henceforth a bachelor.

---

## NOTHING TO WEAR.

W. A. BUTLER.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison-square,  
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;  
And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
'That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris  
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,  
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),

Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping  
 In one continuous round of shopping ;  
 Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,  
 For all manner of things that a woman can put  
 On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,  
 Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist,  
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
 In front or behind—above or below :  
 For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;  
 Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;  
 Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;  
 Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;  
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;  
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall ;  
 All of them different in colour and pattern—  
 Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin :  
 Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,  
 Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal :  
 In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,  
 Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of.  
 I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's  
 Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,  
 I had just been selected as he who should throw all  
 The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal  
 On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,  
 Of those fossil remains which she called " her affections."  
 So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,  
 Not by moonbeam, nor starbeam, by fountain or grove,  
 But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted,  
 Beneath the gas fixtures we whispered our love.  
 Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,  
 Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes ;  
 Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,  
 It was one of the quietest business transactions ;  
 With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, *if any*,  
 And a very large diamond, imported by Tiffany.  
 Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,  
 With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,  
 I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder  
 At least in the property, and the best right  
 To appear as its escort by day and by night ;  
 And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—  
 Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,  
 And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—  
 I considered it only my duty to call  
 And see if Miss Flora intended to go.  
 I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,  
 When the time intervening between the first sound

Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter  
 Than usual—I found (I wont say, I caught) her  
 Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning  
 To see if, perhaps, it didn't need cleaning.  
 She turned, as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,  
 I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"  
 "So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed,  
 And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more;  
 So being relieved from that duty, I followed  
 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.  
 And now, will your ladyship so condescend  
 As just to inform me if you intend  
 Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend  
 (All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)  
 To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"  
 The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,  
 And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,  
 I should like above all things to go with you there;  
 But really and truly—I've nothing to wear!"  
 "Nothing to wear! Go just as you are:  
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,  
 I engage, the most bright and particular star  
 On the Stuckup horizon." She turned up her nose  
 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,  
 "How absurd that any sane man should suppose  
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,  
 No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"  
 So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade."  
 (Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."  
 "Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—  
 "That's too light."  
 "Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."  
 "Your rose-coloured, then, the best of the batch"—  
 "I haven't a thread of point lace to match."  
 "Your brown moire-antique"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker:"  
 "The pearl-coloured"—"I would, but that plaguy dressmaker  
 Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,  
 In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."  
 (Here the nose took again the same elevation)—  
 "I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."  
 "Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it  
 As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but dear me, that lean  
 Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,  
 And I wont appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."  
 "Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine;  
 That superb point d'aiguille, that imperial green,  
 That zephyr-like tarletane, that rich grenadine"—  
 "Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"  
 Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.  
 "Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite crushed



Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported  
In Paris last Spring, at the grand presentation,  
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation.

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously turned up,  
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,  
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,  
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that, and the most of my dresses, are ripped up!"  
Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,

Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression  
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling  
Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh! you men have no feeling!  
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures!

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.

Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!

Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,

But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher),

"I suppose if you dared, you would call me a liar.

Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;

You're a brute and a monster, and—I don't know what."

I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,

Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar and thief,

As gentle expletives which might give relief:

But this only proved as spark to the powder,

And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;

It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed

To express the abusive; and then its arrears

Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;

And my last faint, despairing attempt at an ob-

servation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too.

Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,

In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay

Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;

Then, without going through the form of a bow,

Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—

On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,

At home and upstairs in my own easy chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,

And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,

Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,

On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,

If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited  
Abroad in society, I've instituted

A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,  
On this vital subject; and find, to my horror,  
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,

But that there exists the greatest distress  
In our female community, solely arising

From this unsupplied destitution of dress,  
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air  
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!"

Oh! ladies, dear ladies, the next time you meet,  
Please trundle your hoops just outside Regent-street,  
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,  
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,  
To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt  
Their children have gathered, their city have built;  
Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey,

Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;  
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered skirt,  
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,

Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair  
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,  
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold,  
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,  
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;  
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell

From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;  
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,

As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door!  
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—  
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh! if perchance there should be a sphere,  
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,  
Where the glare and the glitter, and the tinsel of time  
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,  
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,  
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,  
Must be clothed for the life and the service above  
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;  
Oh! daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!  
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

---

## THE VISION OF THE ALDERMAN.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

AN Alderman sat at a festive board,  
Quaffing the blood-red wine,

And many a Bacchanal stave outpour'd  
 In praise of the fruitful vine.  
 Turtle and salmon and Strasbourg pie,  
 Pippins and cheese were there ;  
 And the bibulous Alderman wink'd his eye,  
 For the sherris was old and rare.

But a cloud came o'er his gaze eftsoons,  
 And his wicked old orbs grew dim ;  
 Then drink turn'd each of the silver spoons  
 To a couple of spoons for *him*.  
 He bow'd his head at the festive board,  
 By the gaslight's dazzling gleam :  
 He bow'd his head and he slept and snor'd,  
 And he dream'd a fearful dream.

Far, carried away on the wings of Sleep,  
 His spirit was onward borne,  
 Till he saw vast holiday crowds in Chepe  
 On a ninth November morn.  
 Guns were booming and bells ding-dong'd,  
 Ethiop minstrels play'd ;  
 And still, wherever the burghers throng'd,  
 Brisk jongleurs drove their trade.

Scarlet Sheriffs, the City's pride,  
 With a portly presence fill'd,  
 The whole of the courtyard just outside  
 The hall of their ancient Guild.  
 And, in front of the central gateway there,  
 A marvellous chariot roll'd,  
 (Like gingerbread at a country fair  
 'Twas cover'd with blazing gold).

And a being, array'd in pomp and pride,  
 Was brought to the big stone gate ;  
 And they begg'd that being to mount and ride  
 In that elegant coach of state.  
 But, oh ! he was fat, so ghastly fat  
 Was that being of pomp and pride,  
 That, in spite of many attempts thereat,  
 He *couldn't* be push'd inside.

That being was press'd, but press'd in vain,  
 Till the drops bedew'd his cheek ;  
 The gilded vehicle rock'd again,  
 And the springs began to creak.  
 The slumbering alderman groan'd a groan,  
 For a vision he seem'd to trace

Some horrible semblance to *his own*  
In that being's purple face.

And, "Oh!" he cried, as he started up;  
"Sooner than come to *that*,  
Farewell for ever the baneful cup  
And the noxious turtle fat!"—  
They carried him up the winding-stair;  
They laid him upon the bed;  
And they left him, sleeping the sleep of care,  
With an ache in his nightcapp'd head.

(From "*Carols of Cockayne*," by permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.)

---

### FATHER WILLIAM.

LEWIS CARROLL.

[See p. 528.]

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
"And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,  
"I feared it might injure the brain;  
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,  
"I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—  
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw  
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—  
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"  
Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

*(By permission of the Author.)*

---

### THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[See page 110.]

A WELL there is in the west country,  
And a clearer one never was seen;  
There is not a wife in the west country  
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,  
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,  
Joyfully he drew nigh,  
For from the cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he,  
And he sat down upon the bank  
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by  
At the well to fill his pail;  
On the well-side he rested it,  
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,  
"For an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day,  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or hath thy good woman, if one thou hast,  
Ever here in Cornwall been?  
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,  
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"  
 The stranger he made reply,  
 "But that my draught should be the better for that,  
 I pray you answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time  
 Drank of this crystal well,  
 And before the angels summon'd her,  
 She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well  
 Shall drink before his wife,  
 A happy man thenceforth is he,  
 For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,  
 God help the husband then!"

The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,  
 And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well I warrant betimes?"  
 He to the Cornish-man said:  
 But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,  
 And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,  
 And left my wife in the porch,  
 But 'i' faith she had been wiser than me,  
 For she took a bottle to church."

---

ONLY SEVEN!

A PASTORAL STORY, AFTER WORDSWORTH.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

[See p. 526.]

I MARVELLED why a simple child  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 Should utter groans so very wild,  
 And look as pale as death.

Adopting a parental tone,  
 I asked her why she cried;  
 The damsel answered with a groan,  
 "I've got a pain inside!

"I thought it would have sent me mad  
 Last night about eleven;"

Said I, "What is it makes you bad?"

How many apples have you had ? ”  
 She answered, “ Only seven ! ”

“ And are you sure you took no more,  
 My little maid ? ” quoth I ;  
 “ Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,  
 But *they* were in a pie ! ”

“ If that’s the case,” I stammered out,  
 “ Of course you’ve had eleven ; ”  
 The maiden answer’d with a pout,  
 “ I ain’t had more nor seven ! ”

I wondered hugely what she meant,  
 And said, “ I’m bad at riddles ;  
 But I know where little girls are sent  
 For telling taradiddles.

“ Now, if you won’t reform,” said I,  
 “ You’ll never go to heaven.”  
 But all in vain ; each time I try,  
 That little idiot makes reply,  
 “ I ain’t had more nor seven ! ”

#### POSTSCRIPT.

To borrow WORDSWORTH’S name were wrong,  
 Or slightly misapplied ;  
 And so I’d better call my song,  
 “ Lines after ACHE-INSIDE.”

(From “ *Carols of Cockayne*,” by permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.)

### WANTED—A LANDLADY!

LEOPOLD WAGNER.

A LANDLADY worthy the name, you must know,  
 (Not one of the slatternly sort),  
 A woman that’s motherly, homely and clean,  
 Discharging her work as she ought ;  
 Contented to let off her rooms with a view  
 Of meeting the rent that’s so great,  
 Because she has taken a much larger house,  
 Than warranted by her estate.

A landlady, then, with a bedroom to spare,  
 And the use of a parlour, we’ll say ;  
 Whose house-front looks tidy to each passer-by ;  
 Whose door-step gets clean’d ev’ry day ;  
 Whose rooms are not stuffy for lack of a scour ;  
 Whose furniture harbours no dust ;

Whose ceilings are free from the cobwebs we loath;  
Whose fenders are free from all rust.

A landlady careful to air her clean sheets  
Before they are put on the bed;  
Who closes her windows when evening sets in,  
To keep out the damp overhead;  
Who thinks of her lodger as well as herself;  
Who's sorry if he should catch cold;  
Who's willing to stitch up a rent in his clothes;  
And darn up his socks when they're old.

A landlady clever at counting the time,  
And blest with a memory too;  
Who never forgets that her lodger exists,  
No matter whate'er she may do;  
Who sees that his breakfast is ready betimes;  
Who's ready again with his tea;  
Who'll polish his boots at the heels as elsewhere;  
And who's smart in each minor degree.

A landlady prone to be generous and kind,  
Whenever of luck there's a dearth;  
Who'd scorn to be hard on her lodger because  
He may be in want of a berth;  
Who'll nurse him thro' sickness, who'll cheer him in health;  
Who'll strive to be homely and nice—  
If only a creature like this could be found,  
A lodger might know Paradise!

*(Copyright of the Author.)*

---

## THE OWL CRITIC.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop  
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop!  
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading  
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding  
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;  
Not one raised a head or even made a suggestion;  
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"  
Cried the youth with a frown,  
"How wrong the whole thing is,  
How preposterous each wing is,  
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—  
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!"



I make no apology,  
 I've learned owl-eology.  
 I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,  
 And cannot be blinded to any deflections  
 Arising from unskilful fingers that fail  
 To stuff a bird right from his beak to his tail.  
 Mister Brown! Mister Brown!  
 Do take that bird down,  
 Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"  
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,  
 And other night fowls,  
 And I tell you  
 What I know to be true;  
 An owl cannot roost  
 With his limbs so unloosed.  
 No owl in this world  
 Ever had his claws curled,  
 Ever had his legs slanted,  
 Ever had his bill canted,  
 Ever had his neck screwed  
 Into that attitude.

"He can't *do* it, because  
 'Tis against all bird laws,  
 Anatomy teaches,  
 Ornithology preaches,  
 An owl has a toe  
 That *can't* turn out so!  
 I've made the while owl my study for years,  
 And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!  
 Mister Brown, I'm amazed  
 You should be so gone crazed  
 As to put up a bird  
 In that posture absurd!  
 To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;  
 The man who stuffed him don't half know his business  
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes,  
 I'm filled with surprise  
 Taxidermists should pass  
 Off on you such poor glass;  
 So unnatural they seem  
 They'd make Audubon scream,  
 And John Burroughs laugh  
 To encounter such chaff.  
 Do take that bird down:  
 Have him stuffed again, Brown!"  
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark  
I could stuff in the dark  
An owl better than that.  
I could make an old hat  
Look more like an owl  
Than that horrid fowl,  
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather,  
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,  
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,  
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic  
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic.  
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say :  
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway ;  
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.  
I'm an owl ; you're another, Sir Critic, good day !"  
And the barber kept on shaving.

(From "*Harper's Magazine*." )

## THE COCKNEY.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

[An American author, born in 1816. He is a prolific contributor of humorous verse to the U.S. periodicals.]

It was in my foreign travel,  
At a famous Flemish inn,  
That I met a stoutish person  
With a very ruddy skin ;  
And his hair was something sandy,  
And was done in knotty curls,  
And was parted in the middle,  
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,  
And his coat was of a sort  
To suggest a scanty pattern,  
It was bobbed so very short ;  
And his cap was very little,  
Such as soldiers often use ;  
And he wore a pair of gaiters  
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,  
And he answered in the same,  
Though he spoke it in a fashion  
That I thought a little lame ;  
For the aspirate was missing

Where the letter should have been,  
But where'er it wasn't wanted  
He was sure to put it in.

When I spoke with admiration  
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,  
He remarked: "'Tis really nothing  
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome!"  
And declared upon his honour,—  
Though of course 'twas very queer,—  
That he doubted if the Romans  
'Ad the *hart* of making beer.

When I named the Colosseum,  
He observed, "'Tis very fair;  
I mean, you know, it *would* be  
If they'd put it in repair;  
But what progress or *h*improvement  
Can those curst *H*italians 'ope,  
While they're under the dominion  
Of that blasted muff, the Pope?"

Then we talked of other countries,  
And he said that he had heard  
That *H*americans talked *H*inglish,  
But he deemed it quite *h*absurd;  
Yet he felt the deepest *h*interest  
In the missionary work,  
And would like to know if Georgia  
Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man in gaiters,  
He was grumbling o'er his gin,  
At the charges of the hostess  
Of that famous Flemish inn;  
And he looked a very Briton  
(So, methinks, I see him still),  
As he pocketed the candle  
That was mentioned in the bill!

---

### LAUGH AND GET FAT.

W. M. PRAED.

[See page 505.]

THERE's nothing here on earth deserves  
One half the thought we waste about it,  
And thinking but destroys the nerves,  
When we could do as well without it.

If folks would let the world go round,  
And pay their tithes, and eat their dinners.  
Such doleful looks would not be found,  
To frighten us poor laughing sinners.  
Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at everything !

One plagues himself about the sun,  
And puzzles on, through every weather,  
What time he'll rise—how long he'll run,  
And when he'll leave us altogether.  
Now, matters it a pebble-stone,  
Whether he dines at six or seven ?  
If they don't leave the sun alone,  
At last they'll plague him out of heaven !  
Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at everything !

Another spins from out his brains,  
Fine cobwebs, to amuse his neighbours,  
And gets, for all his toils and pains,  
Reviewed and laughed at for his labours ;  
Fame is *his* star ! and fame is sweet :  
And praise is pleasanter than honey—  
I write at just so much a sheet,  
And Messrs. Longman pay the money :  
Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at everything !

My brother gave his heart away  
To Mercandotti, when he met her,  
She married Mr. Ball one day—  
He's gone to Sweden to forget her !  
I had a charmer, too—and sighed  
And raved all day and night about her !  
She caught a cold, poor thing ! and died,  
And I—am just as fat without her !  
Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at everything !

For tears are vastly pretty things,  
But make one very thin and taper ;  
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,  
Yet sound most beautiful—on paper !  
"Thought" is the gazer's brightest star,  
Her gems alone are worth his finding ;  
But, as I'm not particular,  
Please God I'll keep on "never minding."  
Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at everything !

Ah ! in this troubled world of ours,  
 A laughter mine's a glorious treasure ;  
 And separating thorns from flowers,  
 Is half a pain and half a pleasure ;  
 And why be grave instead of gay ?  
 Why feel athirst while folks are quaffing ?  
 Oh ! trust me, whatsoe'er they say,  
 There's nothing half so good as laughing !  
 Never cry while you can sing,  
 But laugh, like me, at everything !

---

### THE LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

BRET HARTE.

[Bret Harte was born in 1839. His "Luck of Roaring Camp" is, perhaps, the finest specimen of its kind in the American literature.]

Beetling walls with ivy grown,  
 Frowning heights of mossy stone ;  
 Turret, with its flaunting flag  
 Flung from battlemented crag ;  
 Dungeon-Keep and fortalice  
 Looking down a precipice  
 O'er the darkly glancing wave  
 By the Lurline-haunted cave ;  
 Robber haunt and maiden bower,  
 Home of Love and Crime and Power,—  
 That's the scenery, in fine,  
 Of the Legends of the Rhine.

One bold baron, double-dyed  
 Bigamist and parricide,  
 And, as most the stories run,  
 Partner of the Evil One ;  
 Injured innocence in white,  
 Fair, but idiotic quite,  
 Wringing of her lily hands ;  
 Valour fresh from Paynim lands,  
 Abbot ruddy, hermit pale,  
 Minstrel fraught with many a tale,—  
 Are the actors that combine  
 In the Legends of the Rhine.

Bell-mouthed flagons round a board ;  
 Suits of armour, shield, and sword ;  
 Kerchief with its bloody stain ;  
 Ghosts of the untimely slain ;  
 Thunder-clap and clanking chain ;  
 Headsman's block and shining axe ;  
 Thumbscrews, crucifixes, racks ;

Midnight-tolling chapel bell,  
 Heard across the gloomy fell,—  
 These, and other pleasant facts,  
 Are the properties that shine  
 In the Legends of the Rhine.

Maledictions, whispered vows  
 Underneath the linden boughs;  
 Murder, bigamy, and theft;  
 Travellers of goods bereft;  
 Rapine, pillage, arson, spoil,—  
 Everything but honest toil  
 Are the deeds that best define  
 Every Legend of the Rhine.

That Virtue always meets reward,  
 But quicker when it wears a sword;  
 That Providence has special care  
 Of gallant knight and lady fair;  
 That villains, as a thing of course,  
 Are always haunted by remorse,—  
 Is the moral I opine,  
 Of the Legends of the Rhine.

---

### WANTED—A GOVERNESS.

GEORGE DUBOURG.

A GOVERNESS wanted—well fitted to fill  
 The post of tuition with competent skill—  
 In a gentleman's family highly genteel.  
 Superior attainments are quite indispensable,  
 With everything, too, that's correct and ostensible;  
 Morals of pure unexceptionability;  
 Manners well formed, and of strictest gentility.  
 The pupils are five—ages, six to sixteen—  
 All as promising girls as ever were seen—  
 And besides (though 'tis scarcely worth while to put that in)  
 There is *one* little boy—but *he* only learns Latin.  
 The lady must teach all the several branches  
 Whereinto polite education now launches;  
 She's expected to teach the French tongue like a native,  
 And be to her pupils of all its points dative;  
 Italian she *must* know *à fond*, nor needs banish  
 Whatever acquaintance she *may* have with Spanish;  
 Nor would there be harm in a trifle of German,  
 In the absence, that is, of the master, Von Hermann.  
 The harp and piano—*cela va sans dire*,  
 With thorough bass, too, on the plan of Logier.  
 In drawing in pencil and chalks, and the tinting  
 That's called Oriental, she must not be stint in;

She must paint upon paper, and satin, and velvet;  
 And if she knows gilding, she'll not need to shelve it.  
 Dancing, of course, with the newest gambades,  
 The Polish mazurka, and best galopades :  
 Arithmetic, history, joined with chronology,  
 Heraldry, botany, writing, conchology,  
 Grammar, and satin-stitch, netting, geography,  
 Astronomy, use of the globes, and cosmography.  
 'Twere also as well she should be calisthenical,  
 That her charges' young limbs may be pliant to any call.  
 Their health, play, and studies, and moral condition,  
 Must be superintended without intermission :  
 At home, she must all habits check that disparage,  
 And when they go out must attend to their carriage.  
 Her faith must be orthodox—temper most pliable,—  
 Health good—and reference quite undeniable.  
 These are the principal matters. *Au reste*,  
 Address, Bury-street, Mrs. General Peste.  
 As the *salary's moderate*, none need apply  
 Who more on that point than *comfort* rely.

---

## THE TINKER AND THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT.

[Better known as "Peter Pindar." Born 1738; died 1819.]

THE meanest creature somewhat may contain,  
 As Providence ne'er makes a thing in vain.

Upon a day, a poor and trav'ling tinker,  
 In Fortune's various tricks a constant thinker,  
 Pass'd in some village near a miller's door,  
 Where, lo ! his eye did most astonish'd catch  
 The miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,  
 Deform'd and monstrous ugly to be sure.  
 Struck with the uncommon form, the tinker started,  
 Just like a frighten'd horse, or murd'rer carted,

Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope;  
 Turning his brain about, in a brown study  
 (For, as I've said, his brain was not so muddy),  
 "Zounds !" quoth the tinker, "I have now some hope.  
 Fortune, the jade, is not far off, perchance."  
 And then began to rub his hands and dance.

Now, all so full of love, o'erjoyed he ran,  
 Embrac'd and squeez'd Miss Grist, and thus began :

"My dear, my soul, my angel, sweet Miss Grist,  
 Now may I never mend a kettle more,  
 If ever I saw one like you before !"

Then nothing loth, like Eve, the nymph he kiss'd.

Now, very sensibly indeed, Miss Grist  
Thought opportunity should not be miss'd;  
Knowing that prudery oft lets slip a joy;  
Thus was Miss Grist too prudent to be coy.

For really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce,  
To flout a swain when offers are but scarce.

She did not scream, and cry, "I'll not be woo'd;  
Keep off, you dingy fellow—don't be rude;  
I'm fit for your superiors, tinker."—No,  
Indeed she treated not the tinker so.

But lo! the damsel with her usual squint,  
Suffered her tinker-lover to imprint

Sweet kisses on her lips, and squeeze her hand,  
Hug her, and say the softest things unto her,  
And in love's plain and pretty language woo her,

Without a frown, or even a reprimand.  
Soon won, the nymph agreed to be his wife,  
And, when the tinker chose, be tied for life.

Now to the father the brisk lover hied,  
Who at his noisy mill so busy plied,  
Grinding, and taking handsome toll of corn,  
Sometimes, indeed, too handsome to be borne.

"Ho! Master Miller," did the tinker say—  
Forth from his cloud of flour the miller came:  
"Nice weather, Master Miller—charming day—  
Heaven's very kind."—The miller said the same.

"Now, miller, possibly you may not guess  
At this same business I am come about:  
'Tis this, then—know, I love your daughter Bess:—  
There, Master Miller!—now the riddle's out.

I'm not for mincing matters, sir! d'ye see—  
I like your daughter Bess, and she likes me."

"Poh!" quoth the miller, grinning at the tinker,  
"Thou dost not mean to marriage to persuade her;  
Ugly as is Old Nick, I needs must think her,  
Though, to be sure, she is as heav'n has made her.

"No, no, though she's my daughter, I'm not blind;  
But, tinker, what hath now possessed thy mind;  
Thou'rt the first offer she has met, by dad—  
But tell me, tinker, art thou drunk or mad?"

"No—I'm not drunk nor mad," the tinker cried,  
"But Bet's the maid I wish to make my bride;  
No girl in these two eyes doth Bet excel."



"Why, fool!" the miller said, "Bet hath a hump!  
And then her nose!—the nose of my old pump."

"I know it," quoth the tinker, "know it well."

"Her face," quoth Grist, "is freckled, wrinkled flat;  
Her mouth as wide as that of my tom cat:

And then she squints a thousand ways at once—  
Her waist a corkscrew; and her hair how red!  
A downright bunch of carrots on her head—

Why, what the deuce has got into thy sconce?"

"No deuce is in my sconce," rejoined the tinker;

"But, sir, what's that to you, if fine I think her?"

"Why, man," quoth Grist, "she's fit to make a show,  
And therefore sure I am that thou must banter."

"Miller," replied the tinker, "right, for know,  
'Tis for that very thing, a show, I want her."

## THE SONG OF THE SEASON.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

[As a hard-working journalist and musical critic, Mr. Edwards occupies a foremost position on the London Press.]

At ten o'clock your maid awakes you,  
You breakfast when she's done your hair,  
At twelve the groom arrives and takes you  
In Rotten Row to breathe the air.

From twelve to one you ride with vigour,  
Your horse how gracefully you sit!  
Your habit, too, shows off your figure,  
As all your cavaliers admit.

One other habit I could mention—  
I hope your feelings won't be hurt;—  
But you receive so much attention  
I sometimes fancy you're a flirt.

Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would indite  
Your life as you lead it by day and night.

At two you've lunch, at three it's over,  
And visitors in shoals arrive;  
Admirers many, perhaps a lover—

Your next event is tea at five,  
At six o'clock you go out driving  
From Grosvenor to Albert Gate,  
To occupy yourself contriving  
Till dinner-time comes round at eight  
Each hour as now the night advances

Some fresh attraction with it brings,  
A concert followed by some dances,  
The opera if Patti sings.  
Of course you're not, &c.

At twelve you waltz, at one you've leisure  
To try some chicken and champagne ;  
At two you do yourself the pleasure  
Of starting off to waltz again ;  
At three your partners hate each other,  
You scarcely know which loves you best,  
Emotion you have none to smother,  
But lightly with them all you jest.  
At four your chaperon gives warning  
That it is really time to go ;  
You wish good night, and say, next morning  
At twelve you'll meet them in the Bow.  
Of course you're not, &c.

My darling, you're so very pretty,  
I've often thought, upon my life,  
That it would be a downright pity  
To look upon you as a wife ;  
I don't think your ideas of marriage  
With those of many would accord ;  
The opera, horses and a carriage  
Are things so few men can afford.  
And then you need so much devotion,  
To furnish it who would not try ?  
But each would find it, I've a notion,  
Too much for one man to supply.  
Of course you're not, &c.

(By permission of the Author.)

---

## A PRACTICAL LESSON IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

MAX ADELER.

[Max Adler is among the latest, though not least popular, of American humorists. His chief works are "Out of the Hurly-Burly," "Elbow-Room," "Random Shots," and "Transformations."]

MR. BARNES, the master, read in the *Educational Monthly* that boys could be taught history better than in any other way by letting each boy in the class represent some historical character, and relate the acts of that character as if he had done them himself. This struck Barnes as a mighty good idea, and he resolved to put it in practice. The school had then progressed so far in its study of the history of Rome as the Punic wars, and Mr. Barnes immediately divided the boys into two parties, one Romans and the other Carthaginians, and certain of the boys were named after the

leaders upon both sides. All the boys thought it was a fine thing, and Barnes noticed that they were so anxious to get to the history lesson that they could hardly say their other lessons properly.

When the time came, Barnes ranged the Romans upon one side of the room and the Carthaginians on the other. The recitation was very spirited, each party telling about its deeds with extraordinary unction. After a while Barnes asked a Roman to describe the battle of Cannæ, whereupon the Romans hurled their copies of Wayland's Moral Science at the enemy. Then the Carthaginians made a battering-ram out of a bench and jammed it among the Romans, who retaliated with volleys of books, slates and chewed paper-balls. Barnes concluded that the battle of Cannæ had been sufficiently illustrated, and he tried to stop it; but the warriors considered it too good a thing to let drop, and accordingly the Carthaginians dashed over to the Romans with another battering-ram, and thumped a couple of them savagely.

When the Romans turned in, and the fight became general, a Carthaginian would grasp a Roman by the hair and hustle him around over the desk in a manner that was simply frightful, and a Roman would give a fiendish whoop and knock a Carthaginian over the head with Greenleaf's arithmetic. Hannibal got the head of Scipio Africanus under his arm, and Scipio, in his efforts to break away, stumbled, and the two generals fell and had a rough-and-tumble fight under the blackboard. Caius Gracchus prodded Hamilcar with a ruler, and the latter, in his struggles to get loose, fell against the stove and knocked down about thirty feet of stove-pipe. Thereupon the Romans made a grand rally, and in five minutes they chased the entire Carthaginian army out of the schoolroom, and Barnes along with it; and then they locked the door and began to hunt up the apples and lunch in the desks of the enemy.

After consuming the supplies they went to the windows and made disagreeable remarks to the Carthaginians, who were standing in the yard, and dared old Barnes to bring the foe once more into battle array. Then Barnes went for a policeman; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened, and all the Romans were found busy studying their lessons. When Barnes came in with the defeated troops he went for Scipio Africanus; and pulling him out of his seat by the ear, he thrashed that great military genius with a rattan until Scipio began to cry, whereupon Barnes dropped him and began to paddle Caius Gracchus. Then things settled down in the old way, and next morning Barnes announced that history in future would be studied as it always had been; and he wrote a note to the *Educational Monthly* to say that, in his opinion, the man who suggested the new system ought to be led out and shot. The boys do not now take as much interest in Roman history as they did on that day.



**14 DAY USE**  
**RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED**  
**LOAN DEPT.**

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

2 Jul 1958

2 Jul 1958

**IN STACKS**

**JUN 18 1958**  
**AUG 2 1958**

**SEP 2 1958**

**REC'D LD**

**AUG 23 1958**

**JAN 19 2002**

LD 21A-50m-8,'57  
(C8481s10)476B

General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley

YB 01948

M102499

225  
C295  
po  
1874

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

E. E. WILLIS,  
BOOKS & STATIONERY,  
107 Montgomery St.,  
S. F.

Digitized by Google

